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LIFE IN SWEDEN.

THE HOME:

OR,

FAMILY CARES AND FAMILY JOYS.

BY

FREDERIKA BREMER.

TRANSLATED

BY MARY HOWITT.

SECOND EDITION, REVISED AND CORRECTED.

IN TWO VOLUMES.—VOL. I.

LONDON:
LONGMAN, BROWN, GREEN, AND LONGMANS,
PATERNOSTER-ROW.

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PREFACE.

THE speedy appearance of these volumes after "The Neighbours," is a sufficient proof of the success of that work. Indeed the evidences of this success have been too unequivocal to have escaped any one; and perhaps it would be difficult to decide which has been most gratified by it, the author or the translator. The most kind and cordial, I may say, the most *neighbourly* manner in which "The Neighbours" have been received, both by the press and the English public, has not only gone with a grateful delight to my heart, as an evidence that whatever is sound and good, come whence it may, will be heartily welcomed by my own proud and noble country, but has flown on rapid winds to the North, and given a charming surprise to the excellent authoress. Before the copy which I had requested my publishers to forward to her, had reached Stockholm, Miss Bremer had received various letters from her countrymen in London congratulating her and themselves on having seen "The Neighbours" receive such handsome "neighbour's fare" in the literary circles there.

No feeling is so dear to the heart of an author, who is conscious of writing for the improvement as well as the pleasure of his fellow men, as to find the sphere of his usefulness suddenly, and as it were by miracle,

immeasurably widened. To learn, therefore, at once that she was not only read and beloved in England, but that within a month after its appearance in London, "The Neighbours" was reprinted in the great United States newspaper, "The New World," and diffused all over that vast country, and read in the wildest regions of the back woods, while a good edition was rapidly passing through the American press, we may believe was no indifferent intelligence. Indeed, the high estimation in which the literature of England is held in the North, makes it a proud circumstance to any one to be introduced into it, and warmly welcomed there. Miss Bremer, in a letter to me, says with her usual modesty on the subject— "England har en så rik, så utbildad roman litteratur, och mina skrifter äro så ojemna, så fulla af brister, att jag knappt förstår huru—*the fastidious, refined society of England*— kan smälta dessa nordiska rå-ämnen!" England possesses a romance literature so rich, so fully developed, and my writings are so unequal, and full of faults, that I can hardly understand how the fastidious, refined society of England, can digest these rude Northern materials.

But letters from all classes of English society, and from members of the very highest, shew me how enthusiastically these *rå-ämnen* have been welcomed; so that good husbands have, far and wide, been complimented by their wives with the agreeable names of—Bears.

As "The Neighbours" might be regarded as a salutary picture of new-married life, "The Home," I think will be found equally charming and useful as a picture of family life during the growth of the children. A sketch of home discipline, in which is seen, how without great worldly fortune, or extraordinary events, a deep interest may gather about a group of individuals, and how faults and failings, and diversity of dispositions, which without the great saving principles would lead to sorrow and disunion, are, by these saving principles, love and good sense, made to work themselves out, and leave behind them a scene of harmony, affection, and moral culture, most charming to contemplate.

I am not intending, any more than the amiable authoress herself, to present these as faultless stories.

We must remember that they are the product of a nation possessing tastes, in some respects, different to ours, yet still, in the main, extremely kindred in feeling as in language. Miss Bremer describes them to me as a people of a highly intellectual spirit, of strong impulses, but somewhat unsteady in following them out. Vi Svenskar äro ett folk af starka impulser, men ostadigt utförande. Men jag vill ej skylla ifrån mig upå mitt folk! Detta folk har en rik och djupsinnig ande." It will be seen that they, like the Germans, and like our ancestors in the days of the Tudors and Stuarts, are very fond of acting scenes and surprises in family life; a striking instance

of which in these volumes, is that where the Franks, on returning from Axelholm, are received by the Father and Jacobi at an inn, in the disguise of landlord and waiter.

It may be as well to state here, that the title of Excellence is the highest one next to the princes of the blood in Sweden. It is indeed a sort of order of merit; is confined to twelve persons, who may be otherwise noble or not, and is not hereditary. I must add also with pleasure, that to my valued friend, Madame von Schoultz, who has resided many years in Sweden, I am much indebted for endeavours to bring this translation as near as possible in spirit and meaning to the original.

HEIDELBERG,
March 12*th*, 1843.

NOTE TO THE SECOND EDITION.

The present edition has been freed from the errors of the press, which unavoidably crept into the former one by being printed whilst I was abroad. It has also been carefully revised by the latest Swedish edition, and I believe it will now be found literally and verbally correct.

M. H.

THE GRANGE, UPPER CLAPTON.
Sept. 15, 1843.

THE HOME:

OR,

FAMILY CARES AND FAMILY JOYS.

PART I.

CHAPTER I.

MORNING DISPUTE AND EVENING CONTENTION.

"My sweet friend," said Judge Frank, in a tone of vexation, "it is not worth while reading aloud to you, if you keep yawning incessantly, and looking about, first to the right and then to the left;" and with these words he laid down a treatise of Jeremy Bentham, which he had been reading, and rose from his seat.

"Ah, forgive me, dear friend!" returned his wife, "but really these good things are all so difficult to comprehend, and I was thinking about —— Come here, dear Brigitta!" said Mrs. Elise Frank, beckoning an old servant to her, to whom she then spoke in an under tone.

Whilst this was going on, the Judge, a handsome strong-built man of probably forty, walked up and down the room, and then suddenly pausing as if in consideration, before one of the walls, he exclaimed to his wife, who by this time had finished her conversation with the old servant, "See, love, now if we were to have a door opened here—and it could very easily be done, for it is only a lath-and-plaster wall—we could then get so conveniently into our bed-room, without first going through the ante-room and the nursery—it would indeed be capital!"

"But then, where could the sofa stand?" answered Elise, with some anxiety.

"The sofa?" returned her husband, "O, the sofa could be wheeled a little aside; there is more than room enough for it."

"But, my best friend," replied she, "there would come a very dangerous draft from the door to every one who sat in the corner."

"Ah! always difficulties and impediments!" said the husband. "But cannot you see, yourself, what a great advantage it would be if there were a door here?"

"No, candidly speaking," said she, "I think it is better as it is."

"Yes, that is always the way with ladies," returned he, "they will have nothing touched, nothing done, nothing changed, even to obtain improvement and convenience; every thing is good and excellent as it

is, till somebody makes the alteration for them, and then they can see at once how much better it is; and then they exclaim, 'Ah, see now that is charming!' Ladies, without doubt, belong to the stand-still party!"

"And the gentlemen," added she, "belong to the movement party; at least wherever building and molestation-making comes across them!"

The conversation, which had hitherto appeared perfectly good-humoured, seemed to assume a tone of bitterness from that word "molestation-making;" and in return the voice of the Judge was somewhat austere, as he replied to her taunt against the gentlemen. "Yes," said he, "they are not afraid of a little trouble whenever a great advantage is to be obtained. But —— are we to have no breakfast to-day? It is twenty-two minutes after nine! It really is shocking, dear Elise, that you cannot teach your maids punctuality! There is nothing more intolerable than to lose one's time in waiting; nothing more useless; nothing more insupportable; nothing which more easily might be prevented, if people would only resolutely set about it! Life is really too short for one to be able to waste half of it in waiting! Five-and-twenty minutes after nine! and the children—are they not ready too? Dear Elise ——"

"I'll go and see after them," said she; and went out quickly.

It was Sunday. The June sun shone into a large cheerful room, and upon a snow-white damask table-

cloth, which in soft-silken folds was spread over a long table, on which a handsome coffee-service was set out with considerable elegance. The disturbed countenance with which the Judge had approached the breakfast-table, cleared itself instantly as a person, whom young ladies would unquestionably have called "horribly ugly," but whom no reflective physiognomist could have observed without interest, entered the room. This person was tall, extremely thin, and somewhat inclining to the left side; the complexion was dark, and the somewhat noble features wore a melancholy expression, which only seldom gave place to a smile of unusual beauty. The forehead elevated itself, with its deep lines, above the large brown extraordinary eyes, and above this a wood of black-brown hair erected itself, under whose thick stiff curls people said a multitude of ill-humours and paradoxes housed themselves; so also, indeed, might they in all those deep furrows with which his countenance was lined, not one of which certainly was without its own signification. Still, there was not a sharp angle of that face; there was nothing, either in word or voice, of the Assessor, Jeremias Munter, however severe they might seem to be, which at the same time might not conceal an expression of the deepest goodness of heart, and which stamped itself upon his whole being, in the same way as the sap clothes with green foliage the stiff resisting branches of the knotted oak.

"Good day, brother!" exclaimed the Judge; cordially offering him his hand, "how are you?"

"Bad!" answered the melancholy man; "how can it be otherwise? What weather we have! As cold as January! And what people we have in the world too: it is both a sin and shame! I am so angry to-day that ——. Have you read that malicious article against you in the —— paper?"

"No, I don't take in that paper; but I have heard speak of the article," said Judge Frank. "It is directed against my writing on the condition of the poor in the province, is it not?"

"Yes; or more properly no;" replied the Assessor, "for what is so extraordinary is, that it contains nothing on that affair. It is against yourself that it is aimed — the lowest insinuations, the coarsest abuse!"

"So I have heard," said the Judge, "and on that very account I do not trouble myself to read it?"

"Have you heard who has written it?" asked the visitor.

"No," returned the other; "nor do I wish to know."

"But you should do so," argued the Assessor; "people ought to know who are their enemies. It is Mr. N. I should like to give the fellow three emetics, that he might know the taste of his own gall!"

"What!" exclaimed Judge Frank, at once interested in the Assessor's news—"N., who lives nearly opposite to us, and who has so lately received from the Cape his child, the poor little motherless girl?"

"The very same!" returned he; "but you must read this piece, if it be only to give a relish to your coffee. See here; I have brought it with me. I have learned that it would be sent to your wife to-day. Yes, indeed, what pretty fellows there are in the world! But where is your wife to-day? Ah! here she comes! Good morning, my lady Elise. So charming in the early morning; but so pale! Eh, eh, eh; that is not as it should be! What is it that I say and preach continually? Exercise, fresh air—else nothing in the world avails anything! But who listens to one's preaching? No—adieu my friends! Ah! where is my snuff-box? Under the newspapers? The abominable newspapers; they must lay their hands on every thing; one can't keep even one's snuff-box in peace for them! Adieu, Mrs. Elise! Adieu, Frank. Nay, see how he sits there and reads coarse abuse of himself, just as if it mattered nothing to him. Now he laughs into the bargain. Enjoy your breakfasts, my friends!"

"Will you not enjoy it with us?" asked the friendly voice of Mrs. Frank; "we can offer you to-day, quite fresh home-baked bread."

"No, I thank you," said the Assessor; "I am no friend to such home-made things; good for nothing,

however much they may be bragged of. Home-baked, home-brewed, home-made. Heaven help us! It all sounds very fine, but it 's good for nothing."

"Try if to-day it really be good for nothing," urged she. "There, we have now Madame Folette on the table; you must, at least, have a cup of coffee from her."

"What do you mean?" asked the surprised Assessor; "what is it? What horrid Madame is it that is to give me a cup of coffee? I never could bear old women; and if they are now to come upon the coffee-table ——"

"The round coffee-pot there," said Mrs. Frank, good-humouredly, "is Madame Folette. Could you not bear that?"

"But why call it so?" asked he. "What foolery is that?"

"It is a fancy of the children," returned she. "An honest old woman of this name, whom I once treated to a cup of coffee, exclaimed, at the first sight of her favourite beverage, 'When I see a coffee-pot, it is all the same to me as if I saw an angel from heaven!' The children heard this, and insisted upon it that there was a great resemblance in figure between Madame Folette and this coffee-pot; and so ever since it has borne her name. The children are very fond of her, because she gives them every Sunday morning their coffee."

"What business have children with coffee?" asked

the Assessor. "Cannot they be thin enough without it; and are they to be burnt up before their time? There's Petrea, is she not lanky enough? I never was very fond of her; and now, if she is to grow up into a coffee wife, why——"

"But, best Munter," said Mrs. Frank, "you are not in a good humour to-day."

"Good humour!" replied he: "no, Mrs. Elise, I am not in a good humour; I don't know what there is in the world to make people good-humoured. There now, your chair has torn a hole in my coat-lap! Is that pleasant? That's home-made, too! But now I'll go; that is, if your doors—are they home-made too?—will let me pass.

"But will you not come back, and dine with us?" asked she.

"No, I thank you," replied he, "I am invited elsewhere; and that in this house, too."

"To Mrs. Chamberlain W——?" asked Mrs. Frank.

"No, indeed!" answered the Assessor: "I cannot bear that woman. She lectures me incessantly. Lectures me! I have a great wish to lecture her, I have! And then, her blessed dog—Pyrrhus or Pirre; I had a great mind to kill it. And then, she is so thin. I cannot bear thin people; least of all, thin old women."

"No?" said Mrs. Frank. "Don't you know, then, what rumour says of you and poor old Miss Rask?"

"That common person!" exclaimed Jeremias. "Well, and what says malice of me and poor old Miss Rask?"

"That, not many days since," said Mrs. Frank, "you met this old lady on your stairs as she was going up to her own room; and that she was sighing, because of the long flight of stairs and her weak chest. Now malice says, that, with the utmost politeness, you offered her your arm, and conducted her up the stairs with the greatest possible care; nor left her, till she had reached her own door; and further, after all, that you sent her a pound of cough lozenges; and——"

"And do you believe," interrupted the Assessor, "that I did that for her own sake? No, I thank you! I did it that the poor old skeleton might not fall down dead upon my steps, and I be obliged to climb over her ugly corpse. From no other cause in this world did I drag her up the stairs. Yes, yes, that was it! I dine to-day with Miss Berndes. She is always a very sensible person; and her little Miss Laura is very pretty. See, here have we now all the herd of children! Your most devoted servant, Sister Louise! So, indeed, little Miss Eva! she is not afraid of the ugly old fellow, she—God bless her! there's some sugar-candy for her! And the little one! it looks just like a little angel. Do I make her cry? Then I must away; for I cannot endure children's crying. Oh, for heaven's sake!

It may make a part of the charm of home: that I can believe;—perhaps it is home music! Home-baked, home-made, home-music——hu!"

The Assessor sprang through the door; the Judge laughed; and the little one became silent at the sight of a kringla,* through which the beautiful eye of her brother Henrik spied at her as through an eyeglass; whilst the other children came bounding to the breakfast-table.

"Nay, nay, nay, my little angels, keep yourselves a little quiet;" said the mother. "Wait a moment, dear Petrea; patience is a virtue. Eva dear, don't behave in that way; you don't see me do so."

Thus gently moralised the mother; whilst, with the help of her eldest daughter, the little prudent Louise, she cared for the other children. The father went from one to another full of delight, patted their little heads, and pulled them gently by the hair.

"I ought, yesterday, to have cut all your hair," said he. "Eva has quite a wig; one can hardly see her face for it. Give your papa a kiss, my little girl! I'll take your wig from you early to-morrow morning."

"And mine too, and mine too, papa!" exclaimed the others.

"Yes, yes," answered the father, "I'll shear every one of you."

All laughed but the little one; which, half fright-

* A kind of fine curled cake.

ened, hid its sunny-haired little head on the mother's bosom: the father raised it gently, and kissed, first it, and then the mother.

"Now put sugar in papa's cup," said she to the little one; "look! he holds it to you."

The little one smiled, put sugar in the cup, and Madame Folette began her joyful circuit.

But we will now leave Madame Folette, home-baked bread, the family breakfast, and the morning sun; and seat ourselves at the evening lamp, by the light of which Elise is writing

TO CECILIA.

I must give you portraits of all my little flock of children; who now, having enjoyed their evening meal, are laid to rest upon their soft pillows. Ah! if I had only a really good portrait—I mean a painted one—of my Henrik, my first-born, my summer child, as I call him—because he was born on a Midsummer-day, in the summer hours both of my life and my fortune; but only the pencil of a Correggio could represent those beautiful, kind, blue eyes, those golden locks, that loving mouth, and that countenance all so perfectly pure and beautiful! Goodness and joyfulness beam out from his whole being; even although his buoyant animal life, which seldom allows his arms or legs to be quiet, often expresses itself in

not the most graceful manner. My eleven-years-old boy is, alas! very—his father says—very unmanageable. Still, notwithstanding all this wildness, he is possessed of a deep and restless fund of sentiment, which makes me often tremble for his future happiness. God defend my darling, my summer child, my only son! Oh, how dear he is to me! Ernst warns me often of too partial an affection for this child; and on that very account will I now pass on from portrait No. 1 to

No. 2.

Behold then the little Queen-bee, our eldest daughter, just turned ten years old; and you will see a grave, fair girl, not handsome, but with a round, sensible face; from which I hope, by degrees, to remove a certain ill-tempered expression. She is uncommonly industrious, silent and orderly, and kind towards her younger sisters, although very much disposed to lecture them; nor will she allow any opportunity to pass in which her importance as "eldest sister" is not observed; on which account the little ones give her the titles of "Your Majesty" and "Mrs. Judge." The little Louise appears to me one of those who will always be still and sure; and who, on this account, will go fortunately through the world.

No. 3.

People say that my little nine-years-old Eva will be very like her mother. I hope it will prove a really splendid fac-simile. See, then, a little, soft, round-about figure, which amid laughter and merriment, rolls hither and thither lightly and nimbly, with an ever-varying physiognomy, which is rather plain than handsome, although lit up by a pair of beautiful, kind, dark-blue eyes. Quickly moved to sorrow, quickly excited to joy; good-hearted, flattering, confection-loving, pleased with new and handsome clothes, and with dolls and play; greatly beloved too, by brother and sisters, as well as by all the servants; the best friend and playfellow, too, of her brother. Such is little Eva.

No. 4.

Nos. 3 and 4 ought not properly to come together. Poor Leonore had a sickly childhood, and this rather, I believe, than nature, has given to her an unsteady and violent temper, and has unhappily sown the seeds of envy towards her more fortunate sisters. She is not deficient in deep feeling, but the understanding is sluggish, and it is extremely difficult for her to learn anything. All this promises no pleasure; rather the very opposite. The expression of her mouth, even in the uncomfortable time of teething, seemed to speak, "Let me be quiet!" It is hardly possible

that she can be other than plain, but, with God's help, I hope to make her good and happy.

"My beloved, plain child!" say I sometimes to her as I clasp her tenderly in my arms, for I would willingly reconcile her early to her fate.

No. 5.

But whatever will fate do with the nose of my Petrea? This nose is at present the most remarkable thing about her little person; and if it were not so large, she really would be a pretty child. We hope, however, that it will moderate itself in her growth.

Petrea is a little lively girl, with a turn for almost every thing, whether good or bad, curious, restless, and beyond measure full of failings, she has a dangerous desire to make herself observed, and to excite an interest. Her activity shews itself in destructiveness; yet she is good-hearted and most generous. In every kind of foolery she is a most willing ally with Henrik and Eva, whenever they will grant her so much favour; and if these three be heard whispering together, one may be quite sure that some roguery or other is on foot. There exists already, however, so much unquiet in her, that I fear her whole life will be such; but I will early teach her to turn herself to that which can change unrest into rest.

No. 6.

And now to the pet child of the house—to the

youngest, the loveliest, the so-called "little one"—to her who with her white hands puts the sugar into the father's and mother's cup—the coffee without that would not taste good—to her whose little bed is not yet removed from the chamber of the parents, and who, every morning, creeping out of her own bed, lays her bright curly little head on her father's shoulder and sleeps again.

Could you only see the little two-years-old Gabriele, with her large, serious brown eyes; her refined, somewhat pale, but indescribably lovely countenance; her bewitching little gestures; you would be just as much taken with her as the rest are, you would find it difficult, as we all do, not to spoil her. She is a quiet little child, but very unlike her eldest sister. A predominating characteristic of Gabriele is love of the beautiful; she shews a decided aversion to what is ugly and inconvenient, and as decided a love for what is attractive. A most winning little gentility in appearance and manners, has occasioned the brother and sisters to call her in sport "the little young lady," or "the little princess." Henrik is really in love with his little sister, kisses her small white hands with devotion, and in return she loves him with her whole heart. Towards the others she is very often somewhat ungracious; and our good friend the Assessor calls her frequently "the little gracious one," and frequently also "the little ungracious one," but then he has for her especially so many names; my

wish is that in the end she may deserve the surname of "the amiable."

Peace be with my young ones! There is not one of them which is not possessed of the material of peculiar virtue and excellence, and yet not also at the same time of the seed of some dangerous vice, which may ruin the good growth of God in them. May the endeavours both of their father and me be blessed in training these plants of heaven aright! But ah! the education of children is no easy thing, and all the many works on that subject which I have studied appear to me, whether the fault be in me or in them I cannot tell, but small helps. Ah! I often find no other means than to clasp the child tenderly in my arms, and to weep bitterly over it, or else to kiss it in the fulness of my joy; and it often has appeared to me that such moments are not without their influence.

I endeavour as much as possible not to scold. I know how perpetual scolding crushes the free spirit and the innocent joyousness of childhood; and I sincerely believe that if one will only sedulously cultivate what is good in the character, and make in all instances what is good visible and attractive, the bad will by degrees fall away of itself.

I sing a great deal to my children. They are brought up with songs; for I wished early, as it were, to bathe their souls in harmony. Several of them, especially my first-born and Eva, are regular little enthusiasts in music; and every evening, as soon as

twilight comes on, the children throng about me, and then I sit down to the piano, and either accompany myself, or play to little songs which they themselves sing. It is my Henrik's reward, when he has been very good for the whole day, that I should sit by his bed, and sing to him till he sleeps. He says that he then has such beautiful dreams. We often sit and talk for an hour instead, and I delight myself sincerely in his active and pure soul. When he lays out his great plans for his future life, he ends thus:— "And when I am grown up a man, and have my own house, then, mother, thou shalt come and live with me, and I will keep so many maids to wait on thee, and thou shalt have so many flowers, and every thing that thou art fond of, and shalt live just like a queen; only of an evening, when I go to bed, thou shalt sit beside me and sing me to sleep; wilt thou not?" Often too, when in the midst of his plans for the future and my songs, he has dropped asleep, I remain sitting still by the bed with my heart full to overflowing with joy and pride in this angel. Ernst declares that I spoil him. Ah, perhaps I do, but nevertheless it is a fact that I earnestly endeavour not to do so. After all I can say of every one of my children what a friend of mine said of hers, that they are tolerably good; that is to say, they are not good enough for heaven.

This evening I am alone. Ernst is away at the District-Governor's. It is my birth-day to-day; but

I have told no one, because I wished rather to celebrate it in a quiet communion with my own thoughts.

How at this moment the long past years come in review before me! I see myself once more in the house of my parents; in that good, joyful, beloved home! I see myself once more by thy side, my beloved and only sister, in that large, magnificent house, surrounded by meadows and villages. How we looked down upon them from high windows, and yet rejoiced that the sun streamed into the most lowly huts just as pleasantly as into our large saloons—every thing seemed to us so well arranged.

Life then, Cecilia, was joyful and free from care. How we sate and wept over "Des Vœux Téméraires," and over "Feodor and Maria,"—such were our cares then. Our life was made up of song, and dance, and merriment, with our so many cheerful neighbours; with the most accomplished of whom we got up enthusiasms for music and literature. We considered ourselves to be virtuous, because we loved those who loved us, and because we gave of our superfluity to those who needed it. Friendship was our passion. We were ready to die for friendship, but towards love we had hearts of stone. How we jested over our lovers, and thought what fun it would be to act the parts of austere romance-heroines! How unmerciful we were, and—how easily our lovers consoled themselves! Then Ernst Frank came on a visit to us. The rumour of a learned and strong-

minded man preceded him and fixed our regards upon him, because women, whether well-informed or not themselves, are attracted by such men. Do you not remember how much he occupied our minds? how his noble person, his calm, self-assured demeanour, his frank, decided, yet always polite behaviour charmed us at first, and then awed us?

One could say of him, that morally as well as physically he stood firmly. His deep mourning dress, together with an expression of quiet manly grief, which at times shaded his countenance, combined to make him interesting to us; nevertheless, you thought that he looked too stern, and I very soon lost in his presence my accustomed gaiety. Whenever his dark grave eyes were fixed upon me, I was conscious that they possessed a half-bewitching, half-oppressive power over me; I felt myself happy because of it, yet at the same time filled with anxiety; my very action was constrained, my hands became cold and did every thing blunderingly, nor ever did I speak so stupidly as when I observed that he listened. Aunt Lisette gave me one day this maxim, "My dear, remember what I now tell thee: if a man thinks that thou art a fool, it does not injure thee the least in his opinion; but if he once thinks that thou considerest him a fool, then art thou lost for ever with him!" With the last it may be just as it will—I have heard a clever young man declare that it would operate upon him like salt on fire—however, this is certain, that the first

part of Aunt Lisette's maxim is correct, since my stupidity in Ernst's presence did not injure me at all in his opinion, and when he was kind and gentle, how inexpressibly agreeable he was!

His influence over me became greater each succeeding day: I seemed to live continually under his eyes; when they beamed on me in kindness, it was as if a spring breeze passed through my soul; and if his glance was graver than common, I became still, and out of spirits. It seemed to me at times—and it is so even to this very day—that if this clear and wonderfully penetrating glance were only once, and with its full power, riveted upon me, my very heart would cease to beat. Yet after all, I am not sure whether I loved him. I hardly think I did; for when he was absent I then seemed to breathe so freely, yet at the same time, I would have saved his life by the sacrifice of my own.

In several respects we had no sympathies in common. He had no taste for music, which I loved passionately; and in reading too our feelings were so different. He yawned over my favourite romances, nay he even sometimes would laugh when I was at the point of bursting into tears; I, on the contrary, yawned over his useful and learned books, and found them more tedious than I could express. The world of imagination in which my thoughts delighted to exercise themselves, he valued not in the least, whilst the burdensome actuality which he always was seeking for in

life; had no charm for me. Nevertheless there were many points in which we accorded—these especially, were questions of morals—and whenever this was the case, it afforded both of us great pleasure.

And now came the time, Cecilia, in which you left me; when our fates separated themselves, although our hearts did not.

One day there were many strangers with us; and in the afternoon I played at shuttlecock with young cousin Emil, to whom we were so kind, and who deserved our kindness so well. How it happened I cannot tell, but before long Ernst took his place, and was my partner in the game. He looked unusually animated, and I felt myself more at ease with him than common. He threw the shuttlecock excellently, and with a firm hand, but always let it fly a little way beyond me, so that I was obliged to step back a few paces each time to catch it, and thus unconsciously to myself was I driven, in the merry sport, through a long suite of rooms, till we came at last to one where we were quite alone, and a long way from the company. All at once then Ernst left off his play, and a change was visible in his whole countenance. I augured something amiss, and would gladly have sprung far, far away, but I felt powerless; and then Ernst spoke so from his heart, so fervently, and with such deep tenderness, that he took my heart at once to himself. I laid my hand, although tremblingly, in his, and, almost without knowing what I did, consented to go through life by his side.

I had just then passed my nineteenth year; and my beloved parents sanctioned the union of their daughter with a man so respectable and so universally esteemed, and one moreover, whom everybody prophesied would one day rise to the highest eminences of the state—and Ernst, whose nature it was to acomplish every thing rapidly which he undertook, managed it so that in a very short time our marriage was celebrated.

At the same time some members of my family thought that by this union I had descended a step. I thought not; on the contrary, the very reverse. I was of high birth, had several not undistinguished family connexions, and was brought up in a brilliant circle, in all the superficial accomplishments of the day, amid superfluity and thoughtlessness. He was a man who had shaped out his own course in life, who, by his own honest endeavours, and through many self-denials, had raised his father's house from its depressed condition, and had made the future prospects of his mother and sister comfortable and secure: he was a man self-dependent, upright, and good—yes GOOD, and that I discover more and more the deeper knowledge I obtain of his true character, even though the outward manner may be somewhat severe—in truth, I feel myself very inferior beside him.

The first year of our marriage we passed, at their desire, in the house of my parents; and if I could

only have been less conscious of his superiority, and could only have been more certain that he was satisfied with me, nothing would have been wanting to my happiness. Everybody waited upon me; and perhaps it was on this account, that Ernst in comparison seemed somewhat cold; I was the petted child of my too kind parents; I was thankless and peevish, and ah, some little of this, still remains! Nevertheless, it was during this very time that, under the influence of my husband, the true beauty and reality of life became more and more perceptible to my soul. Married life and family ties, one's country and the world, revealed their true relationships, and their holy signification to my mind. Ernst was my teacher; I looked up to him with love, but not without fear.

Many were the projects which we formed in these summer days, and which floated brightly before my romantic fancy. Among these was a journey on foot through the beautiful country west of Sweden, and this was one of the favourite schemes of my Ernst. His mother—from whom our little Petrea has derived her somewhat singular name—was of Norway, and many a beloved thought of her seemed to have interwoven itself with the valleys and mountains, which, as in a wonderfully-beautiful fairy tale, she had described to him in the stories she told. All these recollections are a sort of romantic region in Ernst's soul, and thither he betakes himself whenever he would refresh

his spirit, or lay out something delightful for the future. "Next year," he would then exclaim, "will we take a journey!" And then we laid out together our route on the map, and I determined on the dress which I would wear as his travelling-companion when we would go and visit "that sea-engarlanded Norway." Ah! there soon came for me other journeys.

It was during these days also that my first-born saw the light; my beautiful boy! who so fettered both my love and my thoughts that Ernst grew almost jealous. How often did I steal out of bed at night in order to watch him while he slept! He was a lively, restless child, and it therefore was a peculiar pleasure for me to see him at rest; besides which, he was so angelically lovely in sleep! I could have spent whole nights bending over his cradle.

So far, Cecilia, all went with us as in the romances with which we in our youth nourished heart and soul. But far other times came. In the first place, the sad change in the circumstances of my parents, which operated so severely on our position in life; and then for me so many children—cares without end, grief and sickness! My body and mind must both have given way under their burden, had Ernst not been the man he is.

It suited his character to struggle against the stream; it was a sort of pleasure to him to combat with it, to meet difficulties, and to overcome them. With each succeeding year he imposed more business

upon himself, and by degrees, through the most resolute industry, he was enabled to bring back prosperity to his house. And then how unwearyingly kind he was to me! How tenderly sustaining in those very moments, when without him I must have found myself so utterly miserable! How many a sleepless night has he passed on my account! How often has he soothed to sleep a sickly child in his arms! And then, too, every child which came, as it were only to multiply his cares, and increase the necessity for his labour, was to him a delight—was received as a gift of God's mercy—and its birth made a festival in the house. How my heart has thanked him, and how has his strength and assurance nerved me!

When little Gabriele was born I was very near death; and it is my firm belief that, without Ernst's care for me, I must then have parted from my little ones. During the time of great weakness which succeeded this, my foot scarcely ever touched the ground. I was carried by Ernst himself wherever I would. He was unwearied in goodness and patience towards the sick mother. Should she not now, that she is again in health, dedicate her life to him? Ah, yes, that should she, and that will she! Alas, were but my ability as strong as my will!

Do you know one thing, Cecilia, which often occasions me great trouble? It is that I am not a clever housewife; that I can neither take pleasure in all the little cares and details which the well-being of a house

really requires, nor that I have memory for these things; more especially is the daily caring for dinner irksome to me. I myself have but little appetite; and it is so unpleasing to me to go to sleep at night, and to get up in the morning with my head full of schemes for cooking. By this means, it happens that sometimes my husband's domestic comforts are not such as he has a right to demand. Hitherto my weak health, the necessary care of the children, and our rather narrow circumstances, have furnished me with sufficient excuses; but these now will avail me no longer; my health is again established, and our greater prosperity furnishes the means for better household management.

On this account, I now exert myself to perform all my duties well; but, ah! how pleasant it will be when the little Louise is sufficiently grown up, that I may lay part of the housekeeping burdens on her shoulders. I fancy to myself that she will have peculiar pleasure in all these things.

I am to-day two-and-thirty years old. It seems to me that I have entered a new period of my life: my youth lies behind me, I am advanced into middle age, and I well know what both this and my husband have a right to demand from me. May a new and stronger being awake in me! May God support me, and Ernst be gentle towards his erring wife!

Ernst should have married a more energetic woman. My nervous weakness makes my temper irritable, and

I am so easily annoyed. His activity of mind often disturbs me more than it is reasonable or right that it should; for instance, I get regularly into a state of excitement, if he only steadfastly fixes his eyes on a wall, or on any other object. I immediately begin to fancy that we are going instantly to have a new door opened, or some other change brought about. And oh! I have such a great necessity for rest and quiet!

One change which is about to take place in our house I cannot anticipate without uneasiness. It is the arrival of a Candidate of Philosophy, Jacob Jacobi, as tutor for my children. He will this summer take my wild boy under his charge, and instruct the sisters in writing, drawing, and arithmetic; and in the autumn conduct my first-born from the maternal home to a great educational institution. I dread this new member in our domestic circle; he may, if he be not amiable, so easily prove so annoying; yet, if he be amiable and good, he will be so heartily welcome to me, especially as assistant in the wearisome writing lessons, with their eternal "Henrik, sit still!"—"Hold the pen properly, Louise!"—"Look at the copy, Leonore!"—"Don't forget the points and strokes, Eva!"—"Little Petrea, don't wipe out the letters with your nose!" Besides this, my first-born begins to have less and less esteem for my Latin knowledge; and Ernst is sadly discontented with his wild pranks. Jacobi will give him instruction, together with Nils Gabriel, the son of the District-Governor, Stjernhök, a most

industrious and remarkably sensible boy, from whose influence on my Henrik I hope for much good.

'The Candidate is warmly recommended to us by a friend of my husband, the excellent Bishop B.; yet notwithstanding this, his actions at the University did not particularly redound to his honour. Through credulity and folly, he has run through a nice little property which had been left him by three old aunts, who had brought him up and spoiled him into the bargain. Indeed, his career has hitherto not been quite a correct one. Bishop B. conceals nothing of all this, but says that he is much attached to the young man; praises his heart, and his excellent gifts as a preceptor, and prays us to receive him cordially, with all parental tenderness, into our family. We shall soon see whether he be deserving of such hearty sympathy. For my part, I must confess that my motherly tenderness for him is as yet fast asleep.

Yet, after all, this inmate does not terrify me half as much as a visit with which I am shortly threatened. Of course you have heard of the lady of the late Major S., the beautiful Emilie, my husband's "old flame," as I call her, out of a little malice for all the vexation her perfections, which are so very opposite to mine, have occasioned me. She has been now for several years a widow, has lived long abroad, and now will pay us a visit on her return to her native land. Ernst and she have always kept up the most friendly understanding with each other, although she

refused his hand; and it is a noble characteristic of my Ernst, and one which, in his sex, is not often found, that this rejection did not make him indifferent to the person who gave it. On the contrary, he professes the most warm admiration of this Emilie, and has not ceased to correspond with her; and I, for I read all their letters, cannot but confess her extraordinary knowledge and acuteness. But to know all this near is what I would indeed be very gladly excused, since I cannot help thinking that my husband's "old flame" has something of cold-heartedness in her, and my heart has not great inclination to become warm towards her.

It strikes ten o'clock. Ernst will not come home before twelve. I shall leave you now, Cecilia, that —— shall I confess my secret to you? You know that one of my greatest pleasures is the reading of a good novel, but this pleasure I have almost entirely renounced, because whenever I have a really interesting one in my hand, I find the most cruel difficulty in laying it down before I reach the last page. That, however, does not answer in my case; and since the time when through the reading of Madame De Stael's Corinne, two dinners, one great wash, and seventeen lesser domestic affairs, all came to a stand still, and my domestic peace nearly suffered shipwreck, I have made a resolution to give up all novel-reading, at least for the present. But still it is so necessary for me to have some literary relaxation of the kind, that

since I read no more novels, I have myself—begun to write one. Yes, Cecilia, my youthful habits will not leave me, even in the midst of the employments and prosaic cares of every-day life; and the flowers which in the morning-tide cast their fragrance so sweetly around me, will yet once more bloom for me in remembrance, and encircle my drooping head with a refreshing garland. The joyful days which I passed by your side; the impressions and the agreeable scenes—now they seem doubly so—which made our youth so beautiful, so lively, and so fresh,—all these I will work out into one significant picture, before the regular flight of years has made them perish from my soul. This employment enlivens and strengthens me; and if, in an evening, my nervous toothach, which is the certain result of over-exertion or of vexation, comes on, there is nothing which will dissipate it like the going on with my little romance. For this very reason, therefore, because this evening my old enemy has plagued me more than common, I have recourse to my innocent opiate.

But Ernst shall not find me awake when he returns: this I have promised him. Good night, sweet Cecilia!

We will now, in this place, give a little description of the letter-writer—of the mother of Henrik, Louise, Eva, Leonore, Petrea, and Gabriele.

Beautiful she certainly was not, but nature had given to her a noble growth, which was still as fine

and delicate as that of a young girl. The features were not regular, but the mouth was fresh and bewitching, the lips of a lovely bright red, the complexion fair, and the clear blue eyes soft and kind. All her actions were graceful: she had beautiful hands—which is something particularly lovely in a lady—yet she was not solicitous to keep them always in view, and this beautified them still more. She dressed with much taste, almost always in light colours; this and the soft rose scent which she loved, and which always accompanied her, lent to her whole being a something especially mild and agreeable. One might compare her to moonlight; she moved softly, and her voice was low and sweet, which, as Shakspeare says, is "an excellent thing in woman." Seeing her, as one often might do, reclining on a soft couch, playing with a flower or caressing a child, one could scarcely fancy her the superintendent of a large household, with all its appertaining work-people and servants; and beyond this, as the instructor of many children: yet love and sense of duty had led her to the performance of all this, had reconciled her to that which her natural inclinations were so averse to; nay, by degrees indeed, had made these very cares dear to her —whatever concerned the children lay near to her heart; whilst order, pleasantness, and peace, regulated the house. The contents of the linen-press were dear to her; a snow-white tablecloth was her delight; grey linen, dust, and flies, were hated by her, as far as she could hate anything.

But let us now proceed with our historical sketches.

We left Elise at her manuscript, by which she became soon so deeply occupied that the clock struck twelve unperceived by her; nor was she aware of the flight of time till a sudden terror thrilled her as she heard her husband return. To throw her manuscript into her drawer, and quickly undress, had been an easy thing for her, and she was about to do so, when the thought occurred, "I have never hitherto kept my proceedings secret from Ernst, and to-day I will not begin to do so;" and she remained at her writing-table till he entered the room.

"What! yet up, and writing?" said he, with a displeased glance. "Is it thus you keep your promise, Elise?"

"Pardon me, Ernst," said she; "I had forgotten myself."

"And for what?" asked he. "What are you writing? No, let me see! What! a novel, as I live! Now, what use is this?"

"What use is it?" returned Elise. "Ah, to give me pleasure."

"But people should have sense and reason in their pleasures," said the Judge. "Now it gives me no pleasure at all that you should sit up at night ruining your eyes on account of a miserable novel;—if there were a fire here I would burn the rubbish!"

"It would be a great deal better," returned Elise mildly, "if you went to-bed and said your prayers

piously, rather than thought about such an *auto-da-fé*. How have you amused yourself at the Governor's?"

"You want now to be mixing the cards," said he. "Look at me, Elise; you are pale; your pulse is excited! Say my prayers, indeed! I have a great mind to give you a lecture, that I have! Is it reasonable—is it prudent—to sit up at night and become pale and sleepless, in order to write what is good for nothing? It really makes me quite angry that you can be so foolish, so childish! It certainly is worth while your going to baths, sending to the east and to the west to consult physicians, and giving oneself all kind of trouble to regain your health, when you go and do every possible thing you can in the world to destroy it!"

"Do not be angry, Ernst," besought Elise; "do not look so stern on me to-night, Ernst; no, not to-night."

"Yes, indeed!" replied he, but in a tone which had become at once milder, "because it is two-and-thirty years to-day since you came into the world, do you think that you have a right to be absolutely childish?"

"Put that down to my account," said Elise smiling, yet with a tear in her eye.

"Put it down! put it down!" repeated the Judge. "Yes, I suppose so. People go on putting down neck or nothing till it's a pretty fool's business. I should like to pack all novels and novel-writers

out of the world together! The world never will be wise till that is done; nor will you either. In the meantime, however, it is as well that I have found you awake, else I must have woke you to prove that you cannot conceal from me, not even for once, how old you are. Here then is the punishment for your bad intention."

"Ah! Walter Scott's romances!" exclaimed Elise, receiving a set of volumes from her husband; "and such a magnificent edition! Thanks! thanks! you good, best Ernst! But you are a beautiful lawgiver; you promote the very things which you condemn!"

"Promise me, only," returned he, "not to spend the night in reading or writing novels. Think only how precious your health is to so many of us! Do you think I should be so provoked, if you were less dear to me? Do you comprehend that? In a few years, Elise," added he, "when the children are older, and you are stronger, we will turn a summer to really good account, and take our Norwegian journey. You shall breathe the fresh mountain air, and see the beautiful valleys and the sea, and that will do you much more good than all the mineral waters in the world. But come now, let us go and see the children; we will not wake them, however, although I have brought with me some confectionery from the lady hostess, which I can lay on their pillows. There is a rennet for you."

The married pair went into the children's room,

where the faithful old Fin-woman, Brigitta, lay and guarded, like the dragon, her treasures. The children slept as children sleep. The father stroked the beautiful curling hair of the boy, but impressed a kiss on the rosy cheek of each girl. After this the parents returned to their own chamber. Elise lay down to rest; her husband sate down to his desk, but so as to shade the light from his wife. The low sounds of a pen moving on paper came to her ear as if in sleep. As the clock struck two she awoke, and he was still writing.

Few men required and allowed themselves so little rest as Ernst Frank.

CHAPTER II.

THE CANDIDATE.

It was in the twilight. The children were playing at "låna eld"* in the great hall, swarming about in holes and corners, when the sudden stopping of a travelling carriage before the door operated upon the wild little flock, much as a stream of cold water on a swarm of bees. The Queen-bee of the children-swarm, the wise little Louise, sate herself down at the window, and four other little heads clustered themselves about her, fervent and inquisitive, and almost pushing her away in their impatient zeal to get a peep at the arrival.

It was a gentleman who stepped lightly out of that travelling carriage, but whether young or old, the children could not see; this however they saw, that their father came quickly to the door, shook the traveller by the hand, and conducted him into the house; whilst a very small portmanteau was carried after him. Seeing this, the little swarm hastened to their mother; to whom they gave, in all possible degrees of tone, from a low whisper to a loud annun-

* Borrowing fire; a Swedish child's play.—M. H.

ciation, the information that for certain "the tutor was come."

Elise, who had company with her, calmed with a "yes, yes!" and "so, indeed!" the excited state of the children. The Queen-bee composed herself quickly; and with mildly silencing looks seemed to observe that she had somewhat forgotten her own dignity, and seated herself quietly and becomingly among the "grown people," as one of them, whilst the other children gathered themselves in a little group in one corner of the room, whispering and wondering; and whoever had looked at them might have seen many a time Petrea's nose peering forth from the little group.

Judge Frank sent to announce to his wife the arrival of the expected guest, who would be introduced to her as soon as he had completed his toilet. Presently afterwards another messenger came, desiring curling-irons for the Candidate.

"It is a blessed long toilet!" thought Elise, many a time during a full hour which elapsed in waiting; and it must be confessed that her nose more than once during the hour took the same direction as Petrea's.

At last the steps of two gentlemen were heard on the hall floor, and there advanced through the parlour door a well-shod foot and a handsome leg, belonging to a well-formed though somewhat compressed figure, which carried gracefully a twenty-year-old head, of a

jovial, comely appearance, with the hair dressed after the newest mode. It was the Candidate. He cast a glance first at his foot, and then at the lady of the house, whom he approached with the most unconstrained self-possession, exhibiting the while a row of dazzlingly white teeth. Odour of *eau de Portugal* diffused itself through the room.

The Judge, who followed, and whose bearing and simple demeanour contrasted with those of the new guest, introduced the candidate Jacobi. Various unimportant polite speeches were made by everybody, and then they all took their seats. The children then came forward, and made their bows and curtseys. Henrik eyed his future preceptor with a joyous, confiding glance; the Queen-bee curtseyed very becomingly, and then made several steps backward as the young man seemed inclined to take the great liberty of kissing her; whilst Petrea turned up her nose with an inquisitive saucy air. The Candidate took the kindest notice of them all; shook all of them by the hand; inquired all their names; looked at himself in the glass, and arranged his curls.

"Whom have we here?" thought Elise with secret anxiety. "He is a fop—a perfect fop! How in all the world could Bishop B—— select him as teacher for my poor little children? He will think much more of looking at himself in the glass than of looking after them. The fine breast-pin that he is wearing is of false stones. He laughs to shew his

white teeth. An actual fop—a fool perhaps! There, now, he looks at himself again in the glass!"

Elise sought to catch her husband's eye, but he evidently avoided meeting hers; yet something of discontent, and something of trouble too, shewed itself in his manner. The Candidate, on the contrary, appeared not in the slightest degree troubled, but reclined perfectly at his ease in an arm chair, and cast searching glances on three ladies, who evidently were strangers in the company. The eldest of these, who kept on sewing incessantly, appeared to be upwards of forty, and was distinguished by a remarkably quiet, bright, and friendly aspect. Judge Frank and she talked much together. The other two appeared neither of them to have attained her twentieth year: the one was pale and fair; the other a pretty brunette; both of them were agreeable, and looked good and happy. These ladies were introduced to Jacobi as Miss Evelina Berndes and her adopted daughters, Laura and Karin. Laura had always one of the children on her knee, and it was upon her that his eyes were most particularly fixed. It was indeed a very pretty picture, which was formed by Laura, with the lovely little Gabriele on her knee, decorated with the flowers, bracelets, necklace, in short, with all the pretty things that just before had ornamented herself.

The conversation soon became general, and was remarkably easy, and the Candidate had an opportunity of taking his part well and interestingly in it

whilst speaking of certain distinguished men in the University from which he was just come. Elise mentioned one celebrated man whom she had a great desire to see, upon which Jacobi said he had lately made a little sketch of him, which, on her expressing a wish to see, he hastened to fetch.

He returned with a portfolio containing many drawings and pictures; partly portraits, and partly landscapes, from his own pencil; they were not deficient in talent, and afforded pleasure. First one portrait was recognised and then another, and at last the Candidate himself. The children were quite enchanted, and thronged with enthusiasm round the table. The Candidate placed some of them on his knee, and seemed particularly observant of their pleasure, and it was not long therefore before they appeared entirely to forget that he was only a new acquaintance—all at least excepting Louise, who held herself rather *fière*, and "the baby," which was quite ungracious towards him.

Above all the pictures which the portfolio contained, were the children most affected and enchanted by one in sepia, which represented a girl kneeling before a rose-bush, from which she was gathering roses, whilst a lyre lay against a gravestone near her.

"Oh, how sweet! how divinely beautiful!" exclaimed they. Petrea seemed as if she actually could not remove her eyes from the charming picture, which the Candidate himself also seemed to regard with a

fatherly affection, and which was the crown of his little collection.

It was the custom at the Franks, that every evening, as soon as the clock had struck eight, the little herd of children, conducted by the Queen-bee, withdrew to their bed-chamber, which had once occasioned the wakeful Petrea to say, that night was the worst thing God had ever made: for which remark she received a reproving glance from the Queen-bee, accompanied by the maxim, "that people should not talk in that way."

In order, however, to celebrate the present day, which was a remarkable one, the children were permitted to take supper with their parents, and even to sit up as late as they did. The prospect of this indulgence, the Candidate, the pictures, all combined to elevate the spirits of the children in no ordinary degree; so much so indeed that Petrea had the boldness, whilst they were regaling on roast chicken, to propose to the Candidate that the picture of the girl and the rose-bush should be put up for a prize on the breaking of a merrythought between them; promising, that if she had the good fortune to win it, she would give as a recompense, a picture of her own composition, which should represent some scene in a temple. The Queen-bee appeared scandalized at her sister's proposal, and shook her little wise head at her.

The mother also violently opposed Petrea's proposition; and she, poor girl, became scarlet, and deeply

abashed, before the reproving glances which were cast upon her; yet the Candidate was good-natured enough, after the first astonishment was over, to yield in the most cheerful manner to Petrea's proposal, and zealously to declare that the affair should be managed just as she would. He accordingly set himself, with an appearance of great accuracy and solemnity, to measure the length of both limbs of the merrythought, and then counted three; the mother all this time hoping with herself that he would so manage it that he himself should retain the head—but no! the head remained in Petrea's hand, and she uttered a loud cry of joy. After supper, the parents again opposed what had taken place; but the Candidate was so cheerful and so determined that it should remain as it was settled already, that Petrea, the happiest of mortals, ventured to carry out the girl and rose-bush; yet, she did not miss a motherly warning by the way, which mingled some tears with her joy. The Candidate had, in the meantime, on account of his kindness towards the children, and his good-nature towards Petrea, made a favourable impression on the parents.

"Who knows," said Elise to her husband, "but that he may turn out very well. He has, probably, his faults, but he has his good qualities too; there is something really very agreeable in his voice and countenance; but he must leave off that habit of looking at himself so continually in the glass."

"I feel assured that he must have worth," said the Judge, "from the recommendation of my friend B. This vanity, and these foppish habits of his, we shall soon know how to get rid of; the man himself is unquestionably good; and, dear Elise, be kind to him, and manage so that he shall feel at home with us."

The children, also, in their place of rest, made their observations on the Candidate.

"I think he is much handsomer than my father;" said little Petrea.

"I think," said the Queen-bee, in a tone of correction, "that nobody can be more perfect than my father."

"That is true, excepting mamma;" exclaimed Eva, out of her little bed."

"Ah," said Petrea, "I like him so much; he has given me that lovely picture. Do you know what I shall call that girl? I shall call her Rosa; and I'll tell you a long story about her. There was once upon a time ——"

All the sisters listened eagerly, for Petrea could relate better and prettier stories than any of them. It was therefore said among themselves that Petrea was very clever; but as the Queen-bee was desirous that Petrea should not build much on this opinion, she now listened to her history without bestowing upon it one token of applause, although it was found to be sufficiently interesting to keep the whole little auditorium awake till midnight.

"What will become of my preserves?" thought

Elise, one day as she remarked the quantity which vanished from the plate of the Candidate; but when that same evening she saw the little Gabriele merrily, and without reproof, pulling about his curls; when she saw him join the children at their play, and make every game which they played instructive to them; when she saw him armed with a great paper weapon, which he called his sword, and deal about blows to those who counted false, thereby exciting greater activity of mind as well as more mirth, she thought to herself, "he may eat just as much preserves as he likes; I will take care that he never goes short of them."

If, however, the Candidate rose higher in the regards of one party, there still was another with which his actions did not place him in the best point of view. Brigitta, to whom the care of some few things in the house was confided, began to look troubled, and out of sorts. For several days, whatever her cause of annoyance might be, she preserved silence, till one evening, when expanding the nostrils of her little snubby nose, she thus addressed her mistress:—

"The gracious lady must be so good as to give out to the cook just twice as much coffee as usual; because if things are to go on in this way, we cannot do with less. He, the master there, empties the little coffee-pot himself every morning! Never, in all my life, have I seen such a coffee-bibber!"

The following evening came a new announcement of trouble.

"Now it is not alone a coffee-bibber," said poor Brigitta, with a gloomy countenance and wide-staring eyes, "but a calf it is, and a devourer of rusks! What do you think, gracious lady, but the rusk-basket, which I filled only yesterday, is to-day as good as empty—only two rusks and two or three crumbs remaining! Then for cream! Why every morning he empties the jug!"

"Ah, it is very good," said Elise mildly, yet evasively, "that he enjoys things so much."

"And only look, in heaven's name!" lamented poor Brigitta another day, "he is also quite a sugar-rat! Why dear, gracious lady, he must put in at least twenty pieces of sugar into one cup of coffee, or he never could empty a sugar-basin as he does! I must beg you to give me the key of the chest, that I may fill it again. God grant that all this may have a good ending!"

Brigitta could venture to say much, for she had grown old in the house; had carried Elise as a child in her arms; and from affection to her, had followed her when she left her father's house: besides this, she was a most excellent guardian for the children; but as now these complaints of hers were too frequently repeated, Elise said to her seriously, "Dear Brigitta, let him eat and drink as much as he likes, without any observation: I would willingly allow him

a pound of sugar and coffee a day, if he only became, as I hope he may, a good friend and preceptor for the children."

Brigitta walked away quite provoked, and grumbling to herself: "Well, well!" said she, "old Brita can be silent, yes, that she can;—well, well! we shall see what will be the end of it. Sugar and rusks he eats, and salt-fish he can't eat!—well, well!"

All this time Jacobi was passing his days in peace, little dreaming of the clouds which were gathering over his head, or of his appellations of coffee-bibber, calf, rusk-devourer, and sugar-rat; and with each succeeding day it became more evident that Elise's hopes of him were well-grounded. He developed more and more a good and amiable disposition, and the most remarkable talents as teacher. The children became attached to him with the most intense affection; nor did their obedience and reverence for him as preceptor prevent them, in their freer hours, from playing him all kind of little pranks. Petrea was especially rich in such inventions; and he was too kind, too much delighted with their pleasure, not willingly to assist, or even at times allow himself to be the butt of their jokes.

Breakfast, which for the elder members of the family was commonly served at eleven o'clock, furnished the children with an excellent opportunity for their amusement. The Candidate was particularly fond of eggs, and therefore, when under a bulky-

looking napkin he expected to find some, and laid hasty hands on it, he not unfrequently discovered, instead of eggs, balls of worsted, playing-balls, and other such indigestible articles; on which discovery of his, a stifled laughter would commonly be heard at the door, and a cluster of children's heads be visible, which he in pretended anger assailed with the false eggs, and which quickly withdrew amid peals of laughter. Often too, when, according to old Swedish usage, he would take a glass of spirits, he found pure water instead of Cognac in his mouth; and the little advocates of temperance were always near enough to enjoy his astonishment, although sufficiently distant, also, that not one drop of the shower which was then sent at them should reach them, though it made them leap high enough for delight. And really it was wonderful how often these little surprises could be repeated, and how the Candidate let himself so constantly be surprised. But he was too much occupied by his own thoughts (the thoughts of course of a student of philosophy!) in order to be on his guard against the tricks of these young merry-andrews. One day——

But before we proceed further we must observe, that although the toilette of the Candidate seemed externally to be always so well supplied, yet still it was, in fact, in but a very indifferent condition. No wonder, therefore, was it, that though his hat outwardly was always well brushed, and was appa-

rently in good order, yet that it had within a sadly tattered lining.

One day, therefore, as the Candidate had laid his hat in a corner of the room, and was sitting near the sofa in a very earnest conversation, Henrik, Petrea, and Eva gathered themselves about that symbol of freedom, with the most suspicious airs and gestures of conspiracy. Nobody paid any attention to them, when after awhile the Candidate rose to leave the room, and going through the door would have put on his hat,—but, behold, a very singular revolution had taken place within it, and a mass of tin soldiers, stones, matches, and heaven knows what besides, came rattling down upon his head; and even one little chimney-sweeper fell astride on his nose. Nothing could compare with the immeasurable delight of the children at the astonishment of the Candidate, and the comic grimaces and head-shakings with which he received this their not very polite jest.

No wonder was it, therefore, that the children loved the Candidate so well.

The little Queen-bee, however, who more and more began to reckon herself as one of the grown people, and only very rarely took part in the conspiracies against the Candidate, shook her head at this prank of her brother and sisters, and looked out a new piece of dark silk from her drawer (Louise was a hoarder by nature), possessed herself secretly of the Candidate's hat, and with some little help from her

mother, had then her secret pleasure also, and could laugh in her own sleeve at his amazement when he discovered a bran new lining in his hat.

"Our little Queen-bee is a sensible little girl," said the Judge, well-pleased, to his wife, who had made him a third in this plot; and after that day she was called both by father and mother "our sensible little Queen-bee."

Scarcely had Jacobi been three weeks in the family of the Franks, before Elise felt herself disposed to give him a new title, that of Disputer-General, so great was the ability he discovered to dispute on every subject, from human free-will to rules for cookery; nay, even for the eating of eggs.

On this subject Elise wrote thus to her sister Cecilia: —"But however polite and agreeable the Candidate may be generally, still he is just as wearisome and obstinate in disputation; and as there is nobody in the house that makes any pretension to rival him in certain subtleties of argument, he is in great danger of considering himself a miracle of metaphysical light, which he is not, I am persuaded, by any means, since he has much more skill in rending down than in building up, in perplexing than in making clear. Ernst is no friend of metaphysical hair-splitting, and when Jacobi begins to doubt the most perceptible and most certain things—'what is perceptible, what is certain?' the Candidate will inquire—he grows impatient, shrugs his shoulders, goes to his writing-

table, and leaves me to combat it out, although, for my part, I would gladly have nothing to do with it. Should I, however, for awhile carry on the contest boldly, the scholar then will overwhelm me with learned words and arguments, and then I too flee, and leave him *maître du champ de bataille.* He believes then that I am convinced, at least of his power, which yet however is not the case; and if fortune do not bestow upon me a powerful ally against him, he may imagine so. Nevertheless, I am not without some curiosity to hear a system which he has promised to explain to me this evening, and according to which every thing in the world ought to be so good and consistent. These subjects have always an interest for me, and remind me of the time when you and I, Cecilia, like two butterflies, went fluttering over the earth, pausing about its flowers, and building up for ourselves pretty theories on the origin of life and all things. Since then I had almost forgotten them. Think only if the mythology of our youth should present itself again in the system of the Candidate!"

Here Elise was interrupted by the entrance of the troop of children.

"Might we borrow Gabriele?" "Mother, lend us Gabriele!" besought several coaxing little voices.

"Gabriele, wilt thou not come and play with us? Oh yes, certainly thou wilt!" and with these words Petrea held up a gingerbread heart, which so ope-

rated on the heart of the little one, that she yielded to the wishes of brother and sisters.

"Ah, but you must take great care of her, my little angel!" said the mother; "Louise dear, take her under your charge; look after her, and see that no harm befal her!"

"Yes, of course," said Louise, with a consequential countenance; and the jubilant children carried off the borrowed treasure, and quickly was their sport in full operation in the hall.

Elise took her work, and the Candidate, with a look of great importance, seated himself before her, in order to initiate her into the mysteries of his system. Just, however, at the moment when he had opened his mouth to begin, after having hemmed a few times, a shrill little barking, and the words "your most devoted servant," were heard at the door, and a person entered curtseying with an air of conscious worth, and with a little poodle in her arms—a person with whom we will have the honour to commence a new chapter.

CHAPTER III.

THE CHAMBERLAIN'S LADY.

WHERE is there not *haute volée?* Above the heavenly hosts are outspread the wings of cherubim and seraphim; and in the poultry-yards of earth the geese exalt their wings high over the other lesser feathered creatures. It belongs to the ordination of the world.

The Chamberlain's lady, Gunilla W., belonged incontestibly to the highest *haute volée* in the excellent city of X., where we have had the honour of making the acquaintance of the family of the Franks. She was the sister of Governor Stjernhök, and inhabited the third story of the house of which the Franks inhabited the second, and Evelina Berndes the first.

This lady had spent her youth at Court, and passed many a day of wearisome constraint, and many a night in making those clothes which were to conceal from the world how poor Miss Gunilla was; yet neither night nor day did she complain either of constraint or of poverty, for she possessed under a plain exterior a strong and quiet spirit.

An old aunt used to preach to her thus: "Eat, that thou mayst grow fat; if thou art fat, thou wilt grow handsome; and if thou art handsome, thou wilt get married."

Miss Gunilla, who never ate much, and who did not eat one mouthful more for this warning, grew neither fat nor handsome; yet on account of her excellent disposition she was beloved by every one, and especially by a young rich Chamberlain of the court, who, through his own good qualities and excellent heart, won her affections, and thus Miss Gunilla became Mistress. After this, in the circle of her friends she was accustomed to be called Mrs. Gunilla; which freedom we also shall sometimes take with her here.

Shortly after her marriage, and in consequence of cold, her husband became a sad invalid. For thirty years she lived separated from the world, a faithful and lonely attendant of the sick man; and what she bore and what she endured the world knew not, for she endured all in silence. For several years her husband could not bear the light; she learned therefore to work in darkness, and thus made a large embroidered carpet. "Into this carpet," said she, as she once spoke accidentally of herself, "have I worked many tears."

One of the many hypochondriacal fancies of her husband was, that he was about to fall into a yawning abyss, and only could believe himself safe so long as

he held the hand of his wife. Thus for one month after another she sate by his couch.

At length the grave opened for him; and thanking his wife for the happiness he had enjoyed in the house of sickness on earth, he sank to rest, in full belief of a land of restoration beyond. When he was gone, it seemed to her as if she were as useless in the world as an old almanack; but here also again her soul raised itself under its burden, and she regulated her life with peace and decision. In course of years she grew more cheerful, and the originality of her talents and disposition which nature had given to her, and which, in her solitude, had undisturbedly followed their own bent, brought a freshness with them into social life, into which she entered at first rather from resolution than from feeling at ease in it.

"The Lord ordains all things for the best;" that had always been, and still remained, the firm anchorage of her soul. But it was not this alone which gave to her the peace and gentleness which announced themselves in her voice, and diffused a true grace over her aged and not handsome countenance; they had yet another foundation: for even as the sunken sun throws the loveliest light upon the earth which it has left, so does the holy memory of a beloved but departed human being on the remaining solitary friend. Mrs. Gunilla herself lived in such a remembrance: she knew it not, but after the death of her husband the dark pictures of his suffering vanished more and more,

and his own form, purified by patience and suffering, rose continually higher in its noble glorification; it beamed into her soul, and her soul became brightened thereby. Seldom mentioned she the name of her husband; but when she did so, it was like a breath of summer air in voice and countenance.

She collected good people about her, and loved to promote their happiness; and whenever there was a young couple whose narrow circumstances, or whose fears for the future, filled them with anxiety, or a young but indigent man who was about to fall into debt and difficulty, Mrs. Gunilla was ever at hand, although in most cases behind others. She had nevertheless her faults; and these, as we proceed, we shall become acquainted with.

We now hastily sketch her portrait the size of life. Age between fifty and sixty; figure tall, stiff, well-made, not too thin—beside Jeremias Munter she might be called stout,—complexion, pale yellow; the nose and chin coming together, the mouth fallen in; the eyes grey and small, forehead smooth, and agreeably shaded by silver hair; the hands still handsome, and between the thumb and delicate tip of the forefinger a pinch of snuff, which was commonly held in certain perspective towards the nose, whilst with an elbow resting on the arm of sofa or easy chair she gave little lectures, or read aloud, for it was one of her weaknesses to suppose that she knew every thing.

During her long hermit-life she had been accus-

tomed wholly to neglect her toilet, and this neglect she found it difficult afterwards to overcome; and her old silk gown, from which the wadding peeped out from many a hole, especially at the elbows; her often-mended collar, and her drooping cap, the ribbons of which were flecked with many a stain of snuff, were always a trouble to Elise's love of order and purity. Notwithstanding all this, there was a certain air about Mrs. Gunilla which carried off all; and with her character, rank, property, and consideration, she was *haute volée*, spite of torn gown and snuff-beflecked ribbons, and had great influence among the best society of the city.

She considered herself somewhat related to Elise, was very fond of her, and used very often to impart to her her opinions on education (N.B.—Mrs. Gunilla never had children), on which account many people in the city accused Elise of weakness towards the *haute volée*, and the postmistress Bask and the general-shopkeeper Suur considered it quite as much a crime as a failing.

There was in Mrs. Gunilla's voice, manners, and bearing, a something very imposing; her curtsey was usually very stately and low, and this brings us again to her entrance into Elise's room. Elise, the moment she entered, quickly rose and welcomed her, introducing Jacobi at the same time.

At the first glance Jacobi uttered an exclamation of joyful surprise, approached her with an appearance

of the greatest cordiality, seized her hand, which he kissed reverentially, and felicitated himself on the happiness of seeing her again.

The little eyes of the Chamberlain's lady twinkled, and she exclaimed, "O heavens! my heart's dearest! Nay, that is very pleasant! He, he, he, he!"

"How!" exclaimed Elise in astonishment, "Mr. Jacobi, do you know——Aunt W., do you know Mr. Jacobi?"

The Candidate appeared about to give an explanation of the acquaintance, but this Mrs. Gunilla, with a faint crimson overspreading the pale yellow cheek, and a twitch of the eyebrow, prevented, and with a quick voice she said, "We once lived in the same house."

She then desired that the conversation which her entrance had interrupted, and which appeared to have been very important, might proceed. "At least," added she, with a penetrating glance on Elise and the Candidate, "if I should not disturb you."

"Certainly not!"

The Candidate needed only the sixteenth of a hint to rush armed with full fervour into the mysteries of his system. Mrs. Gunilla took up a packet of old gold thread, which she set herself to unravel, whilst the Candidate coughed and prepared himself.

CHAPTER IV.

MONADS AND NOMADS.

"ALL beings," commenced the Candidate, "have, as their most intrinsic foundation and substance, a simple unity, a soul, a—in one word, a monad."

"A—a what?" asked the Chamberlain's lady, fixing her eyes upon him.

"A monad, or a simple unity," continued he. "The monads have a common resemblance in substance one with another; but in respect of qualities, of power, and size, they are substantially unlike. There are the monads of people; there are human monads, animal monads, vegetable monads; in short, the world is full of monads—they compose the world——"

"Heart's dearest!" interrupted the old lady, in a tone of displeasure, "I don't understand one word of all this! What stuff it is! What are monads?—fill the world, do they?—I see no monads!"

"But you see me, dear lady," said Jacobi, "and yourself. You are yourself a monad."

"I a monad!" exclaimed she in disgust.

"Yes, certainly," replied he, "your Honour, just the same as any other living creature——"

"But," interrupted she, "I must tell you, dear friend, that I am neither a monad nor a creature, but a human being—a sinful human being it is true—but one that God, in any case, created in his own image."

"Yes, certainly, certainly," acceded the Candidate. "I acknowledge a principal monad, from which all other monads emanate——"

"What!" exclaimed she, "is our Lord God to be a monad also?"

"He may be so designated," said the Candidate, "on account of oneness, and also to preserve uniformity as to name. For the rest, I believe that the monads, from the beginning, are gifted with a self-sustaining strength, through which they are generated into the corporeal world; that is to say, take a bodily shape, live, act, nay even strive—that is to say, would remove themselves from one body into another without the immediate influence of the Principal Monad. The monads are in perpetual motion — perpetual change, and always place and arrange themselves according to their power and will. If, now, we regard the world from this point of view, it presents itself to us in the clearest and most excellent manner. In all spheres of life we see how the principal monad assembles all the subject monads around itself as organs and members. Thus are nations and states,

arts and sciences, fashioned; thus every man creates his own world, and governs it according to his ability; for there is no such thing as free-will, as people commonly imagine, but the monad in man directs what he shall become, and what in regard to——"

"That I don't believe," interrupted Mrs. Gunilla; "since, if my soul, or monad, as you would call it, had guided me according to its pleasure, it would have led me to do many wicked things; and if our Lord God had not chastised me, and in his mercy directed me to something that was good—be so good as to let alone my cotton-balls—it would have gone mad enough with my nomadic soul,—that I can tell you."

"But, your Honour," said Jacobi, "I don't deny at all the influence of a principal monad; on the contrary, I acknowledge that; and it is precisely this influence upon your monad which——"

"And I assert," exclaimed she warming, and again interrupting him, "that we should do nothing that was right, if you could establish your nomadic government, instead of the government of our Lord God. What good could I get from your nomads?"

"Monads," said the Candidate, correcting her.

"And supposing your monads," continued Mrs. Gunilla, "do keep in such perpetual movement, and do arrange themselves so properly, what good will that do me in moments of temptation and need? It is far wiser and better that I say and believe that our

Lord God will guide us according to his wisdom and good, than if I should believe that a heap of your nomads——"

"Monads, monads!" exclaimed the Candidate.

"Monads or nomads," answered angrily Mrs. Gunilla, "it is all one—be so good as to let my cotton alone, I want it myself—your nomads may be as magnificent and as mighty as they please, and they may govern themselves, and may live and strive according to their own wisdom; yet I cannot see how the world, for all that, can be in the least the more regular, or even one little grain the more pleasant, to look at. And why are things so bad here? Why, precisely for this very reason, because you good people fancy yourselves such powerful monads, and think so much of your own strength, without being willing to know that you are altogether poor sinners, who ought to beseech our Lord God to govern their poor nomadic souls, in order that they might become a little better. It is precisely such nomadic notions as these that we have to thank for all kind of rapscallion pranks, for all uproars and broken windows. If you had only less of nomads, and more of sensible men in you, one should live in better peace on the earth."

The Candidate was quite confounded; he had never been used to argument like this, and stared at Mrs. Gunilla with open mouth; whilst little Pyrrhus, excited by the warmth of his mistress, leapt upon the

table, and barking shrilly seemed disposed to spring at the Candidate's nose. All this appeared so comic, that Elise could no longer keep back the merriment which she had felt during the former part of the dispute, and Jacobi himself accompanied her hearty laugh. Mrs. Gunilla, however, looked very bitter; and the Candidate, nothing daunted, began again.

"But, in the name of all the world," said he, "your Honour will not understand me: we speak only of a mode of observing the world—a mode by which its phenomena can be clearly expounded. Monadology, rightly understood, does not oppose the ideas of the Christian religion, as I will demonstrate immediately. Objective revelation proves to us exactly that the subject-objective and object-subjective, which——"

"Ah!" said Mrs. Gunilla, throwing herself back, "talk what nonsense you will for me, I know what I know. Nomads may be just what they please for me: but I call a man, a man; I call a cat, a cat, and a flower, a flower; and our Lord God remains to me our Lord God, and no nomad!"

"Monad, monad!" cried the Candidate, in a sort of half-comic despair; "and as for that word, philosophy has as good a right as any other science, to make use of certain words to express certain ideas."

During the last several minutes suspicious movements had been heard at the parlour door, the cause of which now became evident; the children had

stolen in behind the Candidate, and now cast beseeching glances towards their mother that she should let all go on unobserved. Petrea and Eva stole in first, carrying between them a heavy pincushion, weighted with lead, five pounds in weight at least. The Candidate was standing; and at the very moment when he was doing his best to defend the rights of philosophy, the leaden cushion was dropped down into his coat-pocket. A motion backwards was perceptible through his whole body, and his coat was tightly pulled down behind. A powerful twitching shewed itself at the corners of his mouth, and a certain stammering might be noticed in his speech, although he stood perfectly still, and appeared to observe nothing; while the little rascals, who had expected a terrible explosion from their well-laid train, stole off to a distance; but oh, wonder! the Candidate stood stock still, and seemed not at all aware that anything was going on in his coat-laps.

All this while, however, there was in him such a powerful inclination to laugh that he hastened to relate an anecdote which should give him the opportunity of doing so. And whether it was the nomads of Mrs. Gunilla which diverted him from his system, or the visit of the little herd of nomads to his pockets, true it is there was an end of his philosophy for that evening. Beyond this, he appeared now to wish by cheerful discourse to entertain Mrs. Gunilla, in which he perfectly succeeded;

and so mild and indulgent was he towards her, that Elise began to question with herself whether Mrs. Gunilla's mode of argument were not the best and the most successful.

The children stood not far off, and observed all the actions of Jacobi. "If he goes out, he will feel the cushion," said they. "He will fetch a book! Now he comes—ah!"

The Candidate really went out for a book from his room, but he stepped with the most stoical repose, though with a miserably backward-pulled coat, through the astonished troop of children; and left the room.

When he returned, the coat sate quite correctly; the cushion evidently was not there. The astonishment of the children rose to the highest pitch, and there was no end to their conjectures. The Queen-bee imagined that there must be a hole in his pocket, through which the pincushion had fallen on the stairs. Petrea, in whose suggestion the joke originated, was quite dismayed about the fate of the cushion.

Never once did it enter into the innocent heads of the children that the Candidate had done all this in order to turn their intended surprise on him into a surprise on themselves.

"How came you to be acquainted with Mrs. Gunilla W.?" asked Elise from Jacobi when the lady was gone.

"When I was studying in ——," replied he, "I

rented a small room on the ground-floor of the same house where she lived. As I at that time was in very narrow circumstances, I had my dinner from an eating-house near, where all was supplied at the lowest price; but it often was so intolerably bad, that I was obliged to send it back untasted, and endeavour, by a walk in the fresh air instead, to appease my hunger. I had lived thus for some time, and was, as may be imagined, become meagre enough, when Mrs. W., with whom I was not personally acquainted, proposed to me, through her housekeeper, that she should provide me with a dinner at the same low charge as the eating-house. I was astonished, but extremely delighted, and thankfully accepted the proposal. I soon discovered, however, that she wished in this way to become my benefactor without its appearing so, and without my thanks being necessary. From this day I lived in actual plenty. But her goodness did not end here. During a severely cold winter, in which I went out in a very thin great-coat, I received quite unexpectedly one trimmed with fur. From whom it came I could not for some time discover, till chance gave me a clue which led me to the Chamberlain's lady. But could I thank her for it? No; she became regularly angry and scolded me, if I spoke of the gratitude which I felt and always shall feel for her kindness."

Tears filled the eyes of Jacobi as he told this, and

both Elise's eyes and those of her husband beamed with delight at this relation.

"It is," said Judge Frank, "a proof how much goodness there is in the world, although at a superficial glance one is so disposed to doubt it. That which is bad usually noises itself abroad, is echoed back from side to side, and newspapers and social circles find so much to say about it; whilst that which is good likes best to go—like sunshine—quietly through the world."

CHAPTER V.

DISAGREEABLE NEWS.

THE "skirmish"—as Mrs. Gunilla called the little strift she had with the Candidate, about monads and nomads—appeared to have displeased neither of them, but rather, on the contrary, to have excited in them a desire for others of the same kind; and as Elise, who had no great inclination to spend her evenings alone with him, used frequently to invite Mrs. Gunilla to drink tea with them, it was not long before she and the Candidate were again in full disputation together. If the Assessor happened also to come in, there was a terrible noise. The Candidate screamed, and leapt about almost beside himself, but was fairly out-talked, because his voice was weak, and because Mrs. Gunilla and the Assessor, who between them two selves never were agreed, leagued themselves nevertheless against him. Jacobi, notwithstanding this, had often the right side of an argument, and bore his overthrow with the best temper in the world. Perhaps he might have lost his courage, however, as well as his voice in this

unequal contest—he himself declared he should—had he not suddenly abandoned the field. He vanished almost entirely from the little evening circle.

"What has become of our Candidate?" sometimes asked Mrs. Gunilla. "I shall be much surprised if his monad or nomad have not carried him off to the land of the nomads! He, he, he, he!"

Judge Frank and wife also began to question with some anxiety, "What has become of our Candidate?"

Our Candidate belonged to that class of persons who easily win many friends. His cheerful easy temper, his talents and good social qualifications, made him much beloved and sought after, especially in smaller circles. It was here, therefore, as it had been at the University—he was drawn into a jovial little company of good fellows, where, in a variety of ways, they could amuse themselves, and where the cheerful spirit and talents of Jacobi were highly prized. He allowed himself, partly out of good-nature and partly out of his own folly, to be led on by them, and to take part in a variety of pranks, which, through the influence of some members of the Club, went on from little to more, and our Candidate found himself, before he was aware of what he was about, drawn into a regular carouse—all which operated most disadvantageously upon his affairs—kept him out late at night, and only permitted him to rise late in the morning, and then with headach and disinclination to business.

There was, of course, no lack of good friends to bring these tidings to Judge Frank. He was angry, and Elise was seriously distressed, for she had begun to like Jacobi, and had hoped for so much from his connexion with the children.

"It won't do, it won't do," grumbled Judge Frank. "There shall very soon be an end to this! A pretty story indeed! I shall tell him—I, if he—— But, my sweet friend, you yourself are to blame in this affair; you should concern yourself a little about him; you are so *fière* and distant to him; and what amusement do you provide for him here of an evening? The little quarrels between Mrs. Gunilla and Munter cannot be particularly amusing to him, especially when he is always out-talked by them. It would be a thousand times better for the young man if you would allow him to read aloud to you; yes, if it were romances, or whatever in the world you would. You should stimulate his talent for music; it would give yourself pleasure, and between whiles you could talk a little sound reason with him, instead of disputing about things which neither he nor you understand! If you had only begun in that way at first, he would perhaps never have been such a swashbuckler as he is, and now to get order and good manners back into the house one must have scenes. I'll not allow such goings on!—he shall hear about it to-morrow morning! I'll give that pretty youth something which he shall remember!"

"Ah!" said Elise, "don't be too severe, Ernst! Jacobi is good; and if you talk seriously yet kindly to him, I am persuaded it will have the best effect."

Judge Frank made no reply, but walked up and down the room in very ill humour.

"Would you like to hear some news of your neighbour the pasquilla-writer?" asked Assessor Munter, who just then entered with a dark countenance. "He is sick, sick to death of a galloping consumption —he will not write any more pasquillas."

"Who looks after his little girl?" asked Elise; "I see her sometimes running about the street like a wild cat."

"Yes, there's a pretty prospect for her," snorted out the Assessor. "There is a person in the house —a person they call her, she ought to be called reptile, or rather devil—who is said to look after the housekeeping, but robs him and ruins that child. Would you believe it? she and two tall churls of sons that she has about her amuse themselves with terrifying that little girl by dressing themselves up whimsically, and acting the goblins in the twilight. It is more than a miracle if they do not drive her mad!"

"Poor wretch!" exclaimed Judge Frank in rage and abhorrence. "Good heavens! how much destruction of character there is, how much crime, which the arm of the law cannot reach! And that child's father, can he bear that it is so treated?"

"He is wholly governed by that creature—that woman," said Munter; "besides, sick in bed as he now is, he knows but little of what goes on in the house."

"And if he die," asked the Judge, "is there nobody who will look after that girl? Has he a relation or friend?"

"Nobody in this world," returned Jeremias. "I have inquired particularly. The bird in the wood is not more defenceless than that child. Poverty there will be in the house; and what little there is, that monster of a housekeeper will soon run through."

"What can one do?" asked the Judge, in real anxiety. "Do you know anything, Munter, that one could do?"

"Nothing as yet," returned he; "at present things must take their own course. I counsel nobody to interfere; for he is possessed of the woman, and she is possessed of the devil; and as for the girl, he will have her constantly with him, and lets her give way to all her petulances. But this cannot long endure. In a month, perhaps, he will be dead; and he who sees the falling sparrow will, without doubt, take care of the poor child. At present nobody can save her from the hands of these harpies. Now, good night! But I could not help coming to tell you this little history, because it lay burning at my heart; and people have the very polite custom of throwing their burdens upon others, in order to lighten themselves. Adieu!"

The Judge was very much disturbed this evening. What he had just heard weighed heavily on his heart.

"It is singular," said he, "how often Mr. N.'s course and mine have clashed. He has really talent, but bad moral character; on that account I have opposed his endeavours to get into office, and thus operated against his success. It was natural that he should become my enemy, and I never troubled myself about it! but now I wish—the unhappy man, how miserably he lies there! and that poor, poor child! Ström," said he, calling to his servant, "is the Candidate at home? No? and it is nearly eleven! The thousand! To-morrow he shall find out where he is at home!"

CHAPTER VI.

HERO-DEEDS.

On the following morning, as Judge Frank drew aside his window-curtains, the sun—the sun, so powerful in its beams and its silence—shone into his chamber, lighting it with its glorious splendour. Those sunbeams went directly to his heart.

"Dear Elise," said he, when his wife was awake, "I have a great deal to do to-day. Perhaps it would be better if you would speak with Jacobi, and give him his lecture. Ladies, in such circumstances, have more influence on men than we men can have. Besides this, what can be bent must not be broken. I—in short, I fancy you will manage the affair best. It is so beautiful to-day! Could you not take the children a long walk? It would do both them and you good, and upon the way you would have an excellent opportunity for an explanation. Should this be of no avail, then I will—but I would gladly avoid being angry with him; one has things enough to vex one without that."

The Judge was not the only person in the house whom the sun inspired with thoughts of rambling.

The Candidate had promised the children on some "very fine day" to take them to a wood, where there were plenty of hazel-bushes, and where they would gather a rich harvest of nuts. Children have an incomparable memory for all such promises; and the little Franks thought that no day could by any possibility be more beautiful or more suitable for a great expedition than the present, and therefore, as soon as they discovered that the Candidate and their parents thought the same, their joy rose actually as high as the roof. Brigitta had not hands enough for Petrea and Eva, so did they skip about when she wished to dress them.

Immediately after noon the procession set forth; Henrik and the Queen-bee marched first, next came Eva and Leonore, between whom was Petrea, each one carrying a little basket containing a piece of cake, as provision for their journey. Behind the column of children came the mother, and near her the Candidate, drawing a little wicker carriage, in which sate little Gabriele, looking gravely about with her large brown eyes.

"Little Africa"—so the children called their little dark-eyed neighbour from the Cape—stood at her door as the little Franks tripped forth from theirs. Petrea, with an irresistible desire to make her acquaintance, rushed across the street and offered her the piece of cake which she had in her basket. The little wild creature snatched the piece of cake with violence,

shewed her row of white teeth, and vanished in the doorway, whilst Elise seized Petrea's hand, in order to keep her restless spirit in check.

As soon as they had passed the gate of the city the children were permitted full freedom, and they were not much more composed in their demeanour than a set of young calves turned out for the first time into a green meadow. We must even acknowledge that the little Queen-bee fell into a few excesses, such as jumping over ditches where they were the broadest, and clapping her hands and shouting to frighten away phlegmatical crows. It was not long, however, before she gave up these outbreaks, and turned her mind to a much sedater course; and then, whenever a stiff-necked millifolium or gaudy hip came in her way, she carefully broke it off, and preserved it in her apron, for the use of the family. Henrik ran back every now and then to the wicker carriage, in order to kiss "the baby," and give her the very least flowers he could find. Petrea often stumbled and fell, but always sprang up quickly, and then unaffrightedly continued her leaping and springing.

The Candidate also, full of joyous animal spirits, began to sing aloud, in a fine tenor voice, the song, "Seats of the Vikings! Groves old and hoary," in which the children soon joined their descant, whilst they marched in time to the song. Elise, who gave herself up to the full enjoyment of the beautiful day and the universal delight, had neither inclination nor

wish to interrupt this by any disagreeable explanation; she thought to herself that she would defer it a while.

"Nay, only look, only look, sisters! Henrik, come here!" exclaimed little Petrea, beckoning with the hand, leaping, and almost out of herself for delight, whilst she looked through the trellis-work of a tall handsome gate into pleasure-grounds which were laid out in the old-fashioned manner, and ornamented with clipped trees. Many little heads soon looked with great curiosity through the trellis-gate, they seemed to see Paradise within it; and then up came the Candidate, not like a threatening cherub with a flaming sword, but a good angel, who opened the door of this paradise to the enraptured children. This surprise had been prepared for them by Elise and the Candidate, who had obtained permission from the Dowager Countess S * * * to take the children on their way to the nut-wood through her park.

Here the children found endless subject for admiration and inquiry, nor could either the Candidate or their mother answer all their questions. Before long the hearts of the children were moved at sight of a little leaden Cupid, who stood weeping near a dry fountain.

"Why does he cry?" asked they.

"Probably because the water is all gone," answered the Candidate smiling.

Presently again they were enchanted by sight of a

Chinese temple, which to their fancy contained all the magnificence in the world—instead of, as was the case, a quantity of fowls; then they were filled with astonishment at trees in the form of pyramids —they never had seen any thing so wonderful, so beautiful! But the most wonderful thing was yet to come.

They reached a gloomy part of the grounds. Melancholy sounds, incoherent, yet pleasureable, became audible, accompanied by an uninterrupted splashing of water. The children walked slower and closer together, in a state of excited expectation and a kind of shuddering curiosity. The melancholy tones and the falling water became more and more distinct, as they found themselves inclosed in a thick fir-wood; presently, however, an opening to the right shewed itself, and then thickly wreathed with a wild growth of plants and heavily-leaved trees, the vault of a grotto revealed itself, within which, and in the distance, stood a large white figure, with aged head, long beard, crooked back, and goat's legs. To his lips he held a pandean pipe, from which the extraordinary sounds appeared to proceed. Little waterfalls leapt here and there from the rocks around, and then collected themselves at the foot of the statue in a large basin, in which the figure seemed, with a dreamy countenance, to contemplate himself and the leaf-garlanded entrance of the grotto.

The Candidate informed them that this was the

wood-god Pan; but what farther information he gave respecting the faith of the ancients in this deity of nature, was listened to by nobody but the Queen-bee, who however shook her wise head over the want of wisdom in the Grecians who could believe on such a god; and by Elise, who loved to discover in the belief of antiquity a God of nature, which makes itself felt also in our days, but in a truer and, as we think, a diviner sense.

The exhibition in the grotto had produced its effect upon all the spectators, great as well as small; but the brain of the little Petrea seemed quite intoxicated, not to say crazed by it. The Wood-god, with his music, his half-animal, half-human figure, although only of gypsum, and, as the Candidate declared, the offspring only of a dim fancy, as well as that it was without life or actuality, still remained to her imagination a living existence, as real as wonderful. She could see nothing, think of nothing, but the Wood-god; and the foreboding of a new and wonderful world filled her soul with a delicious terror.

In the mean time the Candidate conducted Elise by a path which wound among alders and birches, up the mountain in which the grotto was. When they reached the top, all was sunny and cheerful; and behold upon a mound was set out, so pleasantly in the sunshine, a little collation of berries and fruit. It was the Candidate, who had great pleasure in being the kind-hearted host on such occasions, who had

provided this little surprise for Elise and the children; and never, indeed, was a surprise more welcome or more joyous. It is the most thankful thing in the world to give pleasure to children; and, moreover, the goodwill of the mother is always obtained thereby.

The Candidate spread his cloak upon a green slope under a hedge of roses, on which Elise's favourite flowers were still blooming, as a seat for herself and "the baby," which now, lifted out of the wicker-carriage, had its green silk bonnet taken off, and its golden locks bathed in sunshine. He chose out the best fruit for her and her mother; and then seating himself on the grass near her, played with her, and drove away the flies from her and her mother with a spray of roses, whilst the other children ran about at a distance, enjoying with all the zest of childhood, gooseberries and freedom. The trees soughed in the soft south wind, whilst the melodious sighs of the Wood-god, and the splash of the water, mingled gently with the whispering leaves. It was a delicious time, and its soft influence stole into the soul of Elise. The sun, the scent of the roses, the song of the wood and of the water, and the Syrinx, the beautiful scene before her, the happy children,—all these called up suddenly into her breast that summer of the heart, in which all sentiments, all thoughts, are like beautiful flowers, and which makes life seem so light and so lovely: she conceived a friendship for that young man who had occasioned it, and whose good heart beamed forth

from his eyes, which at one moment were fixed on the blue heavens, and then on her own soft blue eyes, with an expression of devotion and a certain pure earnestness, which she had never observed in him before. Elise felt that she could now undertake the explanation with him; she felt that she could talk with him openly and warmly as a sister, and that the truth would flow from her lips, without wounding him or giving him pain.

Scarcely, however, had she with cordial, though with tremulous voice, began to speak, when an uneasy movement among the children interrupted her. Some looked in the hedges, some ran about under the trees, and the name "Petrea! Petrea!" was repeated in every variety of tone. The mother looked uneasily around, and the Candidate sprang up to see what was amiss. It was nothing uncommon for Petrea to separate herself from the rest of the children, and occupied by her own little thoughts, to lag behind; on that account, therefore, nobody had at first troubled themselves because she was not with them at the collation, for they said, "she will soon come." Afterwards, Elise and the Candidate were too much occupied by their own thoughts; and the children said as usual, "she'll soon come." But when she did not come, they began to seek for her, and Elise and the Candidate came to their assistance. They ran back to the grotto; they sought and called, but all in vain—Petrea was nowhere to be found! and uneasiness very soon changed itself into actual anxiety.

We will now ourselves go in quest of Petrea. So enchanted was she with the Wood-god and his music, that no sooner had she, with the others, begun to climb the hill, than she turned back to the grotto, and there transported by its wonderful world, she was suddenly possessed by a desire to acquaint her father and Brigitta with her having seen the Wood-god. Resolve and action are much more one with children than with women. To be the first who should carry to the father the important tidings, "Father, I have seen the Wood-god!" was a temptation too strong for Petrea's ambition and craving for sympathy.

She had heard them say that they should rest on the hill; and as her organ of locality was as feeble as her imagination was powerful, she never doubted, for a moment of being able to run home and back before they were aware even of her absence. As for the rest, to confess the truth, she thought nothing at all about it; but with a loudly-beating heart, and the words, "Oh, father! we have seen the Wood-god!" on her lips, she made a spring, and rushed forward on the wings of fancy as fast as her little legs would carry her in a direction exactly the opposite of that which led homeward, and which at the same time removed her from the grotto; never thinking, the poor Petrea! that in this world there are many ways. Before long, however, she found it necessary to stand still, in order to rest herself: it was all so beautiful

around her; delicious odours breathed from the wild flowers; the birds sang; the heaven was cloudless; and here, where no Cupids nor Chinese temples dazzled her thoughts, the very remembrance of the god Pan vanished from her soul, and instead of it a thought, or more properly speaking a sentiment, took possession of it—a holy and beautiful sentiment, which the mother had early instilled into the hearts of her children. Petrea saw herself solitary, yet at the same time she felt that she was not so; in the deliciousness of the air, in the beauty of nature, she perceived the presence of a good spirit, which she had been taught to call FATHER; and filled, as her heart seemed to be, by a sense of his goodness and affection, which appeared never to have been so sensibly impressed upon her mind as then, her heart felt as if it must dissolve itself in love and happiness. She sank down on the grass, and seemed to be on the way to heaven. But, ah! the way thither is not so easy; and these heavenly foretastes remain only a short time in the souls of children, as well as of grown people.

That which brought Petrea from her heavenly journey back to the earth again was a squirrel, which sprang directly across her path, and sent her forth immediately in chase of it. To catch such game, and to carry it home, would be indeed in the highest degree a memorable action. "What would Henrik and my sisters say? What would all the city say?

Perhaps it will get into the newspapers!—perhaps the king may get to hear of it!"—thought Petrea, whilst, out of herself with ambition and earnestness, she pursued the little squirrel over stock and stone.

Her frock was torn; her hands and feet were bruised; but that was a mere nothing! She felt it not, more particularly—O height of felicity!—as she fell down, and at that same moment grasped in her trembling hands her little prey. Petrea cried for delight, and shouted to her mother and sisters, who —could not hear her.

"Oh, thou little most loveable creature!" said Petrea, endeavouring at the same time to kiss her little captive, in return for which that most loveable little creature bit her by the chin. Surprised, and sorely smarting from the pain, Petrea began to cry; yet for all that would not let go the squirrel, although the blood flowed from the wound. Petrea ran forward, wondering that she never came to the great trellis-gate, through which she knew she must pass in order to reach home. Whilst she thus wondered with herself, and ran, and struggled with her little untractable prisoner, she saw a gentleman coming towards her. It never once occurred to her that this could be any other than her father, and almost transported for joy, she exclaimed, "Father, I have seen the Wood-god!"

Greatly astonished to hear himself thus parentally addressed, the young man looked up from the book

in which he read, gazed at Petrea, smiled, and replied, "Nay, my child, he is gone in that direction," pointing with his finger towards that quarter whence Petrea had come. Imagining at once that he meant the Candidate, Petrea replied with anxiety and a quick foreboding that she was on a wrong track, "Oh, no, it is not he!" and then turned suddenly back again.

She abandoned now all thoughts of running home, and was only desirous of finding those whom she had so thoughtlessly left. She ran back, therefore, with all her speed, the way she had come, till she reached where two roads branched off, and there unfortunately taking the wrong one, came into a wild region, where she soon perceived how entirely confused she had become. She no longer knew which way to go, and in despair threw herself into the grass and wept. All her ambition was gone; she let the squirrel run away, and gave herself up to her own comfortless feelings. She thought now of the uneasiness and anxiety of her mother, and wept all the more at the thought of her own folly. But, however, consoling thoughts, before long, chased away these desponding ones. She dried her eyes with her dress—she had lost her pocket-handkerchief—and looking around her she saw a quantity of fine raspberries growing in a cleft of the hill. "Raspberries!" exclaimed she, "my mother's favourite berries!" And now we may see our little Petrea scrambling up the cliff with all

her might, in order to gather the lovely fruit. She thought that with a bouquet of raspberries in her hand, she could throw herself at the feet of her mother, and pray for forgiveness. So thought she, and tore up the raspberry bushes, and new courage and new hope revived the while in her breast. If, thought she, she clambered only a little way higher, could she not discover where her home was? should she not see her mother, father, sisters, nay, the whole world? Certainly. What a bright idea it was!

With one hand full of raspberries, the other assisted her to climb; but, ah! first one foot slipped on the dry smooth grass, and then the other. The left hand could no longer sustain the whole weight of her body; the right hand would not let go the raspberries. A moment of anguish, a violent effort, and then Petrea rolled down the cliff into a thicket of bushes and nettles, where for the present we will leave her, in order to look after the others.

The anxiety of the mother is not to be described, as after a whole hour spent with Jacobi and Henrik (the little Queen-bee watched over the other children near Pan's grotto), in seeking and calling for Petrea, all was in vain. There were many ponds in the park, and they could not conceal from themselves that it was possible she might have fallen into one. It was a most horrible idea for Elise, and sent an anguish like death into her heart, as she thought of returning in the evening to her husband with one

child missing, and that one of his favourites—missing through her own negligence. Death itself seemed to her preferable.

Breathless, and pale as a corpse, she wandered about, and more than once was near sinking to the earth. In vain the Candidate besought her to spare herself; to keep herself quiet, and leave all to him. In vain! She heard him not; and restless and unhappy, she sought the child herself. Jacobi was afraid to leave her long alone, and kept wandering near her; whilst Henrik ran into other parts of the park, seeking about and calling.

It was full two hours of fruitless search after the lost one, when the Candidate had again joined the despairing mother, that at the very same moment their glances both fell suddenly on the same object—it was Petrea! She lay in a thicket at the foot of the hill; drops of blood were visible on her face and dress, and a horrible necklace—a yellow spangled snake!—glittered in the sun around her neck. She lay motionless, and appeared as if sleeping. The mother uttered a faint cry of terror, and would have thrown herself upon her, had not the Candidate withheld her.

"For heaven's sake," said he fervently, and pale as death, "be still; nothing perhaps is amiss; but it is the poisonous snake of our woods—the aspic! An incautious movement, and both you and Petrea may be lost! No, you must not; your life is too precious—but I—promise me to be still, and ——"

Elise was scarcely conscious of what she did. "Away! away!" she said, and strove to put Jacobi aside with her weak hands; she herself would have gone, but her knees supported her no longer—she staggered, and fell to the ground.

In that same moment the Candidate was beside Petrea, and seizing the snake by the neck with as much boldness as dexterity, he slung it to a distance. By this motion awakened, Petrea shuddered, opened her sleep-drunken eyes, and looking around her, exclaimed, "Ah, ah, father! I have seen the Wood-god!"

"God bless thee and thy Wood-god!" cried the delighted Candidate, rejoicing over this indisputable token of life and health; and then clasping her to his breast he bore her to her mother. But the mother neither heard nor saw anything; she lay in a deep swoon, and was first recalled to consciousness by Henrik's kisses and tears. For a while she looked about her with anguishful and bewildered looks.

"Is she dead?" whispered she.

"No, no! she lives—she is unhurt!" returned Jacobi, who had thrown himself on his knees beside her; whilst the little Petrea, kneeling likewise, and holding forth the bunch of raspberries, sobbed aloud, and besought her, "Forgive! O mamma, forgive me!"

Light returned to the eyes of the mother; she started up, and with a cry of inexpressible joy, clasped the recovered child to her breast.

"God be praised and blessed!" cried she, raising her folded hands to heaven; and then silently giving her hand to Jacobi, she looked at him with tears, which expressed what was beyond the power of words.

"Thank God! thank God!" said Jacobi, with deep emotion, pressing Elise's hand to his lips and to his breast. He felt himself happy beyond words.

They now hastened to remove from the dangerous neighbourhood of the snake, after Jacobi and Henrik had given up, at the desire of the mother, the probably ineffectual design of seeking out the poisonous but blameless animal, and killing it on the spot.

All this time the little Queen-bee had sate alone by the grotto, endeavouring to comfort her sisters, whilst she herself wept bitter tears over Petrea, whom she never expected to see again: on that very account her joy was all the greater and louder, when she saw her carried in the arms of the Candidate; and no sooner did she learn from her mother how he had rescued her from the fangs of death, than she threw her arms round his neck in inexpressible gratitude. All this Petrea heard and saw with the astonishment and curiosity of one who meets with something unheard of; and then, thus seeing the distress which her inconsiderateness had occasioned, she herself melted into such despairing tears, that her mother was obliged to console and cheer her. Of her fall into the thicket Petrea knew no more

than that her head had felt confused, that she could not get up again, had slept, and then dreamed of the Wood-god.

In the mean time it had become so late, that the harvest of nuts was not to be thought of, and as much on the mother's as on Petrea's account, it was necessary to hasten home. The other children probably would have grieved more over the unfortunate pleasure journey, had they not felt an extraordinary desire to relate at home the remarkable occurrences of the day. New difficulties arose on the return. Petrea—who, besides that she was weary, was bruised and sadly dirtied by her fall—could not walk, and therefore it was determined that she must ride in the little carriage, while the Candidate carried Gabriele. When, however, the little one saw that Jacobi was without gloves, she would neither allow him to carry her nor to take hold of her, and set up the most pitiable cry. Spite of her crying, however, he took up the "little mother," as he called her; and what neither his nor the mother's persuasion could effect, was brought about by Henrik's leaps and springs, and caresses—she was diverted: the tears remained standing half-way down her cheeks, in the dimples which were suddenly made by her hearty laughter.

Petrea, after the paroxysm of sorrow and penitence was in some measure abated, began to think herself and her adventures particularly interesting, and sate in her little carriage a very important personage,

surrounded by her sisters, who could not sufficiently listen to her relation, and who emulated each other in drawing the little equipage. As for Jacobi, he drew the carriage; he carried the baby, which soon fell asleep on his shoulder; he sang songs; told stories, in order to entertain Elise, who remained long time pale and depressed, from the danger which had threatened her and the anxiety which she had endured.

At length they reached home. They poured forth their adventures: Brigitta shed tears over her "Little angel-sweet Mamselle Petrea;" and the father, from the impulse of his feelings, pressed Jacobi to his heart.

After Petrea's scratches and bruises had been washed with Riga-balsam, the mother permitted the children to have a supper of pancakes and raspberry-cream, in order to console them for the unfortunate expedition. Hereupon the children danced for joy about the table; and Petrea, who, on account of her misfortunes, received a Benjamin's portion, regarded it as certain that they always eat such cream in heaven, wherefore she proposed that it should be called "Angels' food." This proposition met with the highest approbation, and from this day "Angels' food" became a well-known dish in the Frank family.

Yet Petrea wept some bitter tears on the breast of her father over the gentle admonition she received

from him; but spite of tears, she soon slept sweetly in his arms.

And the lecture of the Candidate?

"Stay at home with us this evening," said Elise to him, with a kind, beseeching glance.

The Candidate stayed with them.

CHAPTER VII.

BREAKERS.

"STAY at home with us this evening," prayed Elise the next day, and for several other days, and the Candidate stayed.

Never before had he seen Elise so kind, so cordial towards him; never before had she shewn him so much attention as now; and this attention, this cordiality from a lady who, in her intercourse with men, was generally only polite and indifferent, flattered his vanity, at the same time that it penetrated his good heart. All occasion for explanation and lectures vanished, for the Candidate had entirely renounced his dissipated friends and companions, and now nobody could talk more edifying than he on the subject. He agreed so cordially with Elise, that the fleeting champagne of the orgies foamed only for the moment, leaving nothing but emptiness and flatness behind. "For once, nay for a few times," he was of opinion, "such excesses might be harmless, perhaps even refreshing, but often repeated—ah! that would be prejudicial, and demoralizing in the highest degree!"

All this seemed to the little Queen-bee, who had heard it, remarkably well expressed.

Nobody seemed now better pleased at home than Jacobi; he felt himself so well in the regular course of life which he led, and there seemed so much that was genuine and fresh in the occupations and pleasures of those quiet days at home.

In the mean time, the fresh life of the Candidate began to develop its weak side. Gratitude had, in the first instance, warmed Elise's heart towards him, and then his own real amiability made it so easy to gratify the wish of her husband respecting her behaviour towards him, and thus it soon happened that her intercouse with Jacobi enlivened her own existence. In many respects their tastes were similar, especially in their love of music and polite literature, whilst his youthful enthusiasm gave to their common occupations a higher life and interest. Discussion lost all character of dispute, and became merely an agreeable interchange of thought: it was no longer now of any importance to him to be always right; there was a peculiar kind of pleasure in giving up his opinion to hers. He knew more out of books than she did, but she knew more of life—the mother of books, than he; and on this account she, on her part, proceeded as the older and guiding friend. He felt himself happy from the influence and gentle guidance of an agreeable woman, and became more and more devoted to her from his soul.

Still there was a quietness and a charm about this connexion that made him never forbode danger in it. He loved to be treated as a child by Elise, and he gave, therefore, free play to his naturally unsophisticated feelings. Her gentle reproofs were a sort of luxury to him; he had a delight in sinning, in order to deserve them; and then, whilst listening to them, how gladly would he have pressed her dress, or her white and beautiful hand to his lips; there was even a sort of painfully agreeable sensation to him in his not daring to do so. Whenever she approached, and he heard her light footsteps, or when he perceived the soft rose-odour which always accompanied her, it seemed to become infinitely warm around his heart. But that which, above all the rest, was the strongest bond between Jacobi and Elise, was her sufferings. Whenever nervous pain, or domestic unpleasantness, depressed her spirits; when she bore the not unfrequent ill-humour of her husband with patience, the heart of Jacobi melted in tenderness towards her, and he did all that lay in his power to amuse and divert her thoughts, and even to anticipate her slightest wishes. She could not be insensible to all this—perhaps also it flattered her vanity to observe the power she had over this young man—perhaps even she might willingly deceive herself as to the nature of his sentiments, because she would not disturb the connexion which lent a sweet charm to her life.

"He loves the children and their mother," said she; "he is their friend and mine! May he only continue such!"

And certain it is that the children had never been better conducted, never had learned better, never been happier, than they were now, whilst Jacobi himself developed a more and more happy ability to teach and guide.

Adverse fate barricades the shore which the vessel is on the point of approaching, by dangerous breakers, and interrupts the bond between the dearest friends, which is just about to be cemented eternally. It was this fate which, at the very time when Jacobi was exhibiting his character in the fairest point of view, occasioned the Judge to exhibit the darker side of his.

Judge Frank belonged to that class of persons who are always in the best humour the more they have to do, and the more active is the life they lead. And just now there had occurred a pause in an undertaking for the country's good, which lay much at the Judge's heart; and delay, occasioned by a number of little circumstances which he willingly would, but could not, dissipate, put him into an ill humour. At home he was often exacting and quarrelsome, particularly towards his wife; thus placing himself, beside the kind and cheerful Jacobi, in a very disadvantageous light. He felt this, and was displeased with himself, and displeased with his wife too, because

she seemed to pay but little regard to his grumbling; occupying herself instead by her singing-practice with Jacobi. This very singing-practice, too, of which he himself had been the occasion, began to appear to him too much of a thing. He seemed to think scolding more agreeable for the ear; in fact, he was in that edifying state of mind which excites and angers itself about that which a few good words alone would easily put an end to.

The reading, likewise, which at first he had so zealously recommended, became now to him another cause of vexation. Precisely at this very time he wished to have more of the society of his wife of an evening, and wished her to take more interest in his undertakings and his annoyances; but whenever he came into the parlour he found them reading, or occupied by music; and if these ceased at his entrance, there was still an evident damp on the spirits of all—the entertainment could not proceed; and if, on the contrary, he said, "Go on with your music (or reading), go on," and they did so, he was still dissatisfied; and if he did not very soon return to his own room, he walked up and down like a snow-storm.

It was precisely this fate, of which we have just now spoken, which managed it so, that one evening as Judge Frank, the prey of ill-humour, was walking up and down the room, a letter was put into his hand, at sight of which he burst into an exclamation of joyful surprise. "Nay, that is indeed delightful,"

said he in a very cheerful voice, as soon as he had read the letter. "Elise! Mrs. S——, Emelie, is here. She is only just this evening arrived; I must hasten to her directly. Sweet Elise, will you not come with me? It would be polite."

"Oh, it is so late!" said Elise, much less pleased than her husband; "and I fancy it rains. Cannot you go alone to-night? to-morrow morning I will——"

"Well, well, then," said the Judge, suddenly breaking off; and somewhat offended at her refusal, hastening away.

It was rather late when he returned from his visit, but he was in high spirits. "She is a most interesting lady," said he; "my best Elise, it certainly would give you great pleasure to know her intimately."

"Ah! I question that," thought Elise.

"She talks," continued he, "of locating herself here in the city. I hope we shall decide her to do so."

"I hope not," thought Elise.

"We will do all that we possibly can," said he, "to make her residence here agreeable. I have invited her to dinner to-morrow."

"To-morrow!" exclaimed Elise, half terrified.

"Yes, to-morrow," answered her husband, peremptorily. "I told her that to-morrow morning you would pay her a visit, but she insists on first coming to you. You need not trouble yourself much about the dinner to-morrow. Emelie will not expect much from an

improvised dinner. At all events, it may be just as good as there is any need for, if people will only give themselves a little trouble. I hope Emelie will often come and take up with our simple way of living."

Elise went to rest that night with a depressed heart, and with an indefinite but most unpleasant feeling, thought of the next day's dinner, and then dreamed that her husband's "old flame" had set the house on fire, and robbed the whole family of its shelter.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE IMPROVISED DINNER.

You housewives who knew the important meaning of a roast, who know the difficulties which sometimes overwhelm you, especially when you must improvise a dinner; you who know that notwithstanding all inspiration, both of understanding and inclination,—yet inspiration is necessary to all improvisation,—one cannot inspire either chickens or heathcocks to come flying into the important dish, when the crust is ready to put on it;—you housewives who have spent many a long morning in thoughts of cookery and in anguish, without daring to pray the Lord for help, although continually tempted to do so; you can sympathise in Elise's troubles, as she, on the morning of this important dinner, saw the finger of the clock approach twelve without having been able to improvise a roast.

It is true that an improvised dinner might do without a roast: this we grant as a general law; but in the case of this particular dinner, we deny it altogether, in proof of which we might easily give the arrangement of the whole dinner, did we not flatter

ourselves that we are believed on our bare word. Beyond this, the Judge was a declared lover of a roast, and of all kinds of animal food, which circumstance increased still more Elise's difficulty; and as if to make difficulty still greater, Elise, on this very day, was remarkably in want of assistants, for her husband had sent out, on his own business, those servants who, on extraordinary occasions, Elise found very good help. The cook too was confused to-day in a remarkable manner; the children were in a fermentation; Eva and Leonore quarreled; Petrea tore a hole in her new frock; Henrik broke a water bottle and six glasses; the baby cried and screamed for nothing; the clock was on the stroke of twelve, and no roast would come!

Elise was just on the point of falling into despair over roasts, cooks, the dinner, the child, nay, over the whole world, when the door opened, and the words, "your most devoted servant," were spoken out shrilly and joyously, and the widow of the Court Chamberlain —to Elise she seemed an angel of light from heaven— stood in the room, with her beaming friendly countenance, took out of her monstrous reticule one chicken after another, and laid them upon the table, fixing her eye on Elise, and making with each one, a little curtsey to her, upon which she laughed heartily. Enraptured by the sight, Elise embraced first the lady Chamberlain, then the chickens, with which she hastily sprang into the kitchen, and returning,

poured forth her thanks and all her cares to this friend in need.

"Well, well, patience!" exhorted Mrs. Gunilla, kindly and full of cordial sympathy, and somewhat touched by Elise's communication: "Best-beloved, one should not take it so much to heart,—such troubles as these soon pass away—yes, indeed, they soon pass. Now listen, and I'll tell you something, 'when need is greatest, help is nearest.' Yes, yes, remember that! As for the chickens, I saw them in a peasant's cart, as I crossed the market, and as I knew what was going on here, I lost no time in buying them and bringing them under my cloak, and I have nearly run myself out of breath, in my haste. He, he, he! And so now I must go, for the dear lady must dress herself nicely, and so must I too. Adieu, dear Elise, I wish you the happiness of getting both the dinner and the young folks in order. He, he, he!"

Gunilla went, dinner-time came, and with it the guests and the Judge, who had spent the whole morning in the business of his own office, out of the house.

Emelie, the Colonel's widow, was elegant in the highest degree; looked handsome, and distinguished, and almost outdid herself in politeness; but still Elise, spite even of herself, felt stiff and stupid by the side of her husband's "old flame." Beyond this, she had now a great distraction.

"Oh, that the chickens may be nicely done!" was

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the incessant master-thought of Elise's soul; and it prevailed over the Pope, the Church of St. Peter's, Thorwaldsen and Pasta, and over every subject on which they talked.

The hour of dinner was come, and yet the dinner kept the company waiting. The Judge, who expected from everybody else the punctuality which he himself practised, began to suffer from what Elise called his "dinner-fever," and threw uneasy glances first at the dining-room door, and then at his wife, whose situation, it must be confessed, was not a very enviable one. She endeavoured to look quite calm, but often whispered something to the little Louise, which sent her very importantly in and out of the room. Elise's entertainment, both that part which was audible, and that which was inaudible, was probably at the moment carried on something after the following fashion:

"It must be inexpressibly pleasant to know," (ah, how unbearably long it is!) "it must be very interesting." (I wish Ernst would fire again on his old flame, and forget dinner.) "Yes, indeed, that was very remarkable." (Now are those chickens not roasted!) "Poor Spain!" (Now, thank goodness, dinner is ready at last—if the chickens are only well done!).

And now to dinner! A word which brightens all countenances, and enlivens all tempers. Elise began to esteem the Colonel's widow very highly, because

she kept up such a lively conversation, and she hoped this would divert attention from any of the dishes which were not particularly successful. The Judge was a polite and agreeable host, and he was particularly fond of dinner-time, when he would willingly have made all men partakers of his good appetite, good humour, and even of his good eating—N.B. if this really was good—but if the contrary happened to be the case, his temper could not well sustain it.

During the dinner Elise saw now and then little clouds come over her husband's brow, but he himself appeared anxious to disperse them, and all went on tolerably till the chickens came. As the Judge, who adhered to all old customs, was cutting them up, he evidently found them tough, whereupon a glance was sent across the table to his wife which went to her heart like the stab of a knife; but no sooner was the first pang over than this reproachful glance aroused a degree of indignation in her which determined her to steel herself against a misfortune which in no case was her fault; she, therefore, grew quite lively and talkative, and never once turned her eyes to her husband, who, angry and silent, sate there with a very hot brow, and the knife sticking still in the fowls.

But, after all, she felt as if she could again breathe freely when the dinner was over, and on that very account longed just to speak one word of reconciliation with her husband; but he now seemed to have only eyes and ears for Emelie; nor was it long before

the two fell into a lively and most interesting conversation, which certainly would have given Elise pleasure, and in which she might have taken part, had not a feeling of depression stolen over her, as she fancied she perceived a something cold and depreciating in the manners of her husband towards her. She grew stiller and paler; all gathered themselves round the brilliant Emelie; even the children seemed enchanted by her. Henrik presented her with a beautiful flower, which he had obtained from Louise by flattery. Petrea seemed to have got up a passion for her father's "old flame," took a footstool and sat near her, and kissed her hand as soon as she could possess herself of it.

The lady devoted herself exclusively to her old worshipper, cast the beams of her beautiful eyes upon him, and smiled bewitchingly.

"This is a great delight!" thought Elise, as she wiped away a traitorous tear; "but I will keep a good face on it!"

The Candidate, who perceived all this, quickly withdrew from the lady's enchanted circle, in which he also had been involved, and taking "the baby" on his knee, began to relate a story which was calculated as much to interest the mother as the child. The children were soon around him: Petrea herself forsook her new flame to listen, and even Elise for the moment was so amused by it that she forgot every thing else. That was precisely what Jacobi

wanted, but it was not that which pleased the Judge. He rose for a moment, in order to hear what it was which had so riveted the attention of his wife.

"I cannot conceive," said he to her in a half-whisper, "how you can take delight in such absurdity; nor do I think it good for the children that they should be crammed with such nonsense!"

At length Emelie rose to take her leave, overwhelming Elise with a flood of polite speeches, which she was obliged to answer as well as she could, and the Judge, who had promised to shew her the lions of the place, accompanied her; on which the rest of the guests dispersed themselves. The elder children accompanied the Candidate to the school-room to spend an hour in drawing, the younger went to play; Petrea wished to borrow Gabriele, who at the sight of a gingerbread heart could not resist, and as a reward received a bit of it; Elise retired to her own chamber.

Poor Elise! she dared not at this moment descend into her own heart; she felt a necessity to abstain from thought—a necessity entirely to forget herself and the troubling impressions with which to-day had overwhelmed her soul. A full hour was before her, an hour of undisturbed repose, and she hastened to her manuscript, in order to busy herself with those rich moments of life which her pen could call up at pleasure, and to forget the poor and weary present, in one word, to lose the lesser in the higher reality.

The sense of suffering, of which the little annoyances of life gave her experience, made her alive to the sweet impressions of that beauty and that harmonious state of existence which was so dear to her soul.

She wrote and wrote and wrote, her heart was warm, her eyes filled with tears, the words glowed upon her page, life became bright, the moments flew. An hour and a half passed. Her husband's tea-time came; he had such delight in coming home at this hour to find his wife and his children all assembled round the tea-table in the family room. It very rarely happened that Elise had not all in readiness for him; but now the striking of seven o'clock roused her suddenly from her writing; she laid down her pen, and was in the act of rising when her husband entered.

A strong expression of displeasure diffused itself over his countenance, as he saw her occupation.

"You gave us to-day a very bad dinner, Elise," said he, going up to her and speaking with severity; "but when this novel-writing occupies so much of your time, it is no wonder that you neglect your domestic duties; you get to care really just as little about these, as you trouble yourself about my wishes."

It would have been easy for Elise to excuse herself, and make all right and straight; but the severe tone in which her husband spoke, and his scornful glance, wounded her deeply.

"You must have patience with me, Ernst," said

she, not without pride and some degree of vexation; "I am not accustomed to renounce all innocent pleasures; my education, my earlier connexions, have not prepared me for this."

This was like pricking the Judge in the eye, and with more bitterness and severity than usual he replied—

"You should have thought about that before you gave me your hand; before you had descended into so humble and care-full a circle. It is too late now. Now I will——" but he did not finish his sentence, for he himself perceived a storm rising within him, before which he yielded. He went to the door, opened it, and said in a calm voice, yet still with an agitated tone and glance, "I would just tell you that I have taken tickets for the concert to-morrow, if you would wish to go. I hoped to have found you at the tea-table; but I see that is not at all thought of —it is just as desolate and deserted there as if the plague were in the house. Don't give yourself any trouble, I shall drink my tea at the club!" and thus saying he banged the door and went away.

Elise seated herself—she really could not stand—and hid her face in her trembling hands. "Good heavens! is it come to this? Ernst, Ernst! What words! what looks! And I, wretched being, what have I said?"

Such were Elise's broken and only half-defined thoughts, whilst tears streamed down her cheeks.

"Words, words, words!" says Hamlet, disparagingly. But God preserve us from the destructive power of words! There are words which can separate hearts sooner than sharp swords—there are words whose sting can remain in the heart through a whole life!

Elise wept long and violently; her whole soul was in excitement.

In moments of violent struggle, bad and good spirits are at hand; they surrounded Elise and spoke to her thus:—

Bad Spirits.—"Think on that which thou hast given up! think on thy own merits! Recollect the many little acts of injustice which thou hast had to bear, the bitter moments which the severity of thy husband has occasioned thee! Why shouldst thou humbly crawl in the dust? Raise thyself, depressed one! raise thyself, offended wife! think of thy own worth, of thy own rights! Do not allow thyself to be subjected; shew some character. Requite that which thou hast endured. Thou also canst annoy; thou also canst punish! Take refuge in thy nerves, in unkindness; make use of thy power, and enjoy the pleasure of revenge!"

Good Spirits.—"Think on thy wants, on thy faults! Recollect all the patience, all the kindness, all the tenderness, which has been shewn thee! Think on the many beautiful moments! Think on thy husband's worth, on his beautiful noble qualities!

Think also on life, how short it is; how much unavoidable bitterness it possesses; how much which it is easy either to bear or to chase away; and think on the all-rectifying power of affection. Tremble before the chains of selfish feeling; free thyself from them by a new sacrifice of love, and purify the heaven of home. Ascending clouds can easily expand into a destructive tempest, or can disperse and leave not a trace in the air. Oh, chase them hence with the powerful breath of love!"

The happiness of a long life depends, not unfrequently, upon which of these invisible counsellors in such moments we give ear to. On this it depends whether the gates of heaven or of hell shall be opened upon earth to men. Elise listened to the good counsellors; she conversed long with them, and the more pure recollections they sent into her soul, the lighter it became therein. The light of love was kindled in her, and in its light she became clearsighted in many directions. She saw now what it was right for her to do respecting her novel, and this revelation warmed her heart. She knew also that this was the only one she should ever write, and that her husband should never again miss her from the tea-table, and therefore be obliged to drink his tea at the club (but he should be reconciled sometime with the sinner—the novel); and she would, moreover, prepare a dinner for the Colonel's widow, which should compensate for the unlucky one of this day; and—"Would that Ernst

would but come home soon," thought she, "I would endeavour to banish all his displeasure, and make all right between us."

It was the bathing-day of the children, and the message that the hour of bathing was come interrupted Elise's solitude. She ordered Brigitta to commence her preparations, and when she had somewhat composed herself, and washed away the traces of her tears with rose-water, she herself went down into the chamber.

"God be praised for water!" thought Elise, at the first view of the scene which presented itself. The soft glowing young forms in the clear warm water, the glimmering of the open fire, the splashing and jubileering of the children in their unspeakable comfort, their innocent sport one with another in the peaceful little lake of the bath, in which they had no fear of raising stormy waves; nay, even Brigitta's happy face, under her white cap, her lively activity, amid the continual phrases of "best-beloved," "little alabaster arm," "alabaster foot," "lily-of-the-valley bosom," and such like, whilst over the lily-of-the-valley bosom, and the alabaster arm, she spread soap-foam scarcely less white, or wrapped them in snowy cloths, out of which nothing but little lively, glowing, merry faces peeped and played with one another at bo-peep,—all this united to present a picture full of life and pleasure.

Elise, however, could not fully enjoy it; the thought

of what had just occurred, longings for reconciliation with her husband, fear that he might remain long, that he might return too much displeased for her easily to make all straight again,—these thoughts occupied her mind; yet still she could not help smiling as Gabriele, who had sunk down into the bath alone, exclaimed, almost beside herself for fright, "I am drowning! I am drowning!" In order to re-assure her, her mother stretched out her white hands to her, and under their protection she laughed and splashed about like a little fish in water.

A shower of flowers streamed suddenly over both mother and child, and Gabriele screamed aloud for joy, and stretched forth her little arms to catch gilly-flowers, roses, and carnations, which fell upon and around her. Elise turned herself round in surprise, and her surprise changed itself into the most delightful sensation of joy, as the lips of her husband were pressed to her forehead.

"Ah, you!" exclaimed Elise, and threw her arms round his neck, and caressingly stroked his cheek.

"I shall get wet through with all this," said he laughing, yet without leaving the bath, nay, he even stooped down his head to little Gabriele, kissed her, and allowed her to splash him with water.

"Thank God! all is right again! and perhaps it will be best to take no farther notice of this unpleasant affair!" thought she, and prepared to follow her husband into the parlour.

The Judge had, probably, during his bad tea at the club, held with the invisible speakers the same conversation, with some variations, as his wife during his absence, the consequence whereof was his visit to the bathing-room, and the shower of flowers from the nosegay he had brought with him for her, and the kiss of reconciliation which effaced every thoughtless and wounding word. He felt now quite pleased that every thing was as it should be, and that the gentle and yielding temper of his wife would require nothing further. But, perhaps, on that very account, he was dissatisfied with himself, her eyes red with weeping grieved him, especially as they beamed so kindly upon him, he felt that he misused the power which circumstances had given him over his wife; he felt that he had behaved harshly to her, and therefore he had no peace with himself, therefore he felt a necessity to pronounce one word—one word, which it is so hard for the lips of a man to pronounce, yet, which Ernst Frank was too manly, too firm, to shrink from.

When, therefore, his wife entered, he offered her his hand; "Forgive me, Elise," said he, with the deepest feeling; "I have behaved severely, nay, absurdly to-day!"

"Oh, forgive me, Ernst!" said Elise, deeply affected, whilst she pressed his hand to her heart and ——

Accursed be all disturbers of peace in this world! Such a one entered at that moment, and undid that

which would otherwise have bound them so closely to each other. It was a messenger from the Colonel's widow with a note, together with a book for the Judge, and two little bottles of select Eau de rose for Elise, "of which, I know," said the note, "she is very fond.

The Judge's cheek grew crimson as he read the note, which he did not shew to his wife.

"An extremely polite and interesting person," said he, "I will immediately answer it."

"Ernst," said Elise, "should we not invite her to dinner to-morrow? I thought of something very nice, which is sure to succeed; then we could go altogether to the concert, and afterwards she might sup with us."

"Now that is a good idea, and thank you for it, my sweet Elise," said he, extremely pleased.

Yes, if the Colonel's widow had not been there,—if the Candidate had not been there,—and if there had been no *if* in the case, all might have gone on quite smoothly. But it was quite otherwise.

CHAPTER IX.

ONE SWALLOW MAKES NO SUMMER.

Too many chaotic elements had collected together in the family of the Franks, for one sun-gleam to dissipate. Even the married pair did not clearly understand their own actions.

The Judge, truly, was too much enchanted by his former beloved-one; and the beautiful Emelie did all that was in her power to enslave again her early adorer.

Judge Frank, who would have been as cold and proud as possible, if he had been assailed by coarse and direct flattery, was yet by no means steeled against the refined and almost imperceptible flattery of Emelie, who, with all her peculiar gifts of soul and understanding, made herself subordinate to him, in order to be enlightened and instructed by him.

"An extraordinarily amiable and interesting lady," thought he still with greater animation, although he seldom asserted so much; and exactly in the proportion in which he found Emelie interesting, it was natural that he should find Elise less so, especially as he found in Emelie precisely those very qualities, the

want of which he had so much regretted in his wife: namely, an interest in his activity as a citizen, and in general for the objects connected with which he occupied himself in the liveliest manner.

Elise, on her part, was neither calm nor clear. The connexion between her husband and Emelie was painful to her; and she felt a sort of consolation from the devotion of Jacobi, even when it was beginning to assume that passionate character which made her seriously uneasy.

A letter, which she wrote to her sister about this time, exhibits her state of feeling:

"It is long since I wrote to you, Cecilia—I hardly know why;—I hardly know, indeed, my own feelings—all is so unquiet, so undefined. I wish it were clear!

"Do you know she is very lovely, this old flame of my husband's, and very brilliant. I fancy I am jealous of her. Last evening I went out to a supper-party—the first for several years. I dressed myself with great care, for I wished to please Ernst, and had flowers in my hair. I was greatly satisfied with my appearance when I went. My husband was to come later. I found Emelie already there; she was beautiful, and looked most elegant. They placed me beside her; a looking-glass was before us, on which I threw stolen glances, and saw opposite to me—a shadow! I thought at first it was some illusion, and looked again; but again it revealed unmercifully to

me a pale ghost beside the beautiful and dazzling Emelie. 'It is all over, irremediably over,' thought I, 'with my youth and my bloom! But if my husband and children only can love me, I can then resign youth and beauty.'

"But again I felt compelled to look at the shadow in the glass, and grew quite melancholy. Emelie also cast glances at the mirror, and drew comparisons, but with feelings far different to mine. Then came Ernst, and I saw that he too made comparisons between us.

"He was, all this evening, very much occupied with Emelie. I felt unwell and weak; I longed so to support myself on his arm; but he did not come near me the whole time: perhaps he imagined I was out of humour—perhaps I looked so. Ah! I returned home before supper, and he remained. As I drove home through those deserted streets in the wretched hackney-coach, a sense of misery came over my heart such as I cannot describe; many a bitter thought was awakened within me, before which I trembled.

"At the door of my own home I met Jacobi; he had sate up for me, and wished to tell me something amusing about my children. He seemed to have foreboded my feelings this evening. My favourite fruit, which he had provided for me, should have refreshed me. His friendship and his devotion cheered me. There is something so beautiful in feeling oneself beloved.

* * * * * *

"Every new emotion, every new connexion, among men, has its danger, its temptation; the most beautiful, the most noble, may have their dangerous tendency. O! how is this to be prevented without a separation?—how is the poison to be avoided without deadening the sting? O Cecilia! at this moment I need a friend; I need you, to whom I could turn, and from whom, in these disquieting circumstances, I in my weakness could derive light and strength. I am discontented with myself; I am discontented with—— Ah! he alone it is who, if he would, could make all right!

* * * * * *

"O Cecilia, this is a mist-enveloped hour of my life!—does it announce day or night? My glance is dark; I see the path no longer! But I will resign myself into the hand of HIM who said, 'let there be light.'

* * * * * *

"All is now better and clearer! God be praised! In a few hours this day will be over;—I long vehemently for it!

"This evening we have a children's dance at our house. Emelie will be here also. There is not a good understanding between us two. She is cold to me, too witty, and too——, but I will do my best to be a good hostess; and when the day is ended, I will look at my sleeping boy, and make myself happy over my children."

CHAPTER X.

THE END OF THE DAY.

EVENING came, and with it lights and guests. A strong, self-sacrificing amiability governed Elise's manner this evening. She was almost cordial towards Emelie; cared for the comfort of every one, played the piano for the children's dance, and appeared to exist only in order to serve others. The beautiful Emelie, on the contrary, thought of herself; was livelier and more brilliant than ever, and, as usual, assembled all the gentlemen around her. The conversation was lively in this group, it turned from politics to literature, and then dwelt awhile on theatricals, in which Emelie equally animated and sarcastic characterised the Scribe and Mellesville school, as a dramatic manufactory.

"For the rest," added she, "the stage acts very prudently and sensibly in letting the curtain fall the moment the hero and heroine approach the altar; novels do the same, and that, also, with good reason, otherwise nobody would be able to read them."

"How so?" asked the Judge with great earnestness.

"Because," answered Emelie, "the illusion of life is extinguished on the other side of this golden moment, and reality steps forward then in all its heaviness and nakedness. Look at a young couple in the glowing morning of their union, how warm love is then; how it penetrates and beautifies every thing; how it glows and speaks in glance and word, and agreeable action; how its glory changes the whole of life into poetry! 'Thou, thou!' is the one thought of the young people then. But observe the same couple a few years later—'I, I!' and 'my pleasure,' is the phrase now. The adoring all-resigning lover is then become the exacting married man, who will be waited on and obeyed. And the loving, all-sacrificing bride, she is become the unwieldy and care-burdened housewife, who talks of nothing but trouble, bad saltings, and negligent maid-servants. And what are *tête-à-tête* communications between these two? 'How, my dear! is the butter really used up already? Why, I gave you money only the other day for butter! You really must look better after things, and see what the cook does with the butter; I will not allow such extravagance in the house! Do you want something more?' Yes, indeed, my love, I and the children must have new over-dresses. Little Peter's coat is worn out, and little Paul has grown out of his; and my old cloak cannot last to eternity!' People," continued the sarcastic Emelie, "may thank their stars, too, if out

of such interesting communications as these no hateful quarrels arise; and if, in the happy repose of their homes, harmless yawnings have only taken place of the kisses which have left it. Contracted circumstances, meannesses, and domestic trials, destroy the happiness of marriage, even as the worm destroys the flower, bringing bitterness and sourness into the temper; and though the married pair may continue to the very day of their death to address each other as 'My sweet friend,' yet, very often, *in petto*, it is 'My sour friend.' Yet, after all, this is nothing, in fact, but what is perfectly natural; and, in this respect, marriage only follows the eternal law of nature in all earthly existence. Every form of life carries in itself decay and dissolution—a poisonous snake-king* has forced itself to the root of the world."

Several of the listeners, and among them the Candidate, had laughed loudly at Emelie's descriptions; but the Judge had not once moved his lips, and replied, when she had done, with an earnestness that confounded even her satire.

"If all this were true, Emelie," said he, "then were life, even in the best point of view, good for nothing; and with justice might it indeed be called an illusion. But it is not so; and you have only described marriage in its lowest, and not either in its

* According to the Northern mythology, Nidhögg, the snake-king, lives in Niflheim, the nether world.

best or its truest sense. I do not deny the difficulties which exist in this as in every other circumstance of life; but I am confident that they may and must be overcome; and this will be done if the married pair bring only right intentions into the house. Then want and care, disturbing, nay even bitter hours, may come, but they will also go; and the bonds of love and truth will be consolation, nay, even will give strength. You have spoken, Emelie, of death and separation as the end of the drama of life; you have forgotten the awaking again, and the second youth, of which the ancient Wala* sings. Married life, like all life, has such a second youth; yes, indeed, a progressive one, because it has its foundation in the life which is eternal; and every contest won, every danger passed through, every pain endured, change themselves into blessings on home and on the married pair, who have thus obtained better knowledge, and who are thus more closely united."

He spoke with unusual warmth, and not without emotion, and his expressive glance sought and dwelt upon his wife, who had approached unobserved, and who had listened to Emelie's bitter satire with stinging pain, because she knew that there was a degree of truth in it.

But as her husband spoke, she felt that he perceived the full truth, and her heart beat freer and

* A kind of Northern sibyl or prophetess.

stronger, and all at once a clearness was in her soul. With her head bent forward, she gazed on him with a glance full of tenderness and confidence, forgetting herself, and listening with fervour to every word which he uttered. In this very moment their eyes met, and there was much, inexpressibly much, in their glance; a clear crimson of delight flushed her cheek, and made her beautiful. The gentle happiness which now animated her being, together with her lovely figure, her graceful movements, and the purity of her brow, made her far more fascinating than her lovely rival. Her husband followed her with his eyes, as kindly and attentively she busied herself among her guests, or with the little Gabriele in her arms mingled in the children's dance, for which Evelina's foster-daughters were playing a four-handed piece. He had suddenly cooled towards his "old flame," nor was he at all warmed again by the sharp tone with which the little caressing Petrea was reproved for being too obtrusive.

"Our little Louise in time will dance very well," remarked the Judge to his wife, as he noticed with great pleasure the little *brisées* and *chassées* of his daughter whom the twelve-years-old Nils Gabriel Stjernhök twirled round, and with whom he conversed with great gravity, and a certain knightly politeness.

In the mean time Mrs. Gunilla was instructing Emelie on the manners and character of the French;

and Emelie, whose countenance since the discussion of the marriage question had worn a bitter expression, endeavoured with a tolerably sharp tone to make her superior information felt, and in return was mown down, as it were, at one stroke by Mrs. Gunilla, who —had never been in France.

The Candidate followed Elise everywhere with glances of devotion, and appeared this evening perfectly enchanted by her amiability.

"Fie, for shame!—to take all the confections to yourself!" moralized the little Queen-bee to the little S——ne,—a fat, quiet boy, who took the confections and the reproof with the same stoical indifference. Louise cast a look of high indignation upon him, and then gave her share of sweetmeats to a little girl, who complained that she had had none.

Supper came, and Emelie, whose eyes flashed unusual fire, seemed to wish fervently to win back that regard which she, perhaps, feared to have lost already, and with her playful and witty conversation electrified the whole company. Jacobi, who was excited in no ordinary manner, drank one glass of wine after another, talked and laughed very loud, and looked between whiles upon Elise with glances which expressed his sentiments in no doubtful manner. These glances were not the first of the kind which the quick eyes of Elise's rival observed.

"That young man," said she, in a low but significant whisper to the Judge, and with a glance on

Jacobi, "seems to be very charming; he has really remarkably attractive talents—is he nearly related to Elise?"

"No," returned he, looking at her rather surprised; "but he has been for nearly three months a member of our family."

"Indeed!" said she, in a significant and grave manner; "I should have thought—but as for that," added she, in an apparently careless tone—"Elise is really so kind and so amiable, that for him who is with her daily, it must be very difficult not to love her."

The Judge felt the sting of the viper, and with a glance which flashed a noble indignation, he replied to his beautiful neighbour, "You are right, Emelie; I know no woman who deserves more love or esteem than she!"

Emelie bit her lip and grew pale; and she would assuredly have grown yet paler, could she only have understood the sentiment which she had awakened in the breast of her former admirer.

Ernst Frank had a keen sense of moral meanness, and when this displayed itself no gifts of genius or of nature had power to conceal it. He clearly understood her intentions, and despised her for them. In his eyes, at this moment, she was hateful. In the mean time his composure was destroyed. He looked on Jacobi, and observed his glances and his feelings; he looked on Elise, and saw that she was uneasy, and avoided his eye.

A horrible spasmodic feeling thrilled through his soul; in order to conceal what he felt he became more than usually animated, yet there was a something hostile, a something sternly sarcastic in his words, which still, on account of the general gaiety, remained unobserved by most.

Never before was Assessor Munter so cheerful, so comically cross with all mankind. Mrs. Gunilla and he shouted as if desperate against each other. The company rose from the supper-table in full strife, and adjourned to the dancing-room.

"Music, in heaven's name! music!" exclaimed the Assessor, with a gesture of despair, and Elise and the Colonel's widow hastened to the piano. It was a pleasant thought, after the screaming of that rough voice had been heard, to play one of Blangini's beautiful night-pieces, which seem to have been inspired by the Italian heaven, and which awaken in the soul of the hearer a vision of those summer nights, with their flowery meadows, of their love, of their music, and of all their unspeakable delights.

"Un' eterna constanza in amor," were the words which, repeated several times with the most bewitching modulations, concluded the song.

"Un' eterna constanza in amor!" repeated the Candidate, softly and passionately pressing his hand to his heart, as he followed Elise to a window, whither she had gone to gather a rose for her rival. As Elise's hand touched the rose, the lips of Jacobi touched her hand.

Emelie sang another song, which delighted the company extremely; but Ernst Frank stood silent and gloomy the while. Words had been spoken this evening which aroused his slumbering perception; and with the look he cast upon Jacobi and his wife, he felt as if the earth were trembling under his feet. He saw that which passed at the window, and gasped for breath. A tempest was aroused in his breast; and at the same moment turning his eyes, he encountered those of another person, which were riveted upon him with a questioning, penetrating expression. They were those of the Assessor. Such a glance as that from any other person had been poison to the mind of Frank, but from Jeremias Munter it operated quite otherwise; and as shortly afterwards he saw his friend writing something on a strip of paper, he went to him, and looking over his shoulder, read these words:

"Why regardest thou the mote in thy brother's eye, yet seest not the beam in thine own eye?"

"Is this meant for me?" asked he in a low but excited voice.

"Yes," was the direct reply.

The Judge took the paper, and concealed it in his breast.

He was pale and silent, and began to examine himself. The company broke up; he had promised Emelie to accompany her home; but now, while she, full of animation, jested with several gentlemen, and

while her servant drew on her fur-shoes, he stood silent and cold beside his "old flame" as a pillar of ice. Mrs. Gunilla and the Assessor quarreled till the last moment. Whilst all this was going on, Elise went quietly to Jacobi, who stood somewhat apart, and said to him in a low voice, "I wish to speak with you, and will wait for you in the parlour, when they are all gone." Jacobi bowed; a burning crimson flashed to his cheek; the Judge threw a penetrating glance upon them, and passed his hand over his pale countenance.

"It gives me great pleasure," cried Mrs. Gunilla, speaking shrilly and *staccato*; "it gives me great pleasure to see my fellow-creatures, and it gives me great pleasure if they will see me. If they are not always agreeable, why I am not always agreeable myself! Heart's-dearest! in this world one must have patience one with another, and not be everlastingly requiring and demanding from others. Heaven help me! I am satisfied with the world, and with my own fellow-creatures, as our Lord has been pleased to make them. I cannot endure that people should be perpetually blaming, and criticising, and mocking, and making sour faces at every thing, and saying 'I will not have this!' and 'I will not have that!' and 'I will not have it so! It is folly; it is unbearable; it is wearisome; it is stupid!' precisely as if they themselves only were endurable, agreeable, and clever! No, I have learned better manners than

that. It is true that I have no genius, nor learning, nor talents, as so many people in our day lay claim to, but I have learned to govern myself!"

During this moral lecture, and endeavouring all the time to overpower it, the Assessor exclaimed, "And can you derive the least pleasure from your blessed social life? No, that you cannot! What is social life, but a strift to get into the world in order to discover that the world is unbearable? but a scheming and labouring to get invited, to be offended and put out of sorts if not invited; and if invited, then to complain of weariness and vexation, and thus utter their lamentations? Thus people bring a mass of folks together, and wish them—at Jericho! and all this strift only to get poorer, more out of humour, more out of health; in one word, to obtain the perfectly false position, *vis-à-vis*, of happiness! See there! Adieu, adieu! When the ladies take leave, they never have done."

"There is not one single word of truth in all that you have said," was the last but laughing salutation of Mrs. Gunilla to the Assessor, as, accompanied by the Candidate, she left the door. The Judge, too, was gone; and Elise, left alone, betook herself to the parlour.

Suddenly quick steps were heard behind her—she thought "Jacobi"—turned round and saw her husband; but never before had she seen him looking as then; there was an excitement, an agitation, in his

countenance that terrified her. He threw his arm violently round her waist, riveted his eyes upon her with a glance that seemed as if it would penetrate into her inmost soul.

"Ernst, be calm!" whispered she, deeply moved by his state of mind, the cause of which she imagined. He seized her hand and pressed it to his forehead—it was damp and cold; the next moment he was gone.

We will now return to the Candidate.

Wine and love, and excited expectation, had so inflamed the imagination of the young man, that he hardly knew what he did—whether he walked, or whether he flew; and more than once, in descending the stairs, had he nearly precipitated Mrs. Gunilla, who exclaimed with kindness, but some little astonishment, "The Cross preserve me! I cannot imagine heart's-dearest, how either you or I go to-night! I think we are all about to—see, now again, all's going mad.—No, I thank you, I'll take care of my nose, crooked as it is. I think I can go safer by myself. I can hold by——"

"A thousand thousand times pardon," interrupted the Candidate, whilst he pressed Mrs. Gunilla's arm tightly; "it is all my fault. But now we will go safely and magnificently; I was a little dizzy!"

"Dizzy!" repeated she. "Heart's-dearest, we should take care on that very account; one should take care of one's head as well as one's heart; one should take care of that, or it may go still more awry

than it now is with us! He, he, he, he—but listen to me, my friend," said Mrs. Gunilla, suddenly becoming very grave: "I will tell you one thing, and that is——"

"Your most gracious Honour, pardon me," interrupted he, "but I think—I feel rather unwell—I—there, now we are at your door! Pardon me!" and the Candidate tumbled upstairs again.

In the hall of the Franks' dwelling he drew breath. The thought of the mysterious meeting with Elise filled him at the same time with joy and uneasiness. He could not collect his bewildered thoughts, and with a wildly-beating heart went into the room where Elise awaited him.

As soon as he saw her white lovely figure standing in the magical lamplight his soul became intoxicated, and he was just about to throw himself at her feet, when Elise, hastily and with dignity, drew back a few paces.

"Listen to me, Jacobi," said she, with trembling but earnest voice.

"Listen to you!" said he, passionately—"O that I might listen to you for ever!—O that I——"

"Silence!" interrupted Elise, with a severity very unusual to her; "not one word more of this kind, or our conversation is at an end, and we are separated for ever!"

"Good heavens!" exclaimed Jacobi, "what have——"

"I beseech you, listen to me!" continued Elise; "tell me, Jacobi, have I given you occasion to think thus lightly of me?"

Jacobi started. "What a question!" said he, stammering and pale.

"Nevertheless," continued Elise, with emotion, "I must have done so; your behaviour to me this evening has proved it. Could you think, Jacobi, that I, a wife, the mother of many children, could permit the sentiment which you have been so thoughtless as to avow this evening? Could you imagine that it would not occasion me great uneasiness and pain? Indeed, it is so, Jacobi; I fear that you have gone sadly wrong; and if I myself, through any want of circumspection in my conduct, have assisted thereto, may God forgive me! You have punished me for it, Jacobi—have punished me for the regard I have felt for you and shewn to you; and if I now must break a connexion which I hoped would gladden my life, it is your own fault. Only one more such glance —one more such declaration, as you have made this evening, and you must remove from this house."

The crimson of shame and indignation burned on Jacobi's cheek. "In truth," said he, "I have not deserved such severity."

"Ah! examine yourself, Jacobi," said she, "and you will judge yourself more severely than I have done. You say that you love me, Jacobi, and you do not dread to destroy the peace and happiness of

my life. Already, perhaps, are poisonous tongues in activity against me. I have seen this evening glances directed upon me and upon you, which were not mild; and thoughts and feelings are awakened in my husband's soul, which never ought to have been awakened there. You have disturbed the peace of a house, into which you were received with friendship and confidence. But I know," continued she mildly, "that you have not intended anything criminal;—no bad intentions have guided your behaviour; folly only has led you to treat so lightly that relationship which is the holiest on earth. You have not reflected on your life, on your duty and your situation, in this family, with seriousness."

Jacobi covered his face with his hands, and a strong emotion agitated him.

"And seriousness," again began Elise with warmth and deep earnestness, "seriousness! how it clothes—how it dignifies the man!—Jacobi, the saviour of my child—my young friend! I would not have spoken thus to you if I had not had great faith on your better—your nobler self;—if I had not hoped to have won a friend in you—a friend for my whole life, for myself and my Ernst. O Jacobi, listen to my prayer!—you are thrown among people who are willing from their very hearts to be your friends! Act so that we may love and highly esteem you; and do not change into grief that hearty goodwill which we both feel for you! Combat against, nay, banish

from your heart, every foolish sentiment which you, for a moment, have cherished for me. Consider me as a sister, as a mother! Yes," continued she, pausing over this word, and half prophetically, "perhaps you may even yet call me mother; and if you will shew me love and faith, Jacobi, as you have said, "I will accept it—from my son! O Jacobi! if you would deserve my blessing, and my eternal gratitude, be a faithful friend, a good instructor of my boy, my Henrik!—Your talents as a teacher are of no common kind. Your heart is good—your understanding is capable of the noblest cultivation—your path is open before you to all that which makes man most estimable and most amiable. O turn not away from it, Jacobi, —tread this path with seriousness——"

"Say not another word!" exclaimed Jacobi. "Oh, I see all! forgive me, angelic Elise! I will do all, every thing, in order to deserve hereafter your esteem and your friendship. You have penetrated my heart —you have changed it. I shall become a better man. But tell me that you forgive me—that you can be my friend, and that you will!"

Jacobi, in the height of his excitement, had thrown himself on his knee before her; Elise also was deeply affected; tears streamed from her eyes, whilst she extended her hand to him, and bending over him said, from the very depths of her heart, "Your friend, for ever!"

Calmly, and with cheerful countenances, both raised

themselves; but an involuntary shudder passed through both as they saw the Judge standing in the room, with a pale and stern countenance.

Jacobi went towards him: "Judge Frank," said he, with a firm but humble voice, "you behold here a ——"

"Silence, Jacobi!" interrupted Elise quickly; "you need not blush on account of your bended knee, nor is any explanation needful. It is not, is it Ernst?" continued she, with the undaunted freshness of innocence: "you desire no explanation; you believe me when I say that Jacobi now, more than ever, deserves your friendship. A bond is formed between us three, which, as I hope before God, nothing will disturb, and no poisonous tongues censure. You believe me, Ernst?"

"Yes," said he, giving her his hand; "if I could not, then——" he did not finish his sentence, but fixed his eyes with a stern expression immoveably on her. "I will speak with you," said he, after a moment, and in a calmer voice. "Good night, Mr. Jacobi."

Jacobi bowed, withdrew a few steps, and then returned: "Judge Frank," said he, in a voice which shewed the excitement of his feelings, "give me your hand; I will deserve your friendship."

The outstretched hand was grasped firmly and powerfully, and Jacobi left the room in haste.

"Come here, Elise," said the Judge with warmth,

leading his wife to the sofa, and enclosing her in his arms. "Speak to me! Tell me, has anything in my behaviour of late turned your heart from me!"

Elise's head sunk upon the breast of her husband, and she was silent. "Ah, Ernst!" said she at length, with a painful sigh, "I also am dissatisfied with myself. But," added she more cheerfully, "when I lean myself on you thus, when I hear your heart beating, and know what is within that heart, then, Ernst, I feel how I love you—how I believe on you! Then I reproach myself with being so weak, so unthankful, so ready to take offence, then—O Ernst! love me, look on me always as now, then life will be bright to me; then shall I have strength to overcome all—even my own weakness; then I shall feel that only a cloud, only a shadow of mist, and no reality can come between us. But now all is vanished; now I can lay open to you all the innermost loopholes of my heart—can tell you all my weaknesses——"

"Be still, be still now," said the Judge, with a bright and affectionate look, and laying his hand on her mouth. "I have more failings than you; but I am awake now. Weep not, Elise; let me kiss away your tears! Do you not feel, as I do now, that all is right? Do we not believe in the Eternal Good, and do we not believe in each other? Let us forgive and forget, and have peace together. Hereafter, when the error of this time has in some measure passed from our remembrance, we will talk it over,

and wonder how it ever came between us. Now, all is so bright between us, and we both of us see our way clearly. Our errors will serve us for warnings. Wherefore do we live in the world, unless to become better? Look at me, Elise. Are you friendly towards me? Can you have confidence in me?"

"I can! I have!" said she; "there is not a grain of dust any longer between us."

"Then we are one!" said he with a joyful voice. "Let us then, in God's name, go thus together through life. What He has united, let no man, no accident, nothing in this world, separate!"

Night came; but light had arisen in the breast both of husband and wife.

The furrow of disunion bears commonly thorns and thistles, but it may likewise bear seed for the granary of heaven.

CHAPTER XI.

JACOBI.

When Jacobi entered his room, he found a letter lying on the table near his bed. He recognised the handwriting as that of Judge Frank, and quickly opened it. A bank-note of considerable value fell out; and the letter contained the following words:

"You are indebted to several persons in the city, Jacobi, with whom I wish, for your own sake, that you should have as little to do as possible. Within, you will find the means of satisfying their demands. Receive it as from a paternal friend, who sincerely wishes you to regard him as such, and who embraces with pleasure an opportunity of making an acknowledgment to the friend and instructor of his children. To the preserver of my child I shall always remain indebted; but should you desire anything, or need anything, do not apply to any other than

"Your friend, E. Frank."

"He! and he, too!" exclaimed Jacobi, deeply agitated. "O the kind, noble, excellent man! And I—I shall, I will become worthy of him! From this day I am a new man!"

He pressed the letter to his breast, and looked up to the star-lighted heaven with silent but fervent vows.

CHAPTER XII.

TIME GOES.

Life has its moments of strength and bloom; its bright moments of inspiration, in which the human artist (the painter of earthly life) seizes on, and utters the supremely pure, the supremely beautiful, the divine. If, in such moments, every thing in human life were executed; if then sacrifices were made, work accomplished, victories won, there would be but little difficulty in life. But the difficult part is to preserve, through a long course of years, the flame which has been kindled by inspiration; to preserve it while the storms come and go, while the everlasting dust-rain of the moments falls and falls; to preserve it still and uniform, amidst the uniform changing of uniform days and nights. To do this, strength from above is required; repeated draughts from the fountain of inspiration; both for the great and the small—for all labourers on earth.

It was the good fortune of Ernst and Elise that they knew this; and knew also how to avail themselves of it. On this account they succeeded more and more in conquering their natural failings; on this account they came nearer to each other by every

little step, which in itself is so unobservable, but which yet, at the same time, twines so firmly and lovingly together the human heart and life, and which may be contained in the rubric—*regard for mutual inclinations, interest for mutual interests.*

Through this new-born intimacy of heart, this strengthening and pure affection, Elise assumed a secure and noble standing with regard to Jacobi. Her heart was vanquished by no weakness, even when she saw suffering expressed in his youthful countenance; nay, she remained firm, even when she saw that his health was giving way, and only besought her husband to name an earlier day for his and Henrik's departure. This was also her husband's wish. Like a good angel, at once gentle, yet strong, he stood at this time by her side. No wonder was it, therefore, that, with his support, Elise went forward successfully; no wonder was it, therefore, that from the firm conduct of her husband, and from the contemplation of the good understanding which existed between the married pair, the whispered blame, which had already begun to get abroad at their expense, died of itself, like a flame wanting nourishment.

Of Judge Frank's "old flame," which Elise had feared so much, we must relate how that she found herself so wounded, and so cooled likewise, by the ice-cold behaviour of her former adorer, that she quickly left the city, and abandoned all thoughts of settling there.

"Life there would be too uniform for me, would possess too little interest," said she, yawning, to the Judge, who was warmly counselling her return either to France or Italy.

"In our good North," added he, "we must find that which can give interest and enjoyment to life in ourselves and our own means,—from our families, from our own breasts."

"She is, nevertheless, extremely beautiful and interesting," said Elise, with a kindly feeling towards her when she was gone. The Judge made no reply; he never was heard to speak again of his former beloved-one.

Days went by. The Judge had much to do. Elise occupied herself with her little girls, and the Candidate with Henrik and his own studies.

The children grew like asparagus in June, and the father rejoiced over them. The Queen-bee will grow over all our heads," prophesied he many a time; and when he heard Eva playing "Marlbrough s'en va-t-en guerre," on the piano, his musical sense awoke, and he said, "what a deal of feeling there is already in her music!—is there not, Elise?".

The evenings, on which all the members of the family assembled, assumed constantly a livelier and more comfortable character for every one; often they played and danced with the children.

The children! What a world of pleasure and pain do they not bring with them into a house! Of a truth

all is not of as rosy a hue as their cheeks. Elise discovered that in her children which was not always exactly good. "Do not to others what thou wouldst not that they should do to thee." "People should think of what they do." "Patience is a good root." "You do not see that your father and mother do so; look at me, and do as I do." These standing and going speeches, which have travelled through the world from the time when "Adam delved and Eve span," down to the present day, and which to the very end of time will be ever in use,—together with assurances to the children, whenever they were punished, or when they must learn their lessons yet more,—that all this was done for their benefit, and that the time would come when they would be thankful for it—which the children very seldom, if ever believed,—this citizen-of-the-world, patriarchal household-fare, which was dealt out in the family of the Franks, as in every other worthy family, did not always produce its proper effect.

Perhaps Elise troubled herself too much sometimes about the perpetual recurrence of the same fault in her children,—perhaps she calculated too little on the invisible but sun-like and powerful influence of paternal love on the little human-plants. True it is that she often was in great anxiety on their account, and that the development and future prospects of her daughters awoke in her soul much disquiet and trouble.

One day when such thoughts had troubled her more than usual, she felt the necessity of a prudent, and in this respect, experienced female friend, to whom she could open her mind.

"Ernst," said she as her husband prepared himself to go out immediately after dinner, "I shall go below for a few minutes to Evelina, but I will be back again by the time you return."

"Don't trouble yourself about that, Elise," said he; "remain as long as you like, I'll fetch you. Take my arm, and let us go down together, that I may see exactly whence I must fetch you."

CHAPTER XIII.

A LITTLE EDUCATION AND COFFEE COMMITTÉE.

As Elise entered Evelina's room, Pyrrhus sprang, barking, towards her, and wagging his tail. Mrs. Gunilla was there, and she and the hostess emulated each other in welcoming their friend.

"Nay! best-beloved, that is charming!" exclaimed Mrs. Gunilla, embracing Elise cordially. "Now, how does the little lady?—somewhat pale?—somewhat out of spirits, I fancy? I will tell confidentially that I know we shall presently get some magnificent coffee, which will cheer up little Elise."

Evelina took Elise's hand, and looked kindly and sympathising at her with her calm sensible eyes. Pyrrhus touched her foot gently with his nose, in order to call her attention, and then seated himself on his hind-legs before her, began growling, in order to express his sympathy also. Elise laughed, and she and Mrs. Gunilla vied with each other in caressing the little animal.

"Ah, let me sit down here and chat with you, where every thing seems so kind," said Elise, in

reply to Evelina's glance, which spoke such a kind 'how do you do?' "Here all is so quiet and so comfortable. I do not know how you manage, Evelina, but it seems to me as if the air in your room were clearer than elsewhere; whenever I come to you, it seems to me as if I entered a little temple of peace."

"Yes, and so it seems to me," said Mrs. Gunilla cordially.

"Yes, thank God," said Evelina, smiling gratefully, and with tears in her eyes; "here is peace!"

"And at our little lady's, the young folks raise dust sometimes in the temper, as well as in the rooms. Is it not so?" said Mrs. Gunilla, with facetiousness. "Well, well," added she, by way of consolation, "every thing has its time, all dust will in time lay itself, only have patience."

"Ah, teach me that best thing, Aunt," said Elise, "for I am come here precisely with the hope of gaining some wisdom—I need it so much. But where are your daughters to-day, Evelina?"

"They are gone to-day to one of their friends," replied she, "to a little festival, which they have long anticipated with pleasure; and I also expect to have my share, from their relation of it to me."

"Ah! teach me, Evelina," said Elise, "how I can make my daughters as amiable, as good, and as happy, as your Laura and Karin. I confess that it is the anxiety for the bringing up of my daughters which ever makes me uneasy, and which lies so heavy

on my heart this very day. I distrust my own ability —my own artistical skill, rightly to form their minds —rightly to unfold them."

"Ah, education, education!" said Mrs. Gunilla angrily; "people are everlastingly crying out now for education. One never can hear anything now but about education. In my youth I never heard talk and outcry for education, and yet, thank God, a man was a man in those days for all that. I confess that when I first heard this talk of education I supposed that there would be two sorts, as of every thing in the world. I thought so! But now, ever since *le tiers état* have pushed themselves so much forward, have made so much of themselves, and have esteemed themselves as something exclusive in the world with their education,—now the whole world cries out, 'educate! educate!' Yes, indeed, they even tell us now that we should educate the maid-servants. I pray God to dispense with my living in the time when maid-servants are educated; I should have to wait myself on them, instead of their waiting on me. Yes, yes! things are going on towards that point at a pretty rate, that I can promise you! Already they read Frithiof and Axel; and before one is aware, one shall hear them talk of 'husband and wife,' and 'wife and husband;' and that they fancy themselves 'to be vines, which must wither if they are not supported;' and 'sacrifices,' and other such affecting things, until they become quite incapable of

cleaning a room, or scouring a kettle. Yes, indeed, there would be pretty management in the world with all their education! It is a frenzy, a madness, with this education! It is horrible!"

The longer Mrs. Gunilla talked on this subject, the more she excited herself.

Elise and Evelina laughed heartily, and then declared that they themselves, as belonging to the *tiers état*, must take education, nay, even the education of maïd-servants, under their protection.

"Ah," said Mrs. Gunilla, impatiently, "you make all so artistical and entangled with your education; and you cram the heads of children full of such a many things, that they never get them quite straight all the days of their life. In my youth, people learned to speak 'the language,' as the French was then called, just sufficient to explain a motto; enough of drawing to copy a pattern, and music enough to play a *contre danse* if it were wanted; but they did not learn, as now, to gabble about every thing in the world; but they learned to think, and if they knew less of art and splendour, why, they had the art to direct themselves, and to leave the world in peace!"

"But, your best Honour," said Evelina, "education in its true meaning, as it is understood in our time, teaches us to take a clearer view of ourselves and of the world at large, so that we may more correctly understand our own alloted station, estimate more properly that of others, and, in consequence,

that every one may be fitted for his own station, and contented therewith."

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Gunilla, "all that may be very good, but——" But just then the coffee came in, with biscuits and gingerbread, which made an important diversion in the entertainment, which now took a livelier character. Mrs. Gunilla imparted to Elise with jesting seriousness a variety of good counsel on the education of her children. She sent for and recommended particularly a certain *Orbis Pictus*, which she herself had studied when a child, and which began with the words, "Come here, boy, and learn wisdom from my mouth," and in which one could see clearly how the soul was fashioned, and how it looked. It looked like a pancake spread out on a table round and smooth, with all the five senses properly numbered. Mrs. Gunilla assured Elise, that if her children paid attention to this picture, it would certainly develope and fashion their ideas of the human soul. Furthermore, she proposed the same educational course as had been used with such distinguished success upon her deceased father and his brother, when they went to school, and which consisted in every boy being combed with a fine comb every Saturday, and well whipped, whilst an ounce of English salt was allowed per boy, in order to drive the bad spirits out of him. Beyond this, they had, too, on the same day, a diet of bread and beer, in which was a dumpling called "Grammatica,"

so that the boys might be strengthened for the learning of the following week.

During the merriment which these anecdotes occasioned, the Judge came in: delighted with the merriment, and delighted with his wife, he seated himself beside her, quite covetous of an hour's gossip with the ladies. Mrs. Gunilla served him up the human soul in the *Orbis Pictus*, and Elise instigated her still further to the relation of the purification of the boys. The Judge laughed at both from the bottom of his heart, and then the conversation turned again on the hard and disputable ground of education; all conceding, by general consent, the insufficiency of rules and methods to make it available.

Evelina laid great stress on the self-instruction of the teacher. "In the degree," said she, "in which man developes in himself goodness, wisdom, and ability, he succeeds commonly in calling out these in children."

All the little committee, without exception, gave their most lively approval; and Elise felt herself quite refreshed, quite strengthened by the words which shewed her so clearly the path to her great object. She turned now, therefore, the conversation to Evelina's own history and development. It was well known that her path through life had been an unusual one, and one of independence, and Elise wished now to know how she had attained to that serenity and refreshing quiet which characterised her whole being.

Evelina blushed, and wished to turn the conversation from herself—a subject which she least of all would speak about, and that probably because she was in harmony with herself,—but as the Judge with his earnest cordiality united in the wish of his wife and Mrs. Gunilla, that Evelina would relate to them some passages in the history of her life, she acceded, remarking only that what she had to relate was in no way extraordinary; and then, after she had bethought herself for a moment, she began, addressing herself more especially to Elise, and in the mean time Mrs. Gunilla hastily jotted down the narrative, which we will here designate

EVELINA'S HISTORY.

Have you ever been conscious, while listening to a beautiful piece of music, of a deep necessity, an indescribable longing, to find in your own life a harmony like that which you perceived in the tune?—if so, you have then an idea of the suffering and the release of my soul. I was yet a little child when, for the first time, I was seized upon by this longing, without at that time comprehending it. There was a little concert in the house of my parents: the harp, piano, horn, and clarionette, were played by four distinguished artists. In one part of the symphony the instruments united in an indescribably sweet and joyous melody, in the feeling of which my childish

soul was seized upon by a strong delight, and at the same time by a deep melancholy. It seemed to me as if I had then an understanding of heaven, and I burst into tears. Ah! the meaning of these I have learned since then. Many such, and many far more painful, tears of longing, have fallen upon the dark web of my life.

To what shall I compare the picture of my youthful years? All that it, and many other such family pictures exhibit, is unclear, indefinite, in one word, blotted as it were in the formation. It resembled a dull autumn sky, with its gray, shapeless, intermingling cloud-masses; full of those features without precision, of those contours without meaning, of those shadows without depth, of those lights without clearness, which so essentially distinguish the work of a bungler from that of a true master.

My family belonged to the middle class, and we were especially well content to belong to this noble class; and as we lived from our rents, and had no rank in the state, we called ourselves, not without some self-satisfaction, people of condition. We exhibited a certain genteel indifference towards the *haute volée* in the citizen society, not only in words but sometimes also in action; yet, nevertheless, in secret we were extremely wounded or flattered by all those who came in contact with us from this circle; and not unfrequently too the family conversation turned, quite accidentally as it were, on the subject of its

being ennobled on the plea of the important service which our father could render to the state in the House of Knights; and in the hearts of us young girls it excited a great pleasure when we were addressed as "my lady." Beyond this agitation of the question nothing came.

The daughters of the house were taught that all pomp and pleasure of this world was only vanity, that nothing was important and worth striving after but virtue and inward worth; yet for all this, it so happened that their most lively interest and endeavours, and the warmest wishes of the hearts of all, were directed to wealth, rank, and worldly fortune of every kind. The daughters were taught that in all things the will of God must alone direct them; yet in every instance they were guided by the fear of man. They were taught that beauty was nothing, and of no value; yet they were often compelled to feel, and that painfully, in the paternal house, that they were not handsome. They were allowed to cultivate some talents, and acquire some knowledge, but God forbid that they should ever become learned women; on which account they learned nothing thoroughly, though in many instances they pretended to knowledge, without possessing anything of its spirit, its nourishing strength, or its pure esteem-inspiring earnestness. But above all things they learned, and this only more and more profoundly the more their years increased, that marriage was the goal

of their being; and in consequence (though this was never definitely inculcated in words, but by a secret, indiscribable influence), to esteem the favour of men as the highest happiness, denying all the time that they thought so.

We were three sisters. As children, it was deeply impressed upon us that we must love one another; but in consequence of partiality on the side of our teachers, in consequence of praise and blame, rewards and punishments, which magnified little trifles into importance, envy and bitterness were early sown among the sisters. It was said of my eldest sister and myself, that we were greatly attached to each other; that we could not live asunder. We were cited as examples of sisterly love; and from constantly hearing this, we at last came to believe it. We were compared to the carriage-horses of the family; and we were in the habit, almost of our own accord, of seating ourselves every day after dinner on each side of our good father, who caressed us, and called us his carriage-horses. Yet, in fact, we did not pull together. My sister was more richly endowed by nature than I, and won favour more easily. Never did I envy human being as I envied her, until in later years, and under altered circumstances, I learned to love her rightly, and to rejoice over her advantages.

We were not very rich, and we cast a philosophically compassionate glance upon all who were

richer than we, who lived in a more liberal manner, had more splendid equipages, or who dressed themselves more elegantly. "What folly—what pitiable vanity!" said we: "Poor people, who know nothing better!" We never thought that our philosophy was somewhat akin to the fox and the grapes.

If we looked in this manner upon the advantages of the great, we despised still more the pleasures of the crowd. (We ought to be so all-sufficient for ourselves. Ah, alas!) And if ever a theatrical piece was much talked of and visited, we had a kind of pride in saying, with perfect indifference, that we never had seen it; and whenever there was a popular festival, and the crowd went towards Haga or the Park, it was quite as certain that our calesche—if it went out at all—would drive on the road to Sabbatsberg, or in some other direction equally deserted at the time; for all which, we prided ourselves on our philosophy. Yet with all this in our hearts we really never were happy.

The daughters came out into society. The parents wished to see them loved and wooed; the daughters wished it no less—but they were not handsome—were dressed without any pretension. The parents saw very little company; and the daughters remained sitting at balls, and were nearly unobserved at suppers. Yet from year to year they slid on with the stream.

The daughters approached to ripened youth. The parents evidently wished them married; they wished

it likewise, which was only natural, especially as at home they were not happy; and it must be confessed that neither did they themselves do much to make it pleasant there. They were peevish and discontented—no one knew exactly what to do or what she wanted; they groped about as if in a mist.

It is customary to hear unmarried ladies say that they are satisfied with their condition, and do not desire to change it. In this pretension there lies more truth than people in general believe, particularly when the lively feelings of early youth are past. I have often found it so; and above all, wherever the woman, either in one way or another, has created for herself an independent sphere of action, or has found in a comfortable home that freedom, and has enjoyed that pure happiness of life, which true friendship, true education, can give.

A young lady of my acquaintance made what was with justice called a great match, although love played but a subordinate part. As some one felicitated her on her happiness, she replied, quite calmly, "O yes! it is very excellent to possess something of one's own." People smiled at her for her thus lightly esteeming what was universally regarded so great a good fortune; but her simple words, nevertheless, contain a great and universal truth. It is this 'one's own,' in the world, and in his sphere of action, which every man unavoidably requires if he would develope his own being, and win for himself inde-

pendence and happiness, self-esteem, and the esteem of others. Even the nun has her own cell, where she can prepare herself in peace for heaven, and in which she possesses her true home. But in social life, the unmarried woman has often not even a little cell which she can call her own; she goes like a cloud of mist through life, and finds firm footing nowhere. Hence, therefore, are there often marriages the genuine children of necessity, which ought never to have taken place, and that deep longing after the deep quiet of the grave, which is experienced by so many. But there is no necessity for this, and in times, in which the middle classes are so much more enlightened, it becomes still less so; we need, indeed, only contemplate the masses of people who strive for a subsistence, the crowds of neglected and uncared-for children that grow up in the world, in order to see that whatever is one-sided in the view of the destination of woman vanishes more and more, and opens to her a freer sphere of action.

But I return to the *pros* and *cons* of my own life, one feature of which I must particularly mention. If young ladies of our acquaintance connected themselves by marriage with men who were rather above than below them in property or station, we considered it, without exception, reasonable and estimable. But if a man, whose connexions and prospects were similar to our own, looked round him for a wife in our house, we considered it great audacity, and treated it accord-

ingly. We were secretly looking out for genteeler and richer individuals, who again, on their part, were looking out for genteeler and richer individuals than we.—N.B. This *looking-out* in the great world is a very useful thing, both for gentlemen and ladies, although anybody who would be *naïve* enough to acknowledge as much, would not be greatly in favour either with those who looked-out or those who did not.

In the mean time, a spirit was developed within me, which full of living energy woke to the sense of its nonentity—to a sense of the enslaving contradictions in which it moved, and to the most vehement desire to free itself from them. As yet, however, I did not understand what I was to do with my restless spirit. By contemplation, however, of noble works of art, it appeared to me frequently that the enigma of my inner self became clear to me. When I observed the antique vestal, so calm, so assured, and yet so gentle—when I saw how she stood, self-possessed, firm, and serene—I had a foretaste of the life which I needed, and sought after, both outwardly and inwardly, and I wept tears of melancholy longing.

Tortured by the distorted circumstances (many of which I have not mentioned) under which I moved in my own family connexion, I began, as years advanced, to come in contact with the world in a manner which, for a temper like mine, was particularly dangerous.

We have heard of the daughters of the Husgafvel family, who grew old yawning over the spinning-wheel and the weaving-stool; but, better so to grow old, yes, better a thousand times to grow grey over the spinning-wheel and the ashes of the cooking-stove, than with artificial flowers—oh, how artificial! —in the hair, on the benches of the ball-room, or the seat of the supper-room, smiling over the world, which smiles over us no longer. This was the case with me.

There are mild, unpretending beings, who bow themselves quietly under the yoke which they cannot break; move, year after year, through the social circle, without any other object than to fill a place there—to ornament or to disfigure a wall. Peace to such patient souls! There, too, are joyous, fresh, ever youthful natures, who, even to old age, and under all circumstances, bring with them cheerfulness and new life into every circle in which they move. These belong to social life, and are its blessings. Many persons—and it is beautiful that it should be so—are of this description. I, however, belonged neither to the joyous and enlivening, nor yet to the patient and unpretending. On this account I began to shun social life, which occasioned in me, still more and more, a moral weariness; yet, nevertheless, I was driven into it, to avoid the disquiet and discomfort which I experienced at home. I was a labourer who concealed his desire for labour,

who had buried his talent in the earth, as was the hereditary custom of the circle in which I lived.

The flower yields odour and delight to man, it nourishes the insect with its sweetness; the dew-drop gives strength to the leaf on which it falls. In the relationships in which I lived, I was less than the flower or the dew-drop; a being endowed with power and with an immortal soul! But I awoke at the right time to a consciousness of my position. I say at the right time, because there may be a time when it is too late. There is a time when, under the weight of long wearisome years, the human soul has become inflexible, and has no longer the power to raise itself from the slough into which it has sunk.

I felt how I was deteriorating; I felt clearly how the unemployed and uninterested life which I led, nourished day after day new weeds in the waste field of my soul. Curiosity, a desire for gossip, an inclination to malice and scandal, and an increasing irritability of temper, began to get possession of a mind which nature had endowed with too great a desire for action for it blamelessly to vegetate through a passive life as so many can. Ah! if people live without an object, they stand as it were on the outside of active life, which gives strength to the inward occupation, even if no noble endeavour or sweet friendship give that claim to daily life which makes it occasionally, at least, a joy to live; disquiet rages fiercely and tumultuously in the human breast,

undermining health, temper, goodness, nay, even the quiet of conscience, and conjuring up all the spirits of darkness: so does the corroding rust eat into the steel-plate, and deface its clear mirror with a tracery of disordered caricatures.

I once read these words of that many-sided thinker Steffen:—"He who has no employment to which he gives himself with true earnestness, which he does not love as much as himself and all men, has not discovered the true ground on which Christianity even here brings forth fruit. Such an occupation becomes a quiet and consecrated temple in all hours of affliction, into which the Saviour pours out his blessing; it unites us with all other men, so that we can sympathise in their feelings, and makes our actions and our wills administer to their wants; it teaches us rightly to weigh our own circumscribed condition and the worth of others. It is the true, firm, and fruit-bearing ground of real Christianity."

These words came like a breath of air on glowing sparks. A light was kindled in my soul, and I knew now what I wanted, and what I ought to do. After I had well considered all this with myself, I spoke with my parents, and opened my whole heart to them. They were surprised, opposed me, and besought me to think better of it. I had foreseen this; but as I adhered firmly and decidedly to my wishes and my prayers, they surprised me by their kindness.

I was very fond of children; my plan was, there-

fore, to begin housekeeping for myself, and to undertake some work or occupation which should, by degrees, enable me to take two or three children, for whom I would provide, whom I would educate, and altogether adopt as my own. I was well persuaded that I needed many of the qualifications which make a good teacher; but I hoped that that new fountain of activity would, as it were, give to my whole being a new birth. My goodwill, my affection for children would, I believed, be helpful to make me a good guide to them; and thus, though I could not become a wife, I might yet enjoy the blessing of a mother.

"And why could you not—why could you not?" interrupted Elise.

"People say," returned Evelina, smiling, "that you had to make your selection of a husband from many adorers; you cannot then understand a case in which there should not even be one choice. But truly, indeed, that was my case. But do not look at me so amazed—don't look at me as if I were guilty of high treason. The truth is, sweet Elise, that I never had an opportunity to say either yes or no to a lover. With my sisters, who were much more agreeable and much more attractive than I, it was otherwise."

But now I must return to that moment of my life when I released myself from every-day paths—but, thank God! not with violence, not amid discontent; but with the blessing of those who had

given me life, for which I now, for the first time, blessed them.

Touched by my steadfastness of purpose, and by the true goodwill which they had perceived in me, my parents determined—God reward them for it!—to bestow upon my desired domestic establishment the sum of money which they had put aside for my dowry, in case I married. Indeed, their and my sisters' kindness made them find pleasure in arranging all for me in the best and most comfortable manner; and when I left the paternal roof for my own new home, it was with tears of real pain. Yet I had too clearly studied my own character and position to be undecided.

It was a day in April, my thirtieth birthday, when, accompanied by my own family, I went to take possession of my new, small, but pretty dwelling. Two young father-and-motherless girls, not quite without means, followed me to my new habitation. They were to become my children, I their mother.

I never shall forget the first morning of my waking in my new abode. At this very moment it is as if I saw how the day dawned in the chamber; how all the objects gradually assumed, as it seemed to me, an unaccustomed definiteness. From the near church ascended the morning hymn with its pleasant serious melody, which attuned the soul to harmonious peace. I rose early; I had to care for house and

children. All was cheerful and festival-like in my soul; a sweet emotion penetrated me like the enlivening breeze of spring. Also without spring breathed. I saw the snow melt from the roofs, and fall down in glittering drops, yet never had I seen the morning light in them so clear as now. I saw the sparrows on the edge of the chimneys, twittering to greet the morning sun. I saw without, people going joyfully about their employments: I saw the milk-woman going from door to door, and she seemed to me cheerfuller than any milk-woman I had ever seen before; and the milk seemed to me whiter and more nutritious than common. It seemed to me as if I now saw the world for the first time. I fancied even myself to be altered as I looked in the glass; my eyes appeared to me larger; my whole appearance to have become better, and more important. In the chamber near me the children awoke—the little immortals whom I was to conduct to eternal life. Yes, indeed, this was a beautiful morning! In it the world first beamed upon me, and at the same time my own inner world, and I became of worth and consequence in my own estimation.

The active yet quiet life which I led from this time forth, suited me perfectly well. From this time I became more thoroughly in harmony with myself, and altogether happier. The day was often wearisome, but then the evening rest was the sweeter, and the thought that I had passed a useful day refreshed

my soul. The children gave me many cares, many troubles; but they gave likewise an interest to my life, and happiness to my heart, and all the while, in pleasure and want, in joy and sorrow, they became dearer and dearer to me. I cannot imagine that children can be dearer to their own mother than Laura and Karin are to me.

In this new position I also became a better daughter, a more tender sister than I had hitherto been; and I could now cheer the old age of my parents far more than if I had remained an inactive and superfluous person in their house. Now for the first time I had advantage of all that was good in my education. Amid lively activity, and with a distinct object in life, and in affectionate relationships, that which was vain and false fell gradually away from my disposition; and the knowledge which I had obtained, the truths which I had known, were productive in heart and deed since I had, so to say, struck root in life.

Evelina ceased. All had heard her with sympathy but no one more than Ernst Frank. A new picture of life was opened to his view, and the truest sympathy expressed itself on his manly features. He suffered by this picture of so contracted a world in so oppressive and gloomy a condition, and his thoughts already busied themselves with plans for breaking open doors, for opening windows in these premises, to free this oppressed and captive life.

"Ah, yes!" said Mrs. Gunilla, with a gentle sigh, "everybody here in this world has their difficult path, but if every one walks in the fear and admonition of the Lord, all arrive in the end at their home. Our Lord God helps us all!" And Mrs. Gunilla took a large pinch of snuff.

"Don't forget the *Orbis Pictus*," exclaimed she to Elise, who with her husband was preparing to go; "don't forget it, and let the children be educated from it, that they may observe how the soul looks. He, he, he, he!"

CHAPTER XIV.

THE ORPHAN.

The day was declining, and Ernst and Elise sate in one of the windows of the best parlour. Mutual communications received with mutual sympathy, had made them have joy in each other—had let them feel at peace with life. They were now silent; but a presentiment that for the future they should be ever happier with each other, like a harmonious tone, responded in their hearts, and brightened their countenances. In the mean time, the shadows of evening began to grow broader, and a soft rain pattered on the window. The sonorous voice of the Candidate, as he told stories to the children, interrupted occasionally by their questions and exclamations, was heard in the saloon. A feeling of home-peace came over the heart of the father; he took the hand of his wife affectionately between his, and looked joyfully into her gentle countenance, whilst she was projecting little domestic arrangements. In the midst of this sense of happiness a cloud suddenly passed over the countenance of the Judge, and tears filled his eyes.

"What is it, Ernst?—what is amiss, Ernst?" asked

his wife tenderly, whilst she wiped away the tears with her hand.

"Nothing," said he, "but that I feel how happy we are. I see you, I hear our children without there, and I cannot but think on that unfortunate child opposite, which will be ruined in that wretched home."

"Ah, yes!" sighed Elise; "God help all unfortunate little ones on the earth!"

Both cast. their eyes involuntarily towards the nearest window of the before-mentioned house. Something was moving before the window; a female figure mounted on the window ledge, a dark child's head peeped out from between her feet, was kicked away, and a large white cloth, which was quickly unrolled, hid all within.

"He is dead!" said both husband and wife, looking at each other.

The Judge sent over to inquire how it was; the messenger returned with the tidings that Mr. N. had been dead some hours.

Lights were now kindled behind the blind, and people appeared to be busy within the chamber. The Judge walked up and down his room, evidently much affected. "The poor child!—the poor little girl! what will become of her? Poor child!" were his broken exclamations.

Elise read the soul of her husband. She had now for some time, in consequence of a wish which she

had perceived in his heart, accustomed herself to a thought, which yet at this moment her lips seemed unwilling to express: "Ernst," at length, suppressing a sigh, she began, "the pot which boils for six little mouths will boil also for seven."

"Do you think so?" asked he, with pleasure and with beaming eyes. He embraced his wife tenderly, placed her beside him, and inquired—"Have you proved your own strength? The heaviest part of this adoption would rest upon you. Yet if you feel that you have courage to undertake it, you would fulfil the wish of my heart."

"Ernst," said she, repressing a tear, "my strength is small, and nobody knows that better than you do; but my will is good;—I will undertake the trouble—you will support me?"

"Yes, we will help one another," said he, rising up joyfully. "Thank you, Elise—thank you, my sweet friend," continued he, kissing her hand affectionately. "Shall I go to fetch the child immediately?—but perhaps it will not come with me."

"Shall I go with you?"

"You!" said he; "but it gets dark—it rains."

"We can take an umbrella," replied she; "and besides that, I will put on a wrapping cloak, and will soon be ready.

Elise went to dress herself, and her husband went to help her, put on her cloak for her, and paid her a thousand little affectionate attentions.

After Elise had given sundry orders to Brigitta, she and her husband betook themselves to the house, whilst the children set their little heads together full of curiosity and wonder.

The two crossed the street in wind and rain; and after they had ascended the dark staircase, they arrived at the room which Mr. N. had inhabited. The door stood half open; a small candle, just on the point of going out, burned within, spreading an uncertain and tremulous light over every thing. No living creature was visible within the room, which had a desolate, and, as one might say, stripped appearance, so naked did it seem. The dead man lay neglected on his bed, near to which was no trace of anything which might have mitigated the last struggle. A cloth covered his face. Ernst Frank went towards the bed, and softly raising the cloth, observed for a moment silently the terrible spectacle, felt the pulse of the deceased, and then covering again the face, returned silently, with a pale countenance, to his wife.

"Where can we find the child?" said she hastily. They looked searchingly around; a black shadow, in a human form, seemed to move itself in one corner of the room. It was the orphan who sate there, like a bird of night, pressing herself close to the wall. Elise approached her, and would have taken her in her arms, when the child suddenly raised her hand, and gave her a fierce blow. Elise drew back

astonished, and then, after a moment, approached again the half-savage girl with friendly words; again she made a threatening demonstration, but her hands were suddenly grasped by a strong manly hand, and a look so serious and determined was riveted upon her, that she trembled before it, and resigned herself to the power of the stronger.

The Judge lifted her up and set her on his knee, whilst she trembled violently.

"Do not be afraid of us," said Elise, caressingly; "we are your good friends. If you will come with me this evening to my little children, you shall have sweet milk and wheaten bread with them, and then sleep in a nice little bed with a rose-coloured coverlet."

The white milk, the rose-coloured coverlet, and Elise's gentle voice, seemed to influence the child's mind.

"I would willingly go with you," said she, "but what will my father say when he wakes?"

"He will be pleased," said Elise, wrapping a warm shawl about the shoulders of the child.

At that moment a sound was heard on the stairs; little Sara uttered a faint cry of terror, and began to tremble anew. Mr. N.'s housekeeper entered, accompanied by two boys. The Judge announced to her his determination to take the little Sara, as well as the effects of her deceased father, under his care. At mention of the last word, the woman

began to fume and swear, and the Judge was obliged to compel her to silence by severe threats. He then sent one of the boys for the proprietor of the house, and after he had in his presence taken all measures for the security of the effects of the deceased, he took the little Sara in his arms, wrapped her in his cloak, and, accompanied by his wife, went out.

All this time an indescribable curiosity reigned among the little Franks. Their mother had said, in going out, that perhaps, on her return, she should bring them another sister. It is impossible to say the excitement this occasioned, and what was conjectured and counselled by them. The Candidate could not satisfy all the questions which were let loose upon him. In order, therefore, somewhat to allay their fermentation, he set them to hop through the room like crows, placing himself at the head of the train. A flock of real crows could not have fluttered away with greater speed than did they as the saloon door opened and the father and mother entered. Petrea appeared curious in the highest degree, as her father, opening his wide cloak, softly set down something which, at the first moment, Petrea, with terror, took for a chimney-sweeper; but which, on closer inspection, seemed to be a very nice thin girl of about nine years old, with black hair, dark complexion, and a pair of uncommonly large black eyes, which looked almost threateningly on the white and bright-haired little ones which surrounded her.

"There, you have another sister," said the father, leading the children towards each other;—"Sara, these are your sisters—love one another, and be kind to one another, my children."

The children looked at each other, somewhat surprised; but as Henrik and Louise took the little stranger by the hand, they soon all emulated each other in bidding her welcome.

Supper was served up for the children, more lights were brought in, and the scene was lively. Every thing was sacrificed to the new comer. Louise brought out for her two pieces of confectionery above a year old, and a box in which they might be preserved yet longer.

Henrik presented her with a red trumpet, conferring gratuitous instruction on the art of blowing it.

Eva gave her her doll Josephine in its new gauze dress.

Leonore lighted her green and red wax tapers before the dark-eyed Sara.

Petrea—ah, Petrea!—would so willingly give something with her whole heart. She rummaged through all the places where she kept any thing, but they concealed only the fragments of unlucky things; here a doll without arms; here a table with only three legs; here two halves of a sugar-pig; here a dog without head and tail. All Petrea's playthings, in consequence of experiments which she was in the habit of making on them, were fallen into the con-

dition of that which had been—and even that gingerbread-heart with which she had been accustomed to decoy Gabriele, had, precisely on this very day, in an unlucky moment of curiosity, gone down Petrea's throat. Petrea really possessed nothing which was fit to make a gift of. She acknowledged this with a sigh; her heart was filled with sadness, and tears were just beginning to run down her cheeks, when she was consoled by a sudden idea—The Girl and the Rose-bush! That jewel she still possessed; it hung still, undestroyed, framed and behind glass, over her bed, and fastened by a bow of blue ribbon. Petrea hesitated only a moment; in the next she had clambered up to her little bed, taken down the picture, and hastened now with beaming eyes and glowing cheeks to the others, in order to give away the very loveliest thing she had, and to declare solemnly that now "Sara was the possessor of the Girl and the Rose-bush."

The little African appeared very indifferent about the sacrifice which the little European had made to her. She received it, it is true, but she soon laid it down again without caring any more about it, which occasioned Louise to propose that she should keep it for her.

In the midst of these little occurrences the Assessor came in. He looked with an inquisitive glance round the room, shewed his white teeth, and said to himself, "Yes, it's all right; it is what I expected.

So, indeed," added he aloud, in his angry manner, whilst he cordially shook the hand of his friend, "I see you thought you had not children enough of your own in the house, but you must drag in those of other people! How many do you mean to burden yourselves with? Will there not be another to-morrow? Were you not satisfied with a whole half-dozen girls of your own? And what will become of them? One shall presently not be able to get into the house for children! I suppose that you have such a superfluity of money and property, that you must go and squander it on others! Nay! good luck to you!—good luck to you!"

The Judge and his wife replied only by smiles to the grumbling of their friend, and by the request that he would spend the evening with them. But he said he had not time; and then, after he had laid large pears, which he took from his pocket, under the napkins on the children's plates, he went out.

Every one of those pears had its own distinctive sign: round Sara's was a gold-coloured ribbon; and upon her plate, under the pear, was found a bank-note of considerable value. It was his gift to the fatherless, yet he never would acknowledge it. That was his way.

As the mother took Sara by the hand, in order to conduct her to rest, Petrea had the indescribable delight of seeing that, from all the little presents which had been made to her, she only took with her

the girl and the rose-bush, which she appeared to regard with pleasure.

Sara was seized with violent grief in the comfortable bed-room; tears streamed with wonderful violence from her eyes, and she called loudly for her father. Elise held her quietly in her arms, and let her weep out her grief on her bosom, and then gently undressing her, and laying the weary child in bed, had the pleasure of feeling how affectionately she clasped her arms round her neck.

The girl and the rose-bush hung over her bed, but still there seemed to be no rest on the snow-white couch for the "little African." Her dark eyes glanced wildly about the room, and her hands grasped convulsively Elise's white dress.

"Don't go," whispered she, "or else they will come and murder me."

Elise took the child's hands in hers, and repeated a simple and pious little prayer, which she had taught to all her own children. Sara said the words after her; and though it was only mechanically, she seemed to become calmer, though shudderings still shook her frame, and she held fast by Elise's dress. Elise seated herself by her, and at the request of the other children, "Mother, sing the song of the Dove. Oh, the song of the Dove!" She sang, with a pleasant low voice, that little song which she herself had made for her children:

There sitteth a dove so white and fair,
All on the lily-spray,
And she listeneth how, to Jesus Christ,
The little children pray.

Lightly she spreads her friendly wings,
And to heaven's gate hath sped,
And unto the Father in heaven she bears
The prayers which the children said.

And back she comes from heaven's gate,
And brings—that dove so mild—
From the Father in heaven, who hears her speak,
A blessing for every child.

Then, children, lift up a pious prayer,
It hears whatever you say,
That heavenly dove, so white and fair,
That sits on the lily-spray.

During this song, the dove of peace descended on the soul of the child. Pleasant images passed before her mind: the girl and the rose-bush and the singing Elise were the same person—the rose diffused pleasant odour; and whilst the long dark lashes approached her cheek yet nearer and nearer, it seemed to her as if a white lovely singing bird spread out his wings caressingly and purifyingly over her breast. By degrees the little hand opened itself, and let go the dress which it had grasped, the tearful eyes closed, and the sweetness of repose came over the fatherless and the motherless.

Elise raised herself gently, and went to the beds of

the other children. The dove on the lily-spray sent sleep also to them; and after the mother had pressed her lips to their cheeks, had spoken with Brigitta about the new-comer, and had received from the child-loving, good-natured old woman, the most satisfactory promises, she hastened back to her husband.

He listened with curiosity to what she had to relate of Sara. This new member of the family, this increase of his cares, seemed to have expanded and animated his soul. His eyes beamed with a gentle emotion as he spoke of the future prospects of the children. Evelina's history, which was still fresh in his and Elise's mind, seemed to spur him on to call forth for his family quite another picture of life.

"We will bring up our children," said he warmly, "not for ourselves, but for themselves. We will seek for their good, for their happiness; we will rightly consider what may conduce to this, as much for one child as for another; we will endeavour to win and to maintain their full confidence; and should there, dear Elise, be any harshness or severity in me, which would repel the children from me, you must assist me; let their secret desires and cares come to me through you!"

"Yes! where else could they go?" returned she, with the deepest feeling; "you are my support, my best strength in life! Without you how weak should I be!"

"And without you," said he, "my strength would

become sternness. Nature gave me a despotic disposition. I have had, and have still, many times the greatest difficulty to control it; but with God's help I shall succeed! My Elise, we will improve ever. On the children's account, in order to make them happy, we will endeavour to ennoble our own nature."

"Yes, that we will, Ernst!" said she; "and may the peace in the house make betimes the spirit of peace familiar to their bosoms!"

"We will make them happy," began the father again, with yet increasing warmth; "with God's help, not one of them shall wander through life unhappy and infirm of spirit. My little girls! you shall not grow up like half-formed human beings; no illusions shall blind your eyes to what are the true riches of life; no noble desires shall you experience unsatisfied. Ah, life is rich enough to satisfy all the birds under heaven, and no one need be neglected on earth! Your innocent life shall not fail of strength and joy; you shall live to know the actuality of life, and that will bring a blessing on every day, interest on every moment, and importance on every occupation. It will give you repose and independence in sorrow and in joy, in life and in death!"

Whilst Elise listened to these words, she felt as if a refreshing breeze passed through her soul. Nothing more seemed to her difficult. All the troubles of life seemed light, on account of the bright end to

be attained. And then, as she thought on the manly warm heart which lived so entirely for her good and the children's, she felt a proud joy that she could look up to her husband; and at the same time a sense of humility slid into her heart, she bowed herself over his hand, and kissed it fervently.

This did not please the Judge, because like every other decided and powerful man, it gratified him rather to pay homage to woman than, at least by outward bearing, to receive homage from her. He therefore withdrew his hand with some displeasure.

"Why may I not kiss your hand," inquired Elise, "if it give me pleasure?"

"Because it gives me no pleasure, and you must not do it again."

"Well, well, dear friend, you need not forbid it so sternly. Perhaps I shall never again have the desire to do it."

"All the better," said he.

"Perhaps not!" returned Elise. "But let us now go to rest."

PART II.

CHAPTER I.

THE NEW HOUSE.

"FAREWELL, O house of my childhood! Farewell, you walls, insensible witnesses of my first tears, my first smiles, and my first false steps on the slippery path of life—of my first acquaintance with water-gruel and A B C! Thou corner, in which I stood with lessons difficult to be learned; and thou, in which I in vain endeavoured to tame the most thankless of all created things, a fly and a caterpillar!—you floors, which have sustained me sporting and quarreling with my beloved brother and sisters!—you papers, which I have torn in my search after imagined treasures;—you, the theatre of my battles with carafts and drinking-glasses—of my heroic actions in manifold ways,—I bid you a long farewell, and go to live in new scenes of action—to have new adventures and new fate!"

Thus spake Petrea Frank, whilst, with dignified

gestures, she took a tragic-comic farewell of the home which she and her family were now about to leave.

It was a rainy day, in the middle of April. A black silk cloak, called merrily the "Court-preacher," a piece of property held in common by the Frank family, and a large red umbrella, called likewise the "Family-roof," which was common property too, were on this day seen in active promenade on the streets of the city of X——. What all this passing to and fro denoted might probably be conjectured if one had seen them accompanied by a tall, fair, blue-eyed maid-servant, and a little brown, active servant-man, carrying bandboxes, baskets, packages, etc. etc.

Towards twilight might have been seen, likewise, the tall thin figure of Jeremias Munter, holding the "family-roof" over the heads of himself and Petrea Frank. Petrea seemed to be carrying something under her cloak, laughed and talked, and she and the Assessor seemed to be very much pleased with each other. Alas! this satisfaction did not endure long; on the steps of the front-door Petrea accidentally trod on the dangling lace of her boot, made a false step, and fell. A large paper case of confectionery suddenly proceeded from under the "court-preacher," and almond-wreaths, brown sugar-candy, and iced fruits rolled in all directions. Even amid the shock and the confusion of the first moment it was with difficulty that Petrea restrained a loud laugh from bursting forth when she saw the amazement of the

Assessor, and the leaps which he made, as he saw the confections hopping down the steps towards the gutter. It was the Assessor's own tribute to the festival of the day which was thus unluckily dispersed abroad.

"Yes, indeed, if there were no ladies," said the Assessor vexed, "one should be able to accomplish something in this world. But now they must be coming and helping, and on that account things always go topsy-turvy. 'Let me only do it—let me only manage it,' say they; and they manage and make it, so that——'Did one ever see anything so foolish!—To fall over your foot-lace!—but women have order in nothing; and yet people set up such to govern kingdoms!—To govern kingdoms!!! I would ask nothing more from them than that they should govern their feet, and keep their boot and shoe strings tied. But from the queen down to the charwoman, there is not a woman in this world who knows how to fasten her boot-lace!"

Such was the philippic of Jeremias Munter, as he came into the room with Petrea, and saw, after the great shipwreck, that which remained of the confectionery. Petrea's excuses, and her prayers for forgiveness, could not soften his anger. True it is, that an unfortunate disposition to laugh, which overcame her, gave to all her professions of distress a very doubtful appearance. Her distress, however, for all that, was real; and when Eva came, and said

with a beseeching, flattering voice, "Dear uncle,* do not be angry any longer; poor Petrea is really quite cast down—besides which she really has hurt her knee," the good man replied with a very different voice:

"But has she, indeed? But why are people so clumsy—so given to tripping and stumbling, that one——"

"One can get some more confections at any time," said Eva.

"Can one!" exclaimed Jeremias; "do they grow on trees, then? How? Shall one then throw away one's money for confectionery, in order to see it lie about the streets? Pretty management that would be, methinks!"

"Yet just say one kind word to Petrea," besought Eva.

"A kind word!" repeated Jeremias: "I would just tell her that another time she should be so good as to fasten her shoe-strings. Nay, I will go now after some more confectionery; but only on your account, little Miss Eva. Yes, yes; say I—I will now go: I can dance also, if it be for—— But how it rains! lend me the "family-roof," and the cloak there I need also. Give it here handsomely! Well then, what is there to gape at? How! will the people gape at me?—all very good; if it gives them any

* Among dear and intimate friends in Swedish it is customary to make use of terms of relationship by way of endearment.—M. H.

pleasure, they may laugh at me, I shall not find myself any the worse for it. Health and comfort are above all things, and one dress is just as good as another."

The young girls laughed, and threw the Court-preacher, which hardly reached to his knees, over the shoulders of the Assessor; and thus appareled he went forth with long strides.

The family had this day removed into a new house. Judge Frank had bought it, together with a small garden, for the lifetime of himself and his wife, and for the last two years he had been pulling down, building up, repairing and arranging: some doors he had built up, others he had opened, till all was as convenient and as comfortable as he wished. His wife, in full confidence, had left all to his good judgment, well pleased for her own part to be spared the noise of bricklayers and carpenters, which she escaped not without difficulty; to be spared from going among shavings and under scaffoldings, and from clambering over troughs full of mortar, etc. Papers for the walls and other ornamental things had been left to the choice of herself and her daughters.

And now he went, full of pleasure, with his wife's arm in his, from one story to another, and from one room into another, greatly pleased with the convenient, spacious, and cheerful-looking habitation, and yet even more so with his wife's lively gratification in all his work. And thus she was obliged to

promenade through the whole house, from the cellar up to the roof; into the mangling-room, the wood-chamber, etc.

We will not weary the reader by following them in this promenade, but merely make him acquainted with some of the rooms in which he will often meet the family. We merely pass through the saloon and best parlour; they were handsome, but resembled all such apartments; but the room which the Judge had arranged with the most especial love, which was designed for daily use, and as the daily assembling place of the family, and which deserves our most intimate acquaintance, was the library, so called. It was a large, very lively room, with three windows on one side looking into a spacious market-place. Louise rejoiced especially over this, for thus they could look out of the windows on market-days, and see at once what they wished to buy; directly opposite lay the church, with its beautiful churchyard well planted with trees; these objects pleased Elise greatly. The side of the room opposite to the windows was entirely covered with books; the shelves consisted of several divisions, each one of which contained the literature of a different country. In niches between the several divisions, stood, on simple but tasteful pedestals, busts of distinguished men, great for their heroic and peaceful actions—standing there, said the Judge, not because they separated the different nations of the earth, but be-

cause they united them. Ernst Frank's library was truly a select one; it had been the pleasure of his life, and still it was his delight to be increasing his collection of books. Now, for the first time, they were collected and arranged all in one place. He rejoiced over these treasures, and besought his daughters freely to make use of them (on this one express condition, that every book should be restored again to its right place). To Louise was consigned the office of librarian; to Petrea that of amanuensis. Both mother and daughters were delighted with this room, and began to consider where the work-table, the flower-table, and the bird-cage, should stand, and when all were arranged, they were found to suit their places admirably. Against one of the short walls stood the green sofa, the appointed place for the mother; and against the opposite one the piano, and the harp, which was Sara's favourite instrument, together with a guitar, whose strings were touched by Eva, as she sang "Mamma mia."

An agreeable surprise awaited Elise as she was led through a papered door which conducted from the library into a sort of boudoir, whose one window had the same prospect as the library—this was solely and entirely her own consecrated room. She saw with emotion that the tasteful furniture of the room was the work of her daughters; her writing-table stood by the window, several beautiful pictures and a quantity of very pretty china adorned the room. Elise saw

with thankful delight, that all her favourite tastes, and all her little fancies, had been studied and gratified both by husband and children.

A small papered door, likewise, on the other side, conducted Elise into her sleeping-room; and her husband made her observe how smoothly these doors turned on their hinges, and how easily she, from either side, could lock herself in and remain in quiet.

After this room, nothing gave Elise greater delight than the arrangements for bathing, which the Judge had made particularly convenient and comfortable; and he now turned the white taps with remarkable pleasure, to exhibit how freely the warm water came out of this, and the cold—no, out of this came the warm water, and out of the other the cold. The cheerfulness and comfort of the whole arrangement were intended to give to the bathing-day—which was almost as religiously observed in this family as the Sunday—a double charm. In a room adjoining that which was appropriated to dressing, the old cleanly Brigitta had already her fixed residence. Here was she and the great linen-press to grow old together. Here ticked her clock, and purred her cat; here blossomed her geraniums and balsams, with the Bible and Prayer-book lying between them.

The three light and pleasant rooms intended for the daughters lay in the story above, and were simply but prettily furnished.

"Here they will feel themselves quite at home,"

said the father, as he looked round with beaming eyes; "don't you think so, Elise? We will make home so pleasant to our children, that they shall not wish to leave it without a really important and deserving cause. No disquiet, no discontent with home and the world within it, shall drive them from the paternal roof. Here they can have leisure and quiet, and be often alone, which is a good thing. Such moments are needed by every one, in order to strengthen and collect themselves, and are good for young girls as well as for any one else."

The mother gave her applause fully and cordially; but immediately afterwards she was a little absent, for she had something of importance to say to her eldest daughter; and as at that very moment Louise came in, an animated conversation commenced between them, of which the following reached the father's ear:

"And after them, pancakes; and, my good girl, take care that six of them are excellently thick and savoury; you know, indeed, how Henrik likes them."

"And should we not," suggested Louise, "have whipped cream, and raspberry jam, with the pancakes?"

"Yes, with pleasure," returned the mother,—"Jacobi would unquestionably recommend that."

Louise blushed, and the Judge besought with animation that there might be something a little more substantial than "angels' food" for supper, which was promised him.

The Assessor shook out the "family-roof" in the hall in indignation. "The most miserable roof in all Christendom," said he; "it defends neither from wind nor rain, and is as heavy as the ark! and——"

But at the very moment when he was shaking and scolding his worst, he perceived a sound——exclamations and welcomes, in every possible variety of joyous and cordial tones. The "court-preacher" was thrown head and shoulders over the "family-roof," and with great leaps hastened Jeremias forward to shake hands with the son and the friend of the house, who were just now returned home from the University.

Tokens of condolement mingled themselves with welcomes and felicitations.

"How wet, and pale, and cold, you are!"

"O, we have had a magnificent shower!" said Henrik, shaking himself, and casting a side glance on Jacobi, who looked both downcast and doleful in his wet apparel. "Such weather as this is quite an affair of my own. In wind and rain one becomes so—I don't know rightly how—do you, *mon cher?*"

"A jelly, a perfect jelly!" said Jacobi, in a mournful voice; "how can one be otherwise, knocked about in the most infamous of peasant-cars, and storm, and pouring rain, so that one is perfectly battered and melted! Hu, hu, u, u, u, uh!"

"O, according to my opinion," said Henrik, laughing heartily at the gestures of his travelling com-

panion, "it is a hardening sort of weather; there is a proud exalting feeling in it, sitting there quite calm under the raging of the elements; especially when one looks down from one's elevation on other fellow-mortals, who go lamenting, and full of anxiety, under their umbrellas. Thus one sits on one's car as on a throne; nay, indeed, one gets quite a flattering idea of oneself, as if one were a little, tiny philosopher. Apropos! I bethink myself now, as if we had seen, as we came this way, a philosopher in a lady's cloak walking hither. But, how are you all, sweet, sweet sisters? How long it is since I saw you!" and he pressed their hands between his cold and wet ones.

This scene, which took place in twilight, was quickly brought to an end by the ladies resolutely driving the gentlemen out to their own chamber to change their clothes. Jacobi, it is true, on his own account, did not require much driving, and Louise found Henrik's philosophy on this occasion not so fully adopted. Louise had already taken care that a good blazing fire should welcome the travellers in their chamber.

In the mean time, the ladies quartered themselves in the library; lights were kindled, the table spread; the Judge helped all, and was highly delighted if people only called to him. The Assessor looked enraptured, as Eva arranged his confections on little plates. Petrea did not venture to look at them, much less to touch them.

"By Jove, my dear girls, how comfortable it is here!" exclaimed the Judge in the joy of his heart, as he saw the library thus peopled, and in its for-the-future every-day state. "Are you comfortable there, on the sofa, Elise? Let me get you a foot-stool. No; sit still, my friend! what are men for in the world?"

The Candidate—we beg his pardon, the Master Jacobi—appeared no longer to be the same person who had an hour before stood there in his wet dress, as he made his appearance, handsomely appareled, with his young friend, before the ladies, and his countenance actually beamed with delight at the joyful scene which he there witnessed.

People now examined one another nearer. They discovered that Henrik had become considerably paler as well as thinner, which Henrik received as a compliment to his studies. Jacobi wished also a compliment on his studies, but it was unanimously refused to him on account of his blooming appearance. He protested that he was flushed with the weather, but that availed nothing. Louise thought privately to herself, that Jacobi had decidedly gained in manly bearing; that he had a simpler and more vigorous demeanour; he was become, she thought, a little more like her father. Her father was Louise's ideal of manly perfection.

Little Gabriele blushed deeply, and half hid herself behind her mother, as her brother addressed her.

"How is your highness, my most gracious Princess Turandotte!" said he; "has your highness no little riddle at hand with which to confuse weak heads?"

Her little highness looked in the highest degree confused, and tried to withdraw the hand which her brother kissed again and again. Gabriele was quite bashful before the tall student.

Henrik had a little *tête-à-tête* with every sister, but it was somewhat short and cold with Sara; after which he seated himself by his mother, took her hand in his, and a lively and general conversation began, whilst Eva handed about the confectionery.

"But what is amiss now?" asked Henrik suddenly. "Why have the sisters all left us to take council together there, with such important judge-like faces? Is the nation in danger? May not I go, in order to save the native land?—If one could only first of all have eaten one's supper in peace," added he, speaking aside, after the manner of the stage.

But it was precisely about the supper that they were talking. There was a great danger that the pancakes would not succeed; and Louise could not prevent Henrik and Jacobi running down into the kitchen, where, to the greatest amusement of the young ladies, and to the tragi-comic despair of the cook, they acted their parts as cooks so ridiculously that Louise was obliged at length, with an imposing air, to put an end to the laughter, to the joking, and

to the burnt pancakes, in order that she herself might put her hand to the work. Under her eye all went well; the pancakes turned out excellently. Jacobi besought one from her own hand, as wages for his work; graciously obtained it, and then swallowed the hot gift with such rapture that it certainly must have burnt him inwardly, had it not been for another species of warmth (which we consider very probable) —a certain well-known spiritual fire, which counteracted the material burning, and made it harmless. Have we not here, in all simplicity, suggested something of a homœopathic nature?

But we will leave the kitchen, that we may seat ourselves with the family at the supper-table, where the mother's savoury, white pancakes, and the thick ones for Henrik, were found to be most excellent, and where, the "angels' food" was devoured with the greatest earthly enjoyment.

After this, they drank the health of the travellers, and sang a merry little song, made by Petrea. The father was quite pleased with his Petrea, who, quite electrified, sang too with all her might, although not with a most harmonious voice, which however did not annoy her father's somewhat unmusical ear.

"She sings louder than they all," said he to his wife, who was considerably less charmed than he with Petrea's musical accompaniment.

Although every one in the company had had an exciting and fatiguing day, the young people began

immediately after supper, as if according to a natural law, to arrange themselves for the dance.

Jacobi, who appeared to be captivated by Sara's appearance, led her in the magic circle of the waltz.

"Our sensible little Queen-bee," a rather broad-set, but very well-grown blonde of eighteen, distinguished herself in the dance by her beautiful steps and her pleasing though rather too grave carriage. Everybody, however, looked with greater admiration on Eva, because she danced with heart and soul. Gabriele, with her golden curls, flew round like a butterfly. But who did not dance this evening?—Everybody was actually enthusiastic — for all were infected with the joyous animal spirits of Henrik. Even Jeremias Munter, to the amazement of everybody, led Eva, with most remarkable skill, through the Polska,* the most artificial and perplexing of dances.

It was only at midnight that the dance was discontinued, at the suggestion of Elise. But before they separated, the Judge begged his wife to sing the well-known little song—"The First Evening in the New House." She sang it in her simple, soul-touching manner, and the joy full of peace which this song breathed penetrated every heart; even the grave countenance of the Judge gleamed with an affectionate emotion. A quiet glory appeared to rest

* A wild and animated Swedish national dance, mentioned before in "The Neighbours."—M. H.

on the family, and beautified all countenances; for it is given to song, like the sun, to throw its glorifying light upon all human circumstances, and to lend them beauty, at least for a moment. "The spinner," and "the aged man by the road-side," are led by song into the kingdom of beauty, even as they are by the gospel into the kingdom of heaven.

On taking leave for the night, all agreed upon a rendezvous the next morning after breakfast in the orchard, in order to see what was to be made of it.

The father conducted the daughters up into their chambers. He wanted to see yet once more how they looked, and inquired from them again and again—"Are you satisfied, my girls? Do they please you? Would you wish anything besides? If you wish anything, speak out right Swedishly."

As now his daughters, assuring him of their contentment, gratefully and affectionately hung about him, there was not a happier man on the face of the earth than Judge Frank.

The mother, on her part, had taken her first-born with her into her little boudoir. She had as yet not been able to speak one word to him alone. Now she questioned him on every thing, small and great, which concerned him, and how freely and entirely he opened his whole heart to her!

They talked of the circumstances of the family; of

the purchase of this new property; of the debt which they had thereby contracted; of the means through which, by degrees, it would be paid off, and of the necessity there was for greater economy on all sides. They talked too of the daughters of the house.

"Louise is superb," said Henrik, "but her complexion is rather muddy; could she not use some kind of wash for it? She would be so much handsomer if she had a fresher complexion; and then she looks, the least in the world, cathedral-like. What a solemn air she had to-night, as Jacobi made some polite speech to her! Do you know, mother, I think the sisters sit too much; it is in that way that people get such grave cathedral-like looks. We must make them take more exercise; we must find out some lively exhilarative exercise for them. And Eva! how she is grown, and how kind and happy she looks! It is a real delight to see her—one can actually fall in love with her! But what in all the world is to be done with Petrea's nose? It does, indeed, get so large and long, that I cannot tell what is to be done! It is a pity, though, for she is so good-hearted and merry. And Leonore! How sickly and unhappy she looks at times! We must endeavour to cheer her up."

"Yes, that we will," said the mother; "if she were but healthy, we could soon manage that; but how does little Gabriele please you?"

"Ah! she is very lovely, with her high-bred little airs,—quite fascinating," said Henrik.

"And Sara!" asked she.

"Yes," said he, "she is lovely—very lovely, I think; but still there is a something, at least to my taste, very unpleasant in her. She is not like my sisters; there is a something about her so cold, so almost repulsive."

"Yes," said the mother, sighing; "there is at times something very extraordinary about her, more particularly of late. I fear that a certain person has too great, and that not a happy, influence over her. But Sara is a richly gifted, and truly interesting girl, out of whom something very good may be made, if—if—— She gives us indeed anxiety at times, for we are as much attached to her as if she were our own child. She has a most extraordinary talent for music—you must hear her. There really is much that is very distinguished and truly amiable in her; you will see it, as you remain so much longer time with us."

"Yes, thank God!" said Henrik, "I can now reckon on that, on remaining some months at home."

The conversation now turned on Henrik's future prospects. His father wished him to devote himself to mining, and with this end in view he had studied, but he felt ever, more and more, a growing inclination to another profession, and this had become a ground of dissatisfaction in the family. The mother now besought her first-born to prove himself carefully and seriously before he deserted the path to which

his father was attached, and which Henrik himself had selected in common council with his father. Henrik promised this solemnly. His soul was warm and noble. His young heart possessed every fine sentiment, a pure enthusiasm for virtue and for his country, a glowing desire to live for them, this belonged to his heart in the richest measure. The wish to be useful to the community generally, united itself with all his views of self-advantage, and he only saw his own prosperity in connexion with that of his family. These thoughts and sentiments poured themselves forth in that sweet confidential hour freely and fully to his mother—the happy mother, whose heart beat with joy and with proudest hope of her first-born, the favourite of her soul, her summer child!

"And when I have made my own way in the world," added Henrik, joyfully kissing the hand of his mother; "and have a house of my own, then, mother, you shall come to me, and live with me, will you not?"

"And what would your father say to that?" said she, in a tone like his own.

"Oh! he has all the sisters who can keep house for him," said Henrik, "and——"

"Do you intend to sit up here the whole night?" asked a voice at the door. It was the voice of the Judge, and both mother and son rose up as if they had been caught in the fact of conspiracy. The

conspiracy however was immediately imparted to the Judge, whereupon he declared that all this would lead to such fearful consequences that they had better say no more about it.

Both mother and son laughed, and said "Good night" to each other. But as Henrik conveyed the hand of his mother towards his lips, he fell into a sort of ecstasy over it.

"Heavens! what a white hand! and what small fingers! nay, how can people have such small fingers?" And with a sort of comic devotion, he kissed the little finger of that beautiful hand.

"I see I must carry you off forcibly, if I would have you to myself," said the Judge merrily, and taking his wife's arm in his, he led her out.

But her thoughts still hovered around her first-born, her handsome and richly endowed son. She uttered a glowing prayer for his perfecting in all good, whilst all were sleeping sweetly the first night in the new house.

CHAPTER II.

THE MORROW.

How pleasant it must have been to the family the next morning to assemble round the amply-supplied breakfast-table in a handsome and spacious saloon! But saloon, and breakfast-table, and all outward comforts, signify nothing, if the inward are wanting; if affectionate dispositions and kind looks do not make the saloon bright, and the breakfast well-flavoured. But nothing was wanting on this morning to the family of the Franks—not even the sun. It shone in brightly to illumine the bright scene.

Henrik made a speech to Madame Folette, in testimony of his love and reverence for her, and of his joy on meeting her again in so good a state of preservation.

Louise, with the help of Eva, served tea and coffee, bread and butter, etc., taking particular care that everybody had just what they liked best. The basket which held sugar-biscuits was constantly in the neighbourhood of Jacobi.

"How glorious this is!" exclaimed Henrik, rubbing his hands and casting a glance of pleasure around on

his parents and sisters, "it is quite paradisiacal! What does your Majesty desire? Ah, your most devoted servant! Coffee, if I might ask it, excellent Madame Folette!"

"After breakfast," said the mother, "I have something for you to guess."

"Something to guess?" said Henrik, "what can it be? Tell me, what is it like, sweet mamma? what name does it bear?"

"A wedding," replied she.

"A wedding? A most interesting novelty! I cannot swallow another morsel till I have made it out! Jacobi, my best fellow, can I possess myself of a biscuit? A wedding! Do I know the parties?"

"Perfectly well."

"It cannot possibly be our excellent Uncle Munter, himself?" suggested he. "He seems to me very odd, and as it were a little touched in the heart."

"Oh, no, no! He'll not marry!"

"He is already so horribly old," said Eva.

"Old!" exclaimed the Judge. "He is something above forty, I fancy; you don't call that so horribly old, my little Eva. But it is true he has always had an old look."

"Guess better," said the mother.

"I have it! I have it!" said Petrea, blushing. "It is Laura! Aunt Evelina's Laura!"

"Ah, light breaks in," said Henrik; "and the bridegroom is Major Arvid G. Is it not?"

"Precisely," said his mother. "Laura makes a very good match. Major G. is a very good-looking, excellent young man; and beyond this, has a good property. He has persuaded Evelina to remove with Karin to his beautiful seat at Axelholm, and to consider Laura's and his home as theirs for the future. Eva dear, set the ham before Henrik. What do you want, my angel Gabriele? Another rusk? Heavens! how quick you are! Leonore, may I give you some more bread and butter, my child? No?"

"But I hope," exclaimed Henrik, "that we shall be invited to the wedding. Evelina, who is such a sensible woman, must have the good sense to invite us. Most gracious sister Queen-bee, these rolls—very nourishing and estimable rolls—were they baked before or after the Flood?"

"After," replied Louise, a little piqued, yet with a smile.

"O! I humble myself in the dust," said he. "I pray your Majesty most graciously to pardon me—[*aside*—but after all they taste remarkably either of the ark or of a cupboard]. But what in all the world sort of breakfast are you making, Petrea? Nay, dear sister, such a superfluity in eating never can prosper. I pray you do not eat yourself ill!"

Petrea, who had her curious fancies, or as Louise called them, her "raptures," had now for some time had the fancy to take only a glass of cold water and a piece of dry bread for her breakfast. On account

of this abstinence, Henrik now jested, and Petrea answered him quite gaily; Louise, on the contrary, took up the matter quite seriously, and thought—as many others did—that this whim of Petrea's had a distant relationship to folly; and folly, Louise—the sensible Louise—considered the most horrible of horrors; Louise, who was so very sensible!

"Now, really, you must not sit gossiping any longer!" exclaimed the father, when he saw their mouths only put in motion by conversation, "else I must go away and leave you; and I should very much like to go into the garden with you first."

A general rising followed these words, and all betook themselves to the garden, with the exception of Leonore, who was unwell, and the little Gabriele, who had to be careful on account of the damp.

In the mean time the garden had its own extraordinary circumstances, and all here did not go on in the usual mode; for although the place was yet not laid out, and the April snow covered the earth and still hung in great masses on the low fruit-trees, which were the only wealth of the garden, yet these, not at all according to the commonly established laws of nature, were covered with fruit the most beautiful; rennets and oranges clustered the twigs, and shone in the sun. Exclamations were uttered in every variety of tone; and although both Jacobi and Henrik protested that they could not discover any way of accounting for this supernatural phenomenon, still

they did not escape the suspicion of being instrumental in the witchcraft, spite of all the means they used to establish their innocence. The opinion, however, was universally adopted, that good and not bad elves had been thus busily at work; and the fruit, therefore, was gathered without fear of bad consequences, and laid in baskets. The elves were praised both in prose and verse; and there never was a merrier harvest-feast.

The Judge had some trouble to get anybody to listen to all his plans of lilac-hedges, strawberry-beds, of his arbour, and his garden-house. The narrow space, however, in which he had to work troubled him.

"If one could only get possession of the piece of land beyond this!" said he, striking with his stick upon the tall red-boarded fence which bounded one side of the garden. "Look here, Elise, peep through that gap; what a magnificent site it is for building—it extends down to the river!—what a magnificent promenade it would make, properly laid out and planted! It might be a real treasure to the whole city, which needs a regular walk in its neighbourhood; and now it lies there desolate, and useful to nobody, but only for a few cows, because the proprietor does not know how to make use of it; and our good men of the city have not public spirit enough to purchase it out of the common fund for the general good. If I were but rich enough to buy the place, it should

soon have a different appearance, and instead of cows human beings should be walking there; these boards should be torn down, and our garden should be united to the great promenade. What a situation it would be!"

"Would not beehives answer very well here?" asked our sensible Queen-bee; "the sun strikes directly on these boards."

"You are perfectly right, Louise," said her father, well pleased, "that is a good thought; this is an excellent place for beehives: to-morrow I'll see about some. Two or three we must have, and that directly, that the bees may have the advantage of the apple and cherry bloom. Thus we can see them working altogether and learn wisdom from them, and watch how they collect honey for us. That will be a pleasure—don't you think so, Elise?"

Elise rejoiced sincerely over the bees, and over the garden. It would give her great pleasure to lay it out. She would set Provence-roses as soon as possible; and forcing houses also should be erected. Eva thought she should give herself up to gardening.

But it was necessary to leave for the present the future home of radishes and roses, because it was wet and uncomfortable out of doors.

Gabriele made large eyes when she saw the basketful of fruit which had been gathered in the garden. But the little Princess Turandotte could not unravel the riddle respecting them, as Henrik presented it to her.

The forenoon was spent in clearing away, and in arranging things in the house. Sara alone took no part in it, but took lessons on the harp from a distinguished young musician of the name of Schwartz, who had come a stranger to the city. She sate the whole morning at her music, which she loved passionately; in the mean time, Petrea had promised to enact the part of lady's-maid to her; and to put all her clothes and things in order.

Henrik sate perfectly happy in his sisters' rooms, and nearly killed himself with laughing while he watched in part their clearing away and bustling about, and in part taking a share in all. The quantities of bundles of pieces, old bonnets, cloaks, dresses, etc. which were here in motion, and played their parts, formed a singular contrast to his student-world, in which such a thing as a piece of printed cotton or a pin might be reckoned quite a curiosity. Then the seriousness with which all these things were treated, and the jokes and merriment which arose out of all this seriousness, were for him most delicious things.

Nothing, however, amused him more than Louise and all her "properties," as well as the great care which, with a half-comic, half-grave earnestness, she took of them; but he declared solemnly that he would disclaim all relationship with her if ever he should see her wearing a certain pale green shawl, called jokingly "spinage," and a pale grey dress, with the

surname of "water-gruel." None of the sisters had so many possessions as Louise, and none treated them with so much importance; for she had in the highest degree that kind of passion which we will call property-passion. Her bandboxes and bundles burst themselves out of the space in which she wished to stow them, and came tumbling down upon her head. She accused Henrik of being guilty of these accidents; and certain it is that he helped her, not without some mischievous pleasure, to put them up again in their places.

Louise was well known in the family for her love of what was old; the more shabby a dress was, the more distinguished she seemed to think it; and the more faded a shawl, the more, according to her, it resembled a Cashmere. This affection for old things extended itself sometimes to cakes, biscuits, creams, etc., which often occasioned Henrik to inquire whether an article of a doubtful date had its origin before or after the Flood. We will here add to the description of Louise a few touches, which may make the reader more fully acquainted with her character.

Pure was she both in heart and intention, with great love of truth, and a high moral sense, although too much given to lecturing, and sometimes a little wanting in charity towards erring fellow-mortals. She had much of her father's understanding and prudence, but came, of course, far short of him in knowledge of mankind and in experience, although

now, in her eighteenth year, she considered herself to have a perfect knowledge of mankind. The moral worth of her soul mirrored itself in her exterior, which, without her being handsome, pleased, and inspired a degree of confidence in her, because good sense expressed itself in her calm glance, and her whole demeanour was that of a decided and well-balanced character. A certain comic humour in her would often dissolve her solemn mien and important looks into the most hearty laughter; and when Louise laughed, she bore a charming resemblance to her mother, for she possessed Elise's beautiful mouth and teeth.

She was as industrious as an ant, and in the highest degree helpful to those who were deserving of help, but less merciful than Lafontaine's ants were to thoughtless crickets and their fellows. Louise had three hobby-horses, although she never would confess that she had a single one. The first was to work tapestry; the second, to read sermons; and the third, to play Patience, and more especially Postillion. A fourth had of late began to discover itself, and that was for medicine—for the discovering and administering of useful family medicines; nay, she had herself decocted a certain elixir from nine bitter herbs, which Henrik declared would be very serviceable in sending people to the other world. Louise was no way disturbed by all this, for she did not allow herself to be annoyed by remarks.

She prized, enjoyed, and sought, above all things, after "the right;" but she also set a high value on "respectability" and "property," and seemed to think that these were hers of course. She had the excellent peculiarity of never undertaking any thing that she could not creditably get through with; but she had a great opinion of her own ability, in which her family participated, although they sometimes attempted to set her down. In the mean time she was in many instances the adviser and support of the family; and she had a real genius for the mighty department of housekeeping.

The parents called her, with a certain satisfaction—the father with a secret pride—"our eldest daughter." The sisters styled her rather waggishly "our eldest sister," and sometimes simply "our eldest;" and "our eldest" knew exceedingly well how to regard her own dignity in respect to rank and priority. Beyond this, she had a high idea of the value of woman.

Louise had an album, in which all her friends and acquaintance had written down their thoughts or those of others. It was remarkable what a mass of morality this book contained.

We fear that our readers may be somewhat weary of hearing the names of Sara, Louise, Eva, Leonore, Petrea, Gabriele, repeated so often one after another, and we are very sorry that we find it unavoidable yet once more to present the whole array in connexion with Louise. But we will see what little variety we

can make by taking them at hap-hazard, and therefore now steps forward

PETREA.

We are all of us somewhat related to chaos; Petrea was very closely so. Momentary bursts of light and long periods of confusion alternated in her. There was a great dissimilarity between Louise and Petrea. While Louise required six drawers and more to contain her possessions, there needed scarcely half a one for the whole wardrobe of Petrea; and this said wardrobe too was always in such an ill-conditioned case, that it was, according to Louise, quite lamentable, and she not unfrequently lent a helping hand to its repair. Petrea tore her things, and gave away without bounds or discrimination, and was well known in the sisterly circle for the bad state of her affairs. Petrea had no turn for accumulation, on the contrary she had truly, although Louise would not allow it, a certain turn for art.

She was always occupied by creations of one kind or another, either musical, or architectural, or poetical. But all her creations contained something of that which is usually called trash. At twelve years old she wrote her first romance, "Annette and Belis loved each other tenderly; they experienced adversity in their love; were at last however united, and lived henceforth in a charming cottage, surrounded with hedges of roses, and had eight children in one year,"

which we may call a very honourable beginning. A year afterwards she began a tragedy, which was to be called "Gustavus Adolphus and Ebba Brahe," and which opened with these verses spoken by one Delagardie:—

"Now from Germania's coast returned,
I see again the much-loved strand;
From war I come, without a wound,
Once more into my native land.
Say, Bannér say, what woe has caused these tears,
Am I not true to thee, or is it idle hope alone that will
befool my years?"

Whether no sheet of paper was broad enough to contain the lengthened lines, or any other cause interfered to prevent the completion of the piece, we know not; but certain it is that it was soon laid aside. Neither did a piece of a jocular nature, which was intended to emulate the fascinating muse of Madame Lenngren,* advance much farther — the beginning was thus:—

"Within the lordly castle Elfvakolastie,
Which lay in sooth, somewhere in Sverge,†
There lived of yore the lovely Melanie,
The only daughter of Count Stjerneberge.

At the present time Petrea was engaged on a poem,

* Anna Lenngren, a distinguished Swedish poetress, admired especially for her Idyls. She died in 1817.

† Sweden.

the title of which, written in large letters, ran thus—"The Creation of the World!"

The Creation of the World began thus—

CHAOS.

Once in the depths etern of darkness lying,
This mighty world
Waited expectantly the moments flying
When light should be unfurled.
The world was nothing then, which now is given
To crowds of busy men;
And all our beautiful star-spangled heaven
Was desolate darkness then;
Yet He was there, who before time existed,
Who will endure for ever.

The creation of the world ceased with this faint glimmering of light, and was probably destined under Petrea's hand never to be brought forth from chaos. Petrea had an especially great inclination for great undertakings, and the misfortune to fail in them. This want of success always wounded her deeply, but in the next moment the impulse of an irresistibly vigorous temperament raised her above misfortune in some new attempt. The blood rushed up to her young head and filled it with a mass of half-formed thoughts, fancies, and ideas; her mind and her character were full of disquiet. At times joyous and wild beyond bounds, she became on the other hand wretched and dispirited without reason. Poor Petrea! She was wanting in every kind of self-regulation and ballast, even outwardly; she walked ill—she stood ill

—she curtseyed ill—sate ill, and dressed ill; and occasioned, in consequence, much pain to her mother, who felt so acutely whatever was unpleasing; and this also was very painful to Petrea, who had a warm heart, and who worshipped her mother.

Petrea also cherished the warmest affection and admiration for Sara, but her manner even of evidencing her affection was commonly so entirely without tact, as rather to displease than please the object of it. The consciousness of this fact embittered much of Petrea's life; but it conducted her by degrees to a love in which tact and address are of no consequence, and which is never unreturned.

Sometimes Petrea was seized with a strong consciousness of the chaoticness of her state; but then, again, at other times she would have a presentiment that all this would clear itself away, and then that something which was quite out of the common way would come forth; and then she was accustomed to say, half in jest and half in earnest, to her sisters, "You'll see what I shall turn out sometime!" But in what this extraordinary turning out should consist nobody knew, and least of all poor Petrea herself. She glanced full of desire towards many suns, and was first attracted by one and then by another.

Louise had for Petrea's prophesyings great contempt, but the little Gabriele believed in them all. She delighted herself, moreover, so heartily in all that her sister began, that Petrea sacrificed to her her

most beautiful gold-paper temple; her original picture of shepherdesses and altars; and her island of bliss in the middle of peaceful waters, and in the bay of which lay a little fleet of nut-shells, with rigging of silk, and laden with sugar-work, and from the motion of which, and the planting of its wonderful flowers, and glorious fruit-bearing trees, Petrea's heart had first had a foretaste of bliss.

Petrea's appearance imaged her soul;—for this too was very variable; this too had its "raptures;" and here too at times also a glimmering light would break through the chaos. If the complexion were muddled and the nose red and swollen, she had a most ordinary appearance; but in cooler moments, and when the rose-hue confined itself merely to the cheeks, she was extremely good-looking; and sometimes too, and that even in her ugly moments, there would be a gleam in her eye, and an expression in her countenance, which had occasioned Henrik to declare that "Petrea was after all handsome!"

To a chaotic mind, the desire for controversy is in-born; it is the conflict of the elements with each other. There was no subject upon which Petrea had not her conjectures, and nothing upon which she was not endeavouring to get a clear idea; on this account she discussed all things, and disputed with every one with whom she came in contact; reasoned, or more properly made confusion, on politics, literature, human free-will, the fine arts, or anything else; all

which was very unpleasant to the tranquil spirit of her mother, and which, in connexion with want of tact, especially in her zeal to be useful, made poor Petrea the laughing-stock of every one: a bitter punishment this, on earth, although before the final judgment-seat of very little, or of no consequence at all.

LEONORE.

Spite of the mother's embraces, and the appellation, "thou beloved, plain child!" the knowledge by degrees had come painfully to Leonore that she was ugly, and that she was possessed of no charm—of no fine endowment whatever; she could not help observing what little means she had of giving pleasure to others, or of exciting interest; she saw very plainly how she was set behind her more gifted sisters by the acquaintance and friends of the family; this, together with feeble health, and the discomfort which her own existence occasioned to her, put her in a discordant state with life and mankind. She was prone to think every thing troublesome and difficult; she fell easily into a state of opposition to her sisters, and her naturally quick temper led her often into contentions which were not without their bitterness. All this made poor Leonore feel herself very unhappy.

But none, no! none, suffer in vain, however for a while it may appear so. Suffering is the plough which turns up the field of the soul, into whose deep

furrows the all-wise Husbandman scatters his heavenly seed; and in Leonore, also, it already began to sprout, although, as yet, only under the earth. She was not aware of it herself yet; but all that she experienced in life, together with the spirit which prevailed in her family, had already awakened the beauty of her soul. She was possessed of deep feeling, and the consciousness of her many wants made her, by degrees, the most unpretending and humble of human beings; and these are virtues which, in private life, cannot be exceeded. If you come near a person of this character, the influence on you is as if you came out of the sun's heat into refreshing shadow: a soft coolness is wafted over your soul, which refreshes and tranquillizes you at the same time.

In the period at which we have now to meet Leonore, she had just recovered from the scarlet fever, which had left behind it such an obstinate and oppressive head-ache as compelled her almost constantly to remain in her own room; and although her parents and her sisters visited her there, it afforded her but little pleasure, for as yet she had not learned how, by goodness and inward kindness, to make herself agreeable to others.

But, poor Leonore! when I see thee sitting there in deep thought, thy weak head supported by thy hand, sunk in sorrowful reflections, I am ready to lay thy head on my bosom, and to whisper a prophesying in thy ear—but this may as well remain to a future

time. We leave thee now, but will return another time to thy silent chamber.

And now step forth, thou, the joy and ornament of home, the beautiful

EVA!

Eva was called in the family, "our rose," "our beauty." There are many in the world like Eva, and it is well that it is so; they are of a pleasing kind. It is delightful to look upon these blooming young girls, with smiles on their lips and goodness and joy of life beaming from their beautiful eyes. All wish them so well, and they wish so well to all; every thing good in life seems as if it came from themselves. They have favourable gales in life—it was so with Eva. Even her weakness, a desire to please, which easily went too far, and an instability of character which was very dangerous to her, exhibited themselves only on their pleasing side, within the circle of her family and of her acquaintance, and helped to make her more beloved.

Eva, although perhaps, strictly speaking, not beautiful, was yet bloomingly lovely. Her eyes were not large, but were of the most exquisite form, and of the clearest dark blue colour, and their glance from under their long black lashes was at once modest, lively, and amiable. The silky chestnut brown hair was parted over a not lofty but classically-formed brow. Her skin was white, fine, and transparent,

and the mouth and teeth perfectly beautiful; add to all this, Eva had the fine figure of her mother, with her light and graceful action. Excellent health, the happiest temper, and a naturally well-tuned soul, gave a beautiful and harmonious expression to her whole being. Whatever she did, she did well, and with grace; and whatever she wore became her; it was a kind of proverb in the family, that if Eva were to put a black cat on her head it would be becoming.

A similarity in understanding and talent, as well as companionship together, had made Louise and Eva hitherto "*les inseparables*," both at home and abroad; of late, however, without separating herself from Louise, Eva had been drawn, as it were, by a secret power to Leonore. Louise, with all her possessions, was so sufficient for herself. Leonore was so solitary, so mournful, up there, that the good heart of Eva was tenderly drawn towards her.

But it seems to us as if Gabriele looks rather poutingly, because she has been so long, as it were, pushed aside. We will therefore hastily turn to—

THE LITTLE LADY.

It did not please "our little lady" to be neglected at all. Gabriele was in truth a spoiled child, and often made "*la pluie*" and the "*beau temps*" in the house. She was defended from cold, and wind, and rain, and vexation, and faddled with and indulged in all possible ways, and praised and petted as if for the

best behaviour, if she were only gracious enough to take a cup of bouillon, or the wing of a chicken for dinner. She herself is still like the chicken under the mother's wing; yet she will sometimes creep from under, and attempt little flights on her own account. Then she is charming and merry, makes enigmas and charades, which she gives mostly to her mother and Petrea to guess. It gives her particular pain to be treated as a little girl; and nothing worse can happen to her than for the elder sisters to say, "Go out just for a little while, Gabriele dear!" in order that they may then impart to each other some important affair, or read together some heart-rending novel. She will willingly be wooed and have homage paid to her; and the Assessor is always out of favour with her, because he jokes with her, and calls her "little Miss Curled-pate," and other such ugly names.

Learning and masters are no affairs of hers. She loves a certain "*far niente*," and on account of delicate health her tastes are indulged. Her greatest delight is in dancing, and in the dance she is captivating. In opposition to Petrea, she has a perfect horror of all great undertakings; and in opposition to Louise, a great disinclination to sermons, be they by word of mouth or printed. The sun, the warm wind, flowers, but above all, beloved and amiable human beings, make Gabriele feel most the goodness of the Creator, and awaken her heart to worship.

She has a peculiar horror of death, and will neither

hear it, nor indeed anything else dark or sorrowful, spoken of; and, happily for Gabriele, true parental love has a strong resemblance to the Midsummer sun of the North, which shines as well by night as by day.

If we turn from the bright-haired Gabriele to Sara, to "that Africa," as the Assessor called her, we go from day to night. Sara was like a beautiful dark cloud in the house—like a winter night with its bright stars, attractive, yet at the same time repulsive. To us, nevertheless, she will become clear, since we possess the key to her soul, and can observe it in the following

NOTICES FROM SARA'S JOURNAL.

"Yesterday evening Macbeth was read aloud; they all trembled before Lady Macbeth: I was silent, for she pleased me. There was power in the woman."

"Life! what is life? When the tempest journeys through space on strong free pinions, it sings to me a song which finds an echo in my soul. When the thunder rolls, when the lightning flames, then I divine something of life in its strength and greatness. But this tame every-day life—little virtues, little faults, little cares, little joys, little endeavours—this contracts and stifles my spirit. O thou flame which consumest me in the silent night, what wilt thou? There are

moments in which thou illuminest, but eternities in which thou tormentest and burnest me!"

"This narrow sphere satisfies *them;* they find interest in a thousand trifles; they are able to exert themselves in order to obtain little enjoyments for each other. Well for them! I was made for something different."

"Why should I obey? Why should I submit my inclination—my will, to gratify others?—Why? Ah, freedom—freedom!"

"I have obtained 'Volney's Ruins' from S—— I conceal the book from these pious fearful people, who tremble at shadows; but to-night!—to-night!—when their eyes are closed in sleep, mine shall wake and read it. The frontispiece to this book gives me extraordinary pleasure. A wreck combats with stormy waves; the moon goes down amid black clouds; on the shore, among the ruins of a temple, sits a Mussulman—a beautiful and thoughtful figure—and surveys the scene. I likewise observe it, and an agreeable shudder passes through me. A vast ruin is better and far more beautiful than a small and an empty happiness."

"The book pleases me. It expresses what has long lain silent in me. It gives clear light to my dark

anticipations. Ah! what a day dawns upon me! A dazzling light that clears away all misty illusions, but my eyes are strong enough to bear it! Let the net of prejudice, let the miserable bond of custom be rent asunder, let the fettering supports fall! My own strength is sufficient for me."

"Why am I a woman? As a man my life and my conduct would have been clear and easy; as a woman, I must bow myself in order to clear myself. Miserable dependence! Miserable lot of woman!"

"I do not love S——, but he makes a certain impression upon me. The dark strength in his eye pleases me, the reckless strong will that will bow itself only to me; and when he takes the harp in his arms, with what powerful strength he compels it to express all that which the heart has dreamt and dreams. Then he grasps the strings of my heart—then I acknowledge in him my master; but never, he shall never govern me.

"His spirit is not powerful enough for that. He never can be other to me than as a means to my end. Nor will I herein deceive him. I am too proud for a hypocrite. I know well whom I could love. I know well the man who could be the aim of my ambition."

"Nature never created me for this narrow sphere

—for this narrow foot-track through life. S—— shews me another, which captivates my mind; I feel that I am created for it.

"I have observed myself in the glass, and it tells me, as well as the glance of mankind, that I am handsome. My growth is strong, and accords with the character of my countenance. I cannot doubt the assurance of S——. My person, in connexion with the powers of my mind, and my talent, will ensure me a brilliant future."

"What purpose would it serve to create illusions? Away with all illusions! I stand upon a higher point than those around me—than they who consider themselves entitled to censure my faults, to exalt themselves in secret above me, perhaps because they have taken me out of compassion. Taken me out of compassion! Subjecting, humiliating thought!

"Yet, at the same time, they are good; yes, angelically good to me. I wish they were less so!"

"To-night, now for the second time in my life, I have had the same extraordinary dream. It appeared to me that I was in my chamber, and saw in heaven vast masses of black cloud above my head driving towards the horizon, accompanied with a strong rushing sound in the air.

"'Save thyself, Sara!' cried the voices of my sisters, 'come, come with us!' But I felt in my limbs

that peculiar sluggishness which one perceives in dreams when one wishes to hasten. My chamber-window flew open before the tempest, and impelled by a strong curiosity I looked out. The sun stood opposite to me, pale, watery, without beams; but the whole firmament around me seemed to burn; a glow of fire passed over all things. Before me stood a tall aspen, whose leaves trembled and crackled, whilst sparks of fire darted forth from them. Upon one twig of the tree sate a huge black bird, looking on me with a fiery glance, and singing hoarsely and tunelessly, while the tempest and flame rioted around him. I heard the voices of my adopted mother and sisters anxiously calling on me from a distance ever farther and farther removed.

"I leaned myself out of the window to hear what the black bird with the wonderful voice sang. I no longer had any fear. I awoke; but the dream has a charm for me."

"The black bird sings to me, out of my dream. My adopted mother has wept to-day on my account. I am sorry for it, but——it is best that I go. They do not love me here—they cannot do it. They do not need me, nor I them any longer. It is best that we separate."

Thus Sara:

We will now cast a glance on the parents them-

selves, who were not greatly altered, excepting that Elise's whole appearance exhibited much more health and strength than formerly. The energetic countenance of the Judge had more wrinkles, but it had, besides, an expression of much greater gentleness. A slight, but perhaps not wholly unpardonable, weakness might be observed in him. He was completely captivated with his daughters. God bless the good father!

CHAPTER III.

THE OBJECT.

We must now say how the family grouped themselves in the new house. Since the arrival of Henrik and Jacobi, the liveliness of the family had visibly increased. Henrik zealously followed up his purpose of making his sisters take more active exercise, and Jacobi assisted him with his whole heart. Long walks were arranged, but, to Henrik's annoyance it seldom was possible to induce Louise to take exercise of that kind which according to his opinion she needed so much. Louise had always such a vast deal to do at home; Sara lived only for her harp and her singing; Leonore was not strong enough; and for Gabriele, it was generally either too cold or too dirty, or too windy, or she was not in the humour to walk. Eva, on the contrary, was always in the humour, and Petrea had always the desire to speed away. It was Henrik's greatest pleasure to give one of his sisters his arm, especially when they were well and handsomely dressed.

At seven o'clock in the evening all the members of the family assembled themselves in the library,

where the tea-table was prepared, at which Louise presided. The evenings were uncommonly cheerful, particularly when the family were alone. Between tea and supper, they either talked, or read aloud, or had music; after supper they mostly danced, and then Louise exercised herself with remarkable grace. Sometimes they had charades or social games. Henrik and Petrea had always some new flash of merriment or other. It was the greatest delight of the Judge to see all his children around him, especially in an evening, and to see them happy too. The door of his study, which adjoined the library, always stood open in an evening, and whether he read or wrote there, he still was conscious of all that went forward among them. Sometimes he would come out and take part in their entertainment, or would sit on the green sofa beside his wife, and watch the dance, rejoicing himself over his daughters, and sometimes was even taken out into the dance, where he was in much request.

The young people remarked, that whatever might for the time occupy Jacobi, he was somewhat absent and incomprehensible; he sighed frequently, and seemed rather to enjoy quiet conversation with the ladies than charades and other amusements. It was discovered, between Henrik and Petrea, that these fits of absence, and these sighs, must have an object; but it was a long time, that is to say, three or four days, before they could decide who it really was.

"It cannot be our mamma," said Petrea, "because she is married; and besides this, she is so much older than any of us, although prettier than all of us together; and though Master Jacobi has such pleasure in talking with her, and conducts himself towards her as if he were her son, still it cannot be she. Do you know, Henrik, I fancy Sara is the object,—he looks at her so much; or perhaps Eva, for he is always so lively with her; and I heard him say yesterday to Uncle Munter, that she was so uncommonly charming. But it is rather improper that he should pass 'our eldest' so!"

Henrik was greatly amused by Petrea's difficulty and conjectures, for he had his own peculiar notions about the object, and by degrees Petrea herself began to have a clearer foreknowledge, and to think that perhaps, after all, the true object might be no other than "our eldest" herself. After this insight into things, which Petrea was not slow in circulating among her sisters, Louise was called in their jocular phraseology, "the object." All this while, however, "the object" herself appeared to pay very little attention to the speculations which had thus reference to herself. Louise was at the present time greatly occupied by setting up a piece of weaving, and had in consequence, greatly to Henrik's horror, brought again into use the dress surnamed "water-gruel." She had absolutely a sort of rage to wear out her old clothes—and as it happened, moreover, that the piece

of weaving was of a pattern which was much perplexed and difficult to arrange, she assumed almost constantly the "cathedral demeanour," which occasioned her to look all the less attractive. But so it happened, Jacobi looked a great deal at Sara, joked with Eva, and remained sitting beside Louise, as if he found by her side only true happiness and satisfaction.

In vain did Petrea draw him into all kind of controversial subjects, in order to make him, during the contest, somewhat forgetful of "the object." He did not become abstracted; and it was particularly observable that the Master had much less desire for disputation than the Candidate had had; and when Mrs. Gunilla took the field against him more than once with a whole host of monads and nomads, he only laughed. Now, indeed, Jacobi had a favourite topic of conversation, and that was his Excellence O——. The distinguished personal qualities of his Excellence, his noble character, his goodness, his spirit, his commanding carriage, his imposing exterior, could not be sufficiently celebrated and exalted by Jacobi; nay, even his broad lion-like forehead, his strong glance, and his beautiful patrician hands, were many a time described.

Jacobi had for some time been attached to his Excellence as his secretary, and he had now the hope of his assistance in his future prospects. In the mean time his Excellence had shewn him the greatest

kindness; had given him many opportunities of increasing his knowledge, and had offered to take him with him on a journey to foreign countries; besides all which, he had himself practised him in French. In one word, Excellence O—— was the most excellent excellence in all the world, an actual excellentissimus. Jacobi was devoted to him heart and soul, was rich in anecdotes about Excellence O——, and in anecdotes which he had heard of his Excellence.

Louise, more than any member of the family, had the property of being a good listener, and therefore she heard more than any one else of his Excellence O——, but yet not alone of him; Jacobi had always a something to relate to her, a something on which he wanted her consideration, and if Louise were not too much occupied with her thoughts about the weaving, he was always quite sure, not only of her sincere sympathy, but of her most deliberate judgment, as well on moral questions as on questions of economical arrangement, dress, plans for the future, and so forth. He himself imparted to her good advice—which, however, was not often followed—for playing Postillion. He drew patterns for her embroidery, and read aloud to her gladly, and that novels in preference to sermons.

But he was not long permitted to sit in peace by her side, for very soon the seat on the other side of her was occupied by a person whom we will call "the Landed-proprietor," from the circumstance of his

most eminent distinction being the possession of an estate in the neighbourhood of the city.

The Landed-proprietor appeared to the Candidate —we will for the future adhere to this our old appellation, for in a certain sense, in this world, all men are Candidates—quite disposed to make a quarrel about the place he was inclined to take.

Beside his large estate, the Landed-proprietor was possessed of a large portly body, round cheeks, plump from excess of health, a pair of large grey eyes remarkable for their unmeaning expression, a little ruddy mouth, which preferred eating rather than speaking, which laughed without meaning, and which now directed to cousin Louise—he considered himself related to her father—sundry speeches which we will string together in our next chapter.

CHAPTER IV.

STRANGE QUESTIONS.

"Cousin Louise, are you fond of fish? for example, bream?" asked the Landed-proprietor one evening as he seated himself beside Louise, who was industriously working a landscape in her embroidery-frame.

"O yes! bream is very good fish," replied she very phlegmatically, and without looking up from her work.

"O, with red-wine sauce," said the Landed-proprietor, "delicate! I have magnificent fishing on my estate at Oestanvik. Big fellows of bream! I catch them myself."

"Who is that great fish there?" asked Jacobi from Henrik, with an impatient sneer, "and what matters it to him whether your sister Louise likes bream or not?"

"Because in that case she might like him, *mon cher*," replied Henrik; "a most respectable and substantial fellow is my Cousin Thure of Oestanvik. I advise you to cultivate his acquaintance. Well, now, Gabriele dear, what wants your highness?—

Yes, what is it?—I shall lose my head about the riddle—Mamma dear, come and help your stupid son!"

"No, no, mamma knows it already! Mamma must not tell," exclaimed Gabriele, terrified.

"What king do you set up above all other kings, Master Jacobi?" for the second time asked Petrea, who this evening had a sort of question mania.

"Charles the Thirteenth," replied he, and listened to Louise's answer to the Landed-proprietor.

"Cousin Louise, are you fond of birds?" asked the Landed-proprietor.

"O yes, particularly of fieldfares," answered Louise.

"Nay, that's capital!" said the Landed-proprietor. "There are innumerable fieldfares on my estate of Oestanvik. I often go out myself with my gun and shoot them for my dinner; piff-paff! with two shots I have killed a whole dishful!"

"Don't you imagine, Master Jacobi, that the people before the Flood were much wickeder than those of our time?" asked Petrea, who wished to occupy the Candidate, nothing deterred by his evident abstraction, and whom nobody had asked if she liked fieldfares.

"O much, much better," answered Jacobi.

"Cousin Louise, are you fond of roast hare?" asked the Landed-proprietor.

"Master Jacobi, are you fond of roast hare?" whispered Petrea waggishly to the Candidate.

"Bravo, Petrea!" whispered her brother to her.

"Couise Louise, are you fond of cold meat?" asked the Landed-proprietor, as he handed Louise to the supper-table.

"Should you like to be a landed-proprietor?" whispered Henrik to her as she left it.

Louise answered exactly as a cathedral would have answered,—looked very solemn, and was silent.

Petrea, like something let quite loose, after supper, would not let anybody remain quiet who by any possibility could be made to answer her. "Is reason sufficient for mankind?" asked she. "What is the foundation of morals? What is the proper meaning of revelation? Why is the nation always so badly off? Why must there be rich and poor?" etc. etc.

"Dear Petrea," said Louise, "what can be the use of asking such questions?"

It was an evening for questions; there was not even an end to them when people separated for the night.

"Do you not think," asked the Judge from his wife when they were alone together, "that our little Petrea begins to be quite disagreeable with her perpetual questions and disputations? She leaves nobody at peace, and is at times in a sort of unceasing disquiet. She will, some time or other, make herself quite ridiculous if she goes on so."

"Yes," replied Elise, "*if* she goes on so; but I think she will not. I have observed Petrea narrowly for some time, and do you know I fancy there is something out of the common way in that young girl."

"Yes, yes," said he, "in the common way she certainly is not; the merriment and the everlasting joviality which she occasions, and the comical devices that she has——"

"Yes," replied the mother, "do they not indicate a decided turn for art? And then she has a remarkable thirst for knowledge. Every morning she is up between three and four, in order to read or write, or to work at her Creation. It is, in fact, quite uncommon; and may not this unrest, this zeal to question and dispute, arise from a sort of intellectual hunger? Ah! from such hunger, which many a woman for want of fitting aliment suffers through the whole of her life! From such an emptiness of the soul proceed unrest, discontentedness, nay, innumerable faults!"

"I believe you are right, Elise," said her husband; "and no condition in life is more melancholy, particularly in advanced years. But this shall not be the lot of my Petrea,—that we will prevent. What do you think now would be good for her?"

"I fancy," said Elise, "that a course of serious and well-directed study would assist in regulating her mind. She is too much left to herself, with her disarranged bent—with her enthusiasm and her attempts. I myself have too little knowledge to instruct her, you have too little time, and there is no one here who would undertake the guidance of her young unsettled mind. I am sometimes extremely grieved about her; for her sisters do not understand the workings of her

mind, which I must confess sometimes gives me pain. I wish I were better able to help her. Petrea requires a ground on which to take her stand—as yet she has none; her thoughts require some firm holding-place; from the want of this comes her unrest. She is like a flower without roots, which is driven about by wind and wave."

"She shall be firmly rooted; she shall find firm ground to stand upon, if such is to be found in the world!" said the Judge, with a grave yet beaming eye, and striking his hand at the same time with such violence on a volume of West-Gotha law, that it fell to the ground. "We will think about it," continued he; "Petrea is yet too young for one to say with certainty what is her decided bent; but we will strengthen her powers! she shall no longer know hunger of any kind, so long as I live and can get my own bread. You know my friend, the excellent Bishop B——. Perhaps we can at first confide Petrea to his guidance. After a few years we shall see——as yet she is only a child. But don't you think we might speak with Jacobi, whether he could not read with her and talk with her—apropos! how is it with Jacobi? I fancy he begins to think about Louise."

"Yes, yes, you are not wrong," said Elise; "and our Cousin Thure of Oestanvik—have you remarked nothing there?"

"Yes, I did remark something," replied he. "The

thousand! What stupid questions were those that he put to her! 'Does Cousin like this?' or, 'Does Cousin like that?' But I don't like that! not I! Louise is not yet grown up, and already shall people come and ask her, does Cousin like? Nay, perhaps after all it means nothing; that would please me best. What a pity it is however that our Cousin Thure is not more of a man! A most beautiful estate he has, and so near us."

"Yes, a pity," said Elise; "because such as he is now, I am quite convinced Louise would find it impossible to endure him."

"You do not think she would like Jacobi?" asked the father.

"To tell the truth," returned she, "I think it probable she might."

"Nay," said he, "that would be very unpleasant, and very imprudent: I am very fond of Jacobi; but he has nothing, and he is nothing."

"But, my love," reasoned his wife, "he may become something, and he may get something. I confess, dear Ernst, that he would suit Louise better for a husband than almost any one else, and I would willingly call him son."

"Would you, Elise!" exclaimed the Judge, "then I suppose I must prepare myself to do the same. You have had most trouble, most labour, with the children, and you have, therefore, most to say in their affairs."

"You are so good, Ernst," said Elise.

"Say reasonable—nothing more than reasonable," said he; "beyond this I have the belief that our thoughts and our inclinations do not differ much. I confess that I consider Louise as a great treasure, and I know nobody whom, of my own will, I would confer her upon; still, if Jacobi obtains her affections, I could not find in my heart to oppose a union between them, although, on account of his uncertain prospects, it would make me anxious. I am much attached to Jacobi, and on Henrik's account we have much to thank him for. His excellent heart, his honesty, his good qualities, will make him as good a citizen as husband and father, and he belongs at the same time to that class of persons with whom it is most pleasant to have daily intercourse. But, God forbid! I am talking just as if I wished the union, and I am a long way from that yet. I would much rather keep my daughters with me as long as they could feel themselves happy with me; but when girls grow up, one cannot reckon on peace. I wish all wooers and question askers at Jericho! Now, we could live here as in a kingdom of heaven, since we have got all into such nice order—some little improvements, it is true, I could yet make; though things are well enough, if we could be at peace. I have been thinking that we could so easily make a wardrobe. See on this side, in the wall; don't you think that if we here opened —— Heavens! are you already asleep my dear?"

CHAPTER V.

AN INVITATION.

About this time the sisters of the house began to dream a great deal about conflagrations, and there was no end of the meanings of dreams, hints, little jokes, and communications among the sisters, none of whom dreamt more animated or more significant dreams than Petrea. Gabriele, who in her innocence did not dream at all, wondered what all this extraordinary talk about conflagration meant; but she could not learn much, for as often as she desired to have her part in the mysteries, it was said, "Go out for a little while, Gabriele dear."

One evening, Sara, Louise, Eva, and Petrea were sitting together at a little table, where they were deep in the discussion of something which seemed to possess extraordinary interest for them, when Gabriele came and asked just for a little place at the table for herself and her books; but it was impossible, there was no room for the little one. Almost at the same moment Jacobi and Henrik came up; they too sought for room at the circle of young ladies, and

now see! there was excellent room for them both, whereupon Gabriele stuck her little head between Louise and Petrea, and prayed her sisters to solve the following riddle.

"What is that at which six places may be found, but not five?"

The sisters laughed; Louise kissed the little refined moralist; and Petrea left the table, the gentlemen, and a political discussion which she had begun with Henrik, in order to sit on one side and relate to Gabriele the Travels of Thiodolf, which was one of the greatest enjoyments of our little lady.

"Apropos!" cried Henrik, "will there not be a wedding celebrated the day after to-morrow, to which we ought naturally to be invited.—N.B. According to my reckoning, Aunt Evelina has far less genius than I gave her credit for, if ——"

"Aunt Evelina stands here now ready, if possible, to vindicate her genius," said a friendly voice, and to the amazement of all Aunt Evelina stood in the middle of the room.

After the first salutations and questions, Evelina presented an invitation, not as Henrik expected for the marriage, but for the entertainment after the marriage.*

* Hemkommeöl, literally, coming-home-ale. The names of many of the domestic festivities of Sweden remind us very much of those of our own old festivities; as church-ales, christening-ales, etc.: thus, barnsöl, the christening-feast; graföl, burial-feast; arföl, the feast given by the heir on descent of property, etc.—M. H.

Laura's marriage with Major G. was to be celebrated in the quietest manner, at her adopted mother's house, and only in the presence of a few relations. But the mother of the bridegroom, one of those joyous persons who in a remarkable manner lightens the world of its cares—and for which the world thanks them so little—one of those who, if possible, would entertain and make glad all mankind, and whom mankind on that account very willingly slanders;—she, the stout and cordial widow of a Councillor of War, was determined to celebrate the marriage of her only and beloved son in a festive and cheerful manner, and to make the whole country partakers of the joy which she herself felt.

The great marriage-festival was to last eight days, and already the great doors of Axelholm were standing wide open to receive a considerable party of the notables of the place. The bride and bridegroom were to invite their respective friends and acquaintances, and commissioned now by the bride and her future mother-in-law, Evelina brought a written invitation from her; she came now to beseech the family, the whole family, Jacobi included, to honour the festivity with their presence; above all things, desiring that *all* the daughters might come,—every one of them was wanted for one thing or another. They reckoned on Petrea, she said, who had a great turn for theatricals, to take a character in a play which was to be acted; and the others were wanted

for dancing and for *tableaux vivants.* Gabriele must allow herself to be made an angel of—and naturally they hoped, that out of all this the young people would find amusement.

They wished and prayed that the whole family would establish themselves at Axelholm, where every thing was prepared for them during the whole time of the festival, and, if possible longer, which would contribute so much to their friends' satisfaction there.

Pitt, Fox, Thiers, Lafitte, Platen, Anckarsvärd, nay, one may even assert that all the orators in the world never made speeches which were considered more beautiful by their hearers, nor which were received with warmer or more universal enthusiasm than this little oration of Aunt Evelina. Henrik threw himself on his knee before the excellent, eloquent Aunt; Eva clapped her hands and embraced her; Petrea cried aloud in a fit of rapture, and in leaping up threw down a work-table on Louise; Jacobi made an *entrechat,* freed Louise from the work-table, and engaged her for the first *anglaise* of the first ball.

The Judge, glad from his heart that his children should have so much enjoyment, was obliged, for his part, to give up the joyful festivity. Business! Judge Frank had seldom time for anything but business! yet he would manage it so that at least he would take them there, and on the following day he would return. Elise sent back her compliments, but could

not take more than two, or at most three, of her daughters with her; Evelina, however, overruled this, as did also her husband, who insisted that they *all* should go.

"Perhaps," said he, "they may never have such another opportunity to enjoy themselves."

Seldom, indeed, does it happen that people beg and pray and counsel a mother to take all her six daughters with her. Long may such counsellors live! But then it must be acknowledged, that the daughters of the Franks were universally beloved on account of their kind, agreeable manners, and their many good qualities.

Elise must promise to take them all with her—Sara, Louise, Eva, Leon—— no! It is true Leonore could not go with her; the poor Leonore must remain at home, on account of indisposition; and very soon, therefore, Eva and Petrea emulated each other as to which should remain with her. Leonore declared coldly and peevishly that nobody should stay at home on her account; she needed nobody; she would much rather be alone; the sisters might all go, without hesitation; there was no fear of her not living through it! Poor Leonore had become changed by her sickness and her sedentary life;—her better self had become hidden under a cloud of vexation and ill-humour, which chilled the kindliness and friendliness that people otherwise would have shewn to her.

In the mean time there was a stir among the young

people of the family; for much had to be bought, much to be made, and much to be put in order, that they might be able to make an honourable appearance at the marriage festival. What a review was there then of dresses, flowers, ribbons, gloves, etc.! what counsel-takings and projects regarding the new purchases! what calculations, so that the present of money which the good father had, all unsolicited, made to each daughter might not be exceeded. Louise was invaluable to everybody; she had counsel and contrivance for everybody; besides all this, she was unwearied in shopping, and never disheartened in buying. She made very few compliments—would let them in a shop open all they had, if she wanted only an ell of cloth; and would go to twelve places in order to get a piece of ribbon cheaper or of better quality—she paid great regard to *quality*. According to her own opinion, as well as that of her family, she was an excellent hand at getting good bargains; that is, for obtaining good wares at unheard-of low prices. With all this our Louise was held in great consideration in all the shops of the city, and was served with the greatest zeal and respect; whilst on the contrary, Petrea, who never bargained about any thing, and always took that which was first offered to her, at all events when she was alone, was not esteemed in the least, and always obtained bad, and at the same time dear goods. True it is that Petrea went a-shopping as little as possible; whilst Louise, on the contrary,

who took the difficult part of commissioner for all her friends and acquaintance, was about as much at home in a shop as in her own wardrobe.

It was unanimously decided that Sara, Louise, and Eva should all wear the same dress on the evening of the great ball at Axelholm, which would be given on the day they arrived there; namely, that they should wear white muslin dresses, with pale pink sashes, and roses in their hair. Petrea was enraptured by this project, and did not doubt but that her sisters would be universally known by the appellation of "the three Graces." For her own part, she would willingly have been called Venus, but alas! that was not to be thought of. She studied her face in all the glasses in the house—"It is not so very bad-looking," thought she, "if the nose were only different." Petrea was to appear at the ball in sky-blue; and "the little lady" was quite enraptured by the rose-coloured gauze dress which her mother was making for her.

The toilet occupied every one, body and soul.

CHAPTER VI.

CONFUSION.

A fine mizzling rain fell without; and Jacobi, with secret horror, beheld Louise equipped in the "court-preacher," which became her so ill, ready to go out with Eva, under shelter of "the family-roof," in order to make good bargains. In the mean time Sara took her music lesson with Schwartz, but had promised Petrea to go out with her in the afternoon, in order to make good bargains likewise.

"Henrik!" said Jacobi to his young friend, "I fancy that we too are going out on a 'good bargain' expedition. I want a pair of gloves, and——

"And perhaps we shall meet the sisters in the shop," said Henrik waggishly.

"Quite right," returned Jacobi smiling; "but Henrik, cannot you tell your sister Louise that she should not wear that horrible black cloak? I declare she does not look as —— indeed she does not look well in it."

"Don't you think that I have told her so already?" replied Henrik. "I have preached so long against

the 'court-preacher,' that he ought long ago to have been banished from respectable society; but it is all to no purpose. He has worked himself so completely into the good graces of our gracious eldest, that depend upon it, my brother, we must endure him all our lives long. And what think you? I almost fancy our Cousin of Oestanvik likes him!"

"Nay," said Jacobi, "one can very well see that that creature has a wretched taste—a true Hottentot taste!"

"And is that the reason," remarked Henrik, "that he likes Louise?"

"Hum!" said Jacobi.

At dinner-time the bargaining young ladies came back, attended by the bargaining gentlemen, who had, after all, gone about peacefully with the court-preacher. Louise was quite full of glory; never in her whole life before had she made more lucky bargains.

"Look sisters," said she, "this muslin for a crown-banco* the ell! Is it not a charming colour? I have saved in it alone twelve shillings.† And see these ribbons which I have got for four-and-twenty shillings the ell—thirty were asked. Are they not beautiful? —will they not look magnificently?—is it not a real discovery?—did you ever hear of anything like it? Sara, if you will go to the same shop as I do, you

* Crown-banco, equal to one shilling and sixpence English money.

† A shilling Swedish is equal to about one farthing English.

will get all at the same price. I have made that agreement for you at three places, at Bergvall's, and at Åströms, and Madame Florea's for the flowers.

Sara thanked her, but said she had altered her plans; she did not intend to have the same dress as Louise and Eva, but another, which pleased her better.

The sisters were astonished and rather vexed; Louise quite offended. Had they not already agreed about it? What was to become of the Three Graces?

Sara answered, that the third Grace might be whoever she would, but for her part she should not have that honour.

The sisters thought her very ungracious.

Eva ran up to Leonore in order to shew her her purchases.

"Look at this rose, Leonore," said she, "is it not very pretty? just as if it were natural! And these ribbons!"

"Yes, yes," said Leonore with a depressed voice, regarding these ornaments with a gloomy look; and then pushing them from her so hastily that they fell on the floor, burst into tears. Eva was quite concerned; a book had fallen on her beautiful rose and had crushed it. For one moment Eva shed tears over her flower, the next over her sister.

"Why have you done so, Leonore?" said she, "you must be very ill, or are you displeased with me?"

"No, no!" said poor Leonore; "forgive me and leave me."

"Why?" asked Eva. "Ah, do not weep—do not distress yourself. It was quite thoughtless of me to come here and —— But I will bid farewell to all the magnificence; I will not go to the ball, I will stop at home with you, only tell me that you love me, and that you would like me to do so, just say so, say so!"

"No, no!" said Leonore passionately, and turning away from the affectionate comforter; "I do not like it! You teaze me, all of you, with this talk of stopping at home on my account. I know very well that I am not such as any one would wish to please —I am neither merry nor good. Go, Eva, to those who are merry, and follow them. Leave me, leave me in peace, that is all that I desire."

Eva retired weeping, and with the crushed rose in her hand.

In the afternoon, when Petrea was ready to go out on the promised expedition, she found Sara also was in an ill-humour. She would go, but only on Petrea's account; she had no intention of buying anything; she had not money enough wherewith to make purchases; she would not go to the festival; she could not have any pleasure if she did; nothing in the world gave one any pleasure when one had not things exactly to one's own wishes.

Petrea was quite confounded by this sudden

change, and sought in all possible ways to discover the cause of it.

"But why," asked she, with tears in her eyes, "will you not go with us?"

"Because I will not go," answered Sara, "if I cannot go with honour and in my own way! I will not be mixed up in a mass of every-day mediocre people! It is in my power to become distinguished and uncommon. That is now, for once, my humour. I will not live to be trammeled. I would rather not live at all!"

"Ah!" exclaimed Petrea, who now comprehended what was working in Sara, whilst her eyes flashed with sudden joy. Ah, is it nothing more than that? Dear Sara, take all that I possess; take it, I beseech you! Do you not believe that it gives me a thousand times the pleasure if I see you happy and beautiful, than if I possessed the most glorious things in the world? Take it, best, dearest Sara! I pray you, on my knees to take it, and then if there be enough you can buy what you like and go with us—else the whole splendour will be good for nothing!"

"Ah Petrea, and you?" asked Sara.

"Ah," said Petrea, "I'll just furbish up my gauze dress, and keep a little money for some ribbon, and then all is done, and as for the rest it does not matter how I look. Be only contented Sara, and do as I bid you."

"But ought I? Can I?" asked Sara, "Ah, no,

Petrea, I could not do it! Your little all! And then it would not be sufficient."

"Ah, yes," said Petrea, "make it sufficient. We can go to Louise's shops, and one gets every thing so cheap there. I shall never be happy again if you do not do as I pray you. See now, you are my good, dear Sara! Thank you, thank you! Ah, now am I so light at heart! Now I need not trouble myself about the blessed toilet. And that is a great gain for me!"

The bird that sits on the swinging bough is not lighter of mood than Petrea was as she went out with Sara, who was far less cheerful, but who still had never been more friendly towards Petrea.

It went thus with Petrea's purchase of ribbon; —in passing a gingerbread-booth she saw a little chimney-sweeper, who was casting the most loving glances on some purple-red apples, and Petrea, with the money in her hand, could not resist the desire of making him a present of them, and felt more than rewarded as she saw the boy's white teeth shining forth from their black neighbourhood, first in smiles at her, and then as they attacked the juicy fruit. Her own mouth watered at it, and as she now cast her eyes round the booth, and saw such beautiful bergamotte pears—the favourite fruit of her mother —and such magnificent oranges, that would please Leonore so much!—the result was, that Petrea's reticule was filled with fruit, and the ribbon—for that there was not now money enough.

"But," consoled herself Petrea, "Louise has such a deal of old ribbon—she can very well lend me some." Petrea thought like all bad managers.

When Sara and Petrea returned from the shopping expedition, Louise saw directly that the things which Sara had bought must far have exceeded her means; and besides this, Louise justly thought that they were unseemly for a young girl of her station. She saw without saying one word the white silk; the blue gauze for the tunic; the beautiful white and yellow asters for the hair, and the other ornaments which Sara, not without vanity, displayed.

"And what have you bought, Petrea?" now asked Louise, "let us see your bargains."

Petrea replied, with a blush, that she—had bought nothing yet.

Not long afterwards Petrea came to Louise, and besought her with a certain bashfulness, to lend her some ribbon.

"Good Petrea," said Louise, displeased, "I want my ribbons myself, and you have had money just as well as I or any of the others, to buy what you may want."

Petrea was silent, and tears were in her eyes.

"I did not think, Louise," said Sara, hotly, "that you would have been so covetous as to refuse Petrea some old ribbons which you are certain not to want yourself."

"And I, Sara," returned Louise in the same tone,

"I could not have believed that you would have so abused Petrea's good-nature and weakness towards you as to take from her her little share, just to indulge your own vanity! It appears to me especially blameworthy, as it has led to expenses which far exceed the means of our parents."

"Sara did not desire any thing from me," said Petrea, with warmth; "I insisted upon it; I compelled her."

"And above all, Sara," continued Louise, with stern seriousness, "I must tell you that the dress you have chosen appears to me neither modest nor becoming. I am quite persuaded that Schwartz has induced you to deviate from our first project; and I must tell you, dear Sara, that were I in your place I would not allow such a person to have such an influence with me; nor is this the only instance in which your behaviour to him has not appeared to me what it ought to be, not such as becomes the dignity of a woman, or what I should wish in a sister *of mine*. I am very sorry to say this."

"Oh, you are quite too good!" returned Sara, throwing back her head, and with a scornful smile; "but don't trouble yourself, Louise, for I assure you that it gives me very little concern what pleases you or what does not."

"So much the worse for you, Sara," said Louise, "that you concern yourself so little for those who are your true friends. I, besides, am not the only

one whom your behaviour to Schwartz displeases. Eva ——"

"Yes, Sara," interrupted Eva, blushing, "I think too that you do not conduct yourself towards him as is becoming, for ——"

"Sisters," said Sara, with warmth and pride, "you cannot judge of what is seemly for me. You have no right to censure my conduct, and I will not endure——"

"I think too," said Petrea, warmly, "that if our mother has said nothing, nobody else has any right——"

"Silence, dear Petrea," said Louise; "you are silly and blind to——"

At this moment of disunion and confusion, when all the sisters were beginning to speak at once, and that with the tongues of indignation and reproof, a deep and mournful sigh was suddenly heard, which silenced all, and turned every eye to the door of the little boudoir. The mother stood there, with her hands clasped against her breast, pale, and with an expression of pain on her countenance, which sent a quick pang of conscience through the hearts of the daughters. As all remained silent, she came softly forward, and said with a voice of emotion:

"Why? ah, why, my dear girls, is all this? No! Now, no explanations; there is error and blame on one side, perhaps also on more. But why this bitterness, this incautious outbreak of injurious words?

Ah, you know not what you are doing! You know not what a hell sisters can make for one another, if they cherish such tempers. You know not how bitterness and harshness may grow among you to a dreadful habit; how you may become tormenting spirits to each other, and embitter each others' lives. And it could be so different! Sisters might be like good angels the one to the other, and make the paternal home like a heaven upon earth! I have seen both the one and the other in families: a greater contrast is not to be found on earth. Ah, think, think only that every day, nay, every hour, you are working to shape the future. Reflect that you may gladden and beautify your lives, or embitter them, according as you now act. My dear girls, bethink you, that it is in your power to make your parents, your family, yourselves, either very happy or very unhappy!"

The daughters were silent, and were penetrated by the deep emotion which expressed itself in the words of their mother, in her pale countenance, and in her tearful looks. They felt strongly the truth of all that she had said. With a torrent of tears, Petrea ran out of the room; Sara followed her silently; Eva threw herself caressingly on her mother's neck; but Louise said—

"I have only spoken the truth to Sara. It is not my fault if it be unpleasant for her to hear it."

"Ah, Louise!" returned her mother, "this is

constantly said in the world, and yet so much division and hatred prevail between those who say it. It is the blind belief in our own faultlessness, it is the hard and assuming spirit of correction, which excite the temper, and make the truth unproductive of good. Why should we present truth in a disfiguring dress, when she is in herself so pure and beautiful? I know, my dear girl, that you only wish to do that which is right and good, and whoever aims rightly at that object will not fail of the means also."

"Must I then dissimulate?" asked Louise. "Must I conceal my thoughts, and be silent, respecting that which I think wrong? That may indeed be prudent, but it certainly is not Christian."

"Become Christian in temper, my child," said the mother, "and you will easily discover the means of doing what is right in a proper and effectual manner. You will learn to speak the truth without wounding; a truly pure, truly affectionate spirit wounds no one, not even in trifles. For that reason, one need not to be silent when one should speak, but——

"'C'est le ton qui fait la chanson!' Is it not so? he, he, he!" interposed the shrill voice of Mrs. Gunilla, who had come in unobserved, and who thus put an end to the discourse. Soon afterwards the Assessor made his appearance, and they two fell into conversation, though not, as commonly, into strife with each other. Mrs. Gunilla lamented to him respecting Pyrrhus; she was quite in trouble about the little

animal, which had now for some time had a pain in the foot, which it always lay and licked, and which, spite of that and of other means, got rather worse than better. She did not know what she was to do with the little favourite. The Assessor besought her, in the kindest manner, to allow him to undertake his treatment. He said he had always been much more successful in curing dogs than men, and that dogs were far more agreeable, and far nicer patients than their masters. Mrs. Gunilla thanked him much, and was heartily glad of his offer, and the following morning, she said, Pyrrhus should be conveyed to him.

The family assembled themselves for tea, and the quick eyes of Mrs. Gunilla soon discovered that all was not quite as it should be.

"Listen, now," said she, "my little Elise. I know that there will be festivities, and balls, and banquets, given there at——*chose!* what do they call it? and of course the young people here should all be at them and figure a little. If there be any little embarrassments about the toilet in which I can help, tell me candidly. Good heavens! one can imagine that easily. Young girls!—a rosette is wanted here, and a rosette is wanted there, and one thing and another —heart's-dearest! it is so natural. I know it all so well. Now tell me——"

Elise thanked her cordially, but must decline this offer; her daughters, she said, must learn betimes to moderate their desires to their means.

"Yes, yes," said Mrs. Gunilla, "but I must tell you, my dear friend, there is no rule without its exception, and if any trifles are wanted, so—think on me."

Mrs. Gunilla was to-day in such a happy humour; she looked like somebody who was determined to make some fellow-creature happy. The Assessor could not get into dispute with her. She rejoiced herself in the country, to which she should soon remove; in the spring which was at hand, and in the greenness which was approaching. The Assessor rejoiced himself not at all. "What had one to rejoice about in such a hateful spring? It was quite impossible to live in such a climate, and it must be the will of our Lord God that man should not live, or he would not have sent such springs. How could people plant potatoes in ice? and how otherwise could they be planted at all this year? And if people could get no potatoes, they must die of hunger, which was then perhaps the best part of the history of life."

On her side, Mrs. Gunilla bethought herself that she would willingly live. "Our Lord God," she said, "would take care that people had potatoes!" and then she looked with an expression of cordial sympathy on the troubled and distressed countenances of the young girls.

"When Eva, dear, is as old as I," said she, patting her gently on her white neck, "she will know

nothing more of all that which so distresses her now."

"Ah! to be sixty years old!" exclaimed Eva, smiling, though with a tear in her eye.

"You'll get well on to sixty—well on; he, he, he, he!" said Mrs. Gunilla, consolingly. Heart's-dearest! it goes before one thinks of it! But only be merry and cheerful. Amuse yourselves at——*chose!* what do you call it? and then come and tell me all about it. Do that nicely, and then I shall get my share of the fun though I am not there. That comes of the so-to-be envied sixty years, Eva, dear! he, he, he, he!"

The sun set bright and glorious. Mrs. Gunilla went to the window, and sent a little greeting towards the sun, whose beams, glancing through the trees of the opposite churchyard, seemed to salute her in return.

"It looks as if one should have a fine day to-morrow," said Mrs. Gunilla to herself gently, and looking very happy.

People place youth and age opposite to each other, as the light and shade in the day of life. But has not every day, every age, its own youth—its own new attractive life, if one only sets about rightly to enjoy them? Yes, the aged man, who has collected together pure recollections for his evening companions, is manifold happier than the youth who, with a restless heart, stands only at the beginning of

his journey. No passions disturb the coffee-cup of the other—no restless endeavours disturb the cheerful gossip of the evening twilight; all the little comforts of life are then so thoroughly enjoyed; and we can then, with more confidence, cast all our cares and anxieties on God. We have then proved Him.

CHAPTER VII.

DISENTANGLING.

"THERE are certainly too many bitter almonds in this almond-mass, nothing tastes good to me this afternoon," said Elise, who set down a glass of almond-milk, and sighed—but not for the almond-milk.

"Be pleased with us, dear mother," whispered Eva, tenderly; "we are all friends again!"

The mother saw it in their beautiful beaming eyes; she read it in Louise's quiet glance as she turned round from the table, where she was helping Sara with her tunic, and looked at her mother. Elise nodded joyfully both to her and Eva, and drank to them the glass of almond-milk, which now appeared to have become suddenly sweet, so pleased did she look as she again set down the glass.

"Mamma, dear," said Gabriele, "we must certainly do something towards poor Petrea's toilet, otherwise she will not be presentable."

But Louise took Petrea's gauze-dress secretly in hand, and sate up over it till midnight, and adorned it so with her own ribbons and lace, that it was more presentable than it had ever been before.

Petrea kissed her skilful hands for all that they had done. Eva—yet we will, for the present, keep silent on her arrangements.

But dost thou know, O reader!—yes, certainly thou dost!—the zephyrs which call forth spring in the land of the soul—which call forth flowers, and make the air pure and delicious? Certainly thou knowest them—the little easy, quiet, unpretending, almost invisible, and yet powerful—in one word, human kindnesses.

Since these have taken up their abode in the Franks' family we see nothing that can prevent a general joyful party of pleasure. But yes!—it is true—

PETREA'S NOSE!

This was, as we have often remarked, large and somewhat clumsy. Petrea had great desire to unform it, particularly for the approaching festivities.

"What *have* you done to your nose? What is amiss with your nose?" were the questions which assailed Petrea on all sides, as she came down to breakfast on the morning of the journey.

Half laughing and half crying, Petrea related how she had made use of some innocent machinery during the night, by which she had hoped somewhat to alter the form of this offending feature, the consequence of which had unfortunately been the fixing a fiery red saddle across it, and a considerable swelling beside.

"Don't cry, my dear girl," said her mother, bathing

it with oatmeal-water, "it will only inflame your nose the more."

"Ah," burst forth poor Petrea, "anybody is really unfortunate who has such a nose as mine! What in the world can they do with it? They must go into a convent."

"It is very much better," said the mother, to do as one of my friends did, who had a very large nose, much larger than yours, Petrea."

"Ah, what did she do?" asked Petrea eagerly.

"She made herself so beloved, that her nose was beloved too," said her mother. "Her friends declared that they saw nothing so gladly as her nose as it came in at the door, and that without it she would have been nothing."

Petrea laughed, and looked quite cheerful. "Ah," said she, if my nose can but be beloved, I shall be quite reconciled to it."

"You must endeavour to grow above it!" said the good, prudent mother, jestingly, but significantly.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE DAY OF THE JOURNEY.

On the morning of the important day, all was in lively motion. The Assessor sent Eva a large bouquet of most remarkably beautiful natural flowers, which she immediately divided among her sisters. The Judge himself, in a frenzy of activity, packed the things of his wife and daughters, and protested that nobody could do it better than he, and that nobody could make so many things go into one box as he could. The last was willingly conceded to him, but a little demur arose as to the excellency of the packing. The ladies asserted that he rumpled their dresses; the Judge asserted that there was no danger on that account, that every thing would be found remarkably smooth, and stood zealous and warm in his shirt-sleeves beside the travelling-case, grumbling a little at every fresh dress that was handed to him, and then exclaiming immediately afterwards, "have you more yet, girls? I have more room. Do give me more! See now! that? and that? and that? and —— now in the name of all weathers is there no end of your articles? Give them here, my girls! Let that

alone, child! I shall soon lay it straight! What? rumple them, shall I? Well, they can be unrumpled again, that's all! Are there no smoothing-irons in the world? What? so, so, my girls! Have you any more? I can yet put something more in."

They were to set off immediately after dinner, in order to be at Axelholm, which lay about two miles* from the city, ready for the ball in the evening. By dinner-time all boxes were packed, and all tempers cleared, more especially that of the Judge, who was so contented with his morning's work that he almost imparted his delight to those who at first were not altogether satisfied with it.

Petrea ate nothing but a pancake, with a little snow milk to it, in order that she might dance all the lighter.

"Above all things, my friends," prayed the Judge, "be precise, and be ready at half-past three; the carriages come then to the door, do not let me have to wait for you."

Precisely at half-past three the Judge went to the doors of his wife and daughters.

"Mamma! girls! it is time to go!" said he. "The clock has struck half-past three! The carriages are here!"

"Directly, directly!" was answered from all sides. The Judge waited; he knew from experience what this "directly" meant.

* A mile Swedish is equal to six English miles.

In the fever of his punctuality his blood began to boil, and he walked up and down the hall with great steps, talking with himself: "It is shocking, though," argued he, "that they never are ready! but I won't be angry! Even if they make me angry, I will not spoil their pleasure. But patience is necessary, more than Job had!"

Whilst he was thus moralising with himself, he heard the voice of his wife saying, with decision, in the library, "Come now, dear girls! In heaven's name, don't keep the father waiting! I know, indeed, how it annoys him——!"

"But he said nothing the day before yesterday," Petrea's voice was heard to return, "though he had then to wait for us. (I can't think what I have done with my gloves!")

"And precisely on that account he shall not wait a moment longer for us," said the mother; "and never again, if I can help it; so, if you are not ready, girls, I shall run away without you!"

The mother ran, and all the daughters ran merrily after her.

The father remarked with pleasure, that love has a far more effectual power than fear, and all were soon seated in the carriage.

We will allow them to roll away, and will now pay a little visit to

LEONORE'S CHAMBER.

Leonore sate solitary. She supported her sick head on her hand. She had impelled herself to answer kindly the leave-taking kiss of her mother and sisters; she had seen how they sought to repress their joy before her; and she had particularly remarked a sort of half-stifled, roguish joy in the glance which was exchanged between Eva and her mother, which had pained her. She had heard their happy voices on the stairs, and then the driving away of the carriages. Now they were gone; now all was still and desolate in the house, and large tears traced their way down Leonore's cheeks. She seemed to herself so forlorn, so uncared for, so solitary in the world!

At that moment the door was softly opened, a smiling face looked in, and a light fascinating figure sprang forward through the chamber towards her, kissed her, laughed, and glanced with roguish and ardent affection into her astonished face.

"Eva!" exclaimed Leonore, scarcely trusting her eyes; "Eva, are you here? How! whither came you? Are you not gone with the others?"

"No, as you see," returned Eva, embracing her, laughing, and looking quite happy; "I am here, and mean to stay here."

"But why? What is the meaning of it?" asked Leonore.

"Because I would much rather remain here with you than go anywhere else," said Eva. "I have bid Axelholm with all its splendours good day."

"Ah! why have you done so? I would much rather you had not!" said Leonore.

"See you! I knew that," returned her sister, "and therefore I put on a travelling dress, like the rest, and took leave of you with them. I wanted to take you by surprise, you see. You are not angry with me, are you? You must now be contented with it—you can't get rid of me! Look a little happy on me, Leonore!"

"I cannot Eva," said Leonore, "because you have robbed yourself of a great pleasure on my account, and I know that it must have been difficult for you. I know that I am neither agreeable nor pleasing, and that you cannot love me, nor yet have pleasure with me, and on that account I cannot have pleasure in your sacrifice. It becomes you to be with the joyful and the happy. Ah! that you had but gone with them!"

"Do not talk so, unless you would make me weep," said Eva; "you do not know how the thought of giving up all these festivities in order to remain alone with you has given me pleasure for many days, and this precisely because I love you, Leonore! yes, because I feel that I could love you better than all the rest! Nay, do not shake your head,—it is so. One cannot help one's feelings."

"But why should you love me?" argued the poor girl; "I am, indeed, so little amiable, nobody can endure me, nobody has pleasure in me; I would willingly die. Ah! I often think it would be so beautiful to die!"

"How can you talk so, Leonore?" said her sister; "it is not right! Would you wish such horrible grief to papa and mamma, and me, and all of us?"

"Ah!" said Leonore, "you and the sisters would soon comfort yourselves. Mamma does not love me as much as any of you others; nor papa either. Ottil R. said the other day that everybody talked of it—that I was beloved neither by father nor mother."

"Fie!" exclaimed Eva, "that was wicked and unjust of Ottil. I am quite certain that our parents love us all alike. Have you ever observed that they unjustly make any difference between us?"

"That I never have," said Leonore; "they are too good and perfect for that. But, do you think I have not observed with how different an expression my father regards me to that with which he looks on you or Louise? Do you think that I do not feel how cold, and at times constrained, is the kiss which my mother gives me, to the two, the three, yes, the many, which, out of the fulness of her heart, she gives to you or to Gabriele? But I do not complain of injustice. I see very well that it cannot be otherwise. Nature has made me so disagreeable, that it is not possible people can bear me. Ah! fortunate indeed

are they who possess an agreeable exterior! They win the good-will of people if they only shew themselves. It is so easy for them to be amiable, and to be beloved! But difficult, very difficult is it for those who are ill-favoured as I!"

"But, dear Leonore, I assure you, you are unjust towards yourself. Your figure, for example, is very good; your eyes have something so expressive, something at the same time so soft and so earnest; your hair is fine, and is of a beautiful brown;—it would become you so if it were better dressed; but wait awhile, when you are better I will help you to do it, and then you shall see."

"And my mouth," said poor Leonore, "that goes from ear to ear, and my nose is so flat and so long—how can you mend that?"

"Your mouth?" replied Eva, "why yes, it is a little large; but your teeth are regular, and with a little more care, would be quite white. And your nose?—let me see—yes, if there were a little elevation, a little ridge in it, it would be quite good, too! Let me see, I really believe it begins to elevate itself! —yes, actually, I see plainly enough the beginning of a ridge! and do you know, if it come, and when you are well, and have naturally a fresh colour, I think that you will be really pretty!"

"Ah! if I can ever believe that!" said Leonore, sighing, at the same time that an involuntary smile lit up her countenance.

"And even if you are not so very lovely," continued Eva, "you know that yet you can be infinitely agreeable; you have something peculiarly so in your demeanour. I heard papa say so this very day to mamma."

"Did he really say so?" said Leonore, her countenance growing brighter and brighter.

"Yes, indeed he did!" replied her sister. "But, ah! Leonore, after all, what is beauty? It fades away, and at last is laid in the black earth, and becomes dust; and even whilst it is blooming, it is not all-sufficient to make us either beloved or happy! It certainly has not an intrinsic value."

Never was the power of beauty depreciated by more beautiful lips! Leonore looked at her and sighed.

"No, Leonore," continued she, "do not trouble yourself to be beautiful. This, it is true, may at times be very pleasant, but it certainly is not necessary to make us either beloved or happy. I am convinced that if you were not in the least prettier than you are, yet that you might if you would, in your own peculiar way, be as much in favour and as much beloved as the prettiest girls in the world."

"Ah!" said Leonore, "if I were only beloved by my nearest connexions! What a divine thing it must be to be beloved by one's own family!"

"But that you can be—that you will be, if you only will! Ah! if you only were always as you are

sometimes—and you are more and more so—and I love you more and more—infinitely I love you!"

"O beloved Eva," said Leonore, deeply affected, whilst she leaned herself quietly on her sister, "I have very little deserved this from you; but, for the future, I will be different—I will be such as you would have me. I will endeavour to be good and amiable."

"And then you will be so lovely, so beloved, and so happy!" said Eva, "that it would be a real delight. But now you must come down into Louise's and my room. There is something there for you; you must change the air a little. Come, come!"

"Ah, how charming!" was Leonore's exclamation as she entered Eva's chamber; and in fact nothing could be imagined more charming than that little abode of peace, adorned as it now was by the coquetry of affection. The most delicious odour of fruit and flowers filled the air, and the sun threw his friendly beams on a table near the sofa, on which a basket filled with beautiful fruit stood enticingly in the midst of many pretty and tastefully arranged trifles.

"Here, dear Leonore," said Eva, "you will reside during this time. It will do you good to leave your room a little. And look, they have all left you an offering! This gothic church of bronze is from Jacobi. It is a lamp! do you see? Light comes through the church window;—how beautiful! We will light it this evening. And this fruit here—do you see the

beautiful grapes! All these are a plot between Henrik and Petrea. The copperplate engravings are from my father; Louise has worked you the slippers; and the little lady, she——

Leonore clapped her hands. "Is it possible," said she, "that you all have thought so much about me! How good you are—ah, too good!"

"Nay, do not weep, sweet Leonore," said Eva; "you should not weep, you should be joyful. But the best part of the entertainment remains yet behind. Do you see this new novel of Miss Edgeworth's? Mamma has given us this, for us to read together. I will read to you aloud till midnight, if you will. A delicate little supper has been prepared for us by Louise, and we shall sup up here. We'll have a banquet in our own way. Take now one of those big grapes which grow two on one stem, and I will take the other. The king's health! O glorious!"

Whilst the two sisters are banqueting at their own innocent feast, we will see how it goes on in the great company at

AXELHOLM.

Things are not carried on in so enviably easy and unconstrained a manner at every ball as at that of the citizens in the good little city of * * * ping, where one saw the baker's wife and the confectioner's wife waltzing together, but altogether in a wrong fashion, to which the rest only said, "it does not signify, if

they only go on!" O no! such simplicity as that is very rarely met with, and least of all among those of whom we write.

At Axelholm, as at other great balls, the rocky shores of conventionality made it impossible to move without a thousand ceremonies, proprieties, dubiosities, formalities, and all the rest, which, taken together, make up a vast sum of difficulties. The great ball at Axelholm was not without pretension, and on that account not without its stiff difficulties. Among these may be reckoned that several of the young gentlemen considered themselves too old, or too —— to dance at all, and that, in consequence, many of the dance-loving ladies could not dance at all either, because, on account of the threatening eye-glasses of the gentlemen, they had not courage to dance with one another. Nevertheless the scene looked like one of pure delight. The great saloon so splendidly lighted, and a vast assembly collected there!

It is now the moment just before the dancing begins; the gentlemen stand in a great group in the middle of the room, spreading themselves out in direct or wavy lines towards the circle of ladies. These sit, like flowers in the garden beds, on the benches round the room, mostly in bashful stillness; whilst a few, in the consciousness of zephyr-like lightness, float about the room like butterflies. All look happy; all talk one with another, with all

that animation, that reciprocal good-will, which the sight of so much beauty, united to the consciousness that they themselves are wearing their best looks, as well as the expectation of pleasure, infuses.

Now the music begins to sound; now young hearts beat with more or less disquiet; now go the engaged ones, amid the jostlings of the servants, who are perpetually soliciting the young ladies to partake of the now disdained tea. There one saw several young girls numerously surrounded, who were studying the promised dances which were inscribed on the ivory of their fans, declining fervent solicitations for the third, fourth, fifth—nay, even up to the twelfth dance; but, fascinatingly-gracious, promising themselves for the thirteenth, which perhaps may never be danced; whilst others in their neighbourhood sit quiet and undisturbed waiting for the first invitation, in order thereto to say a willing and thankful yes. Among the many-surrounded and the much-solicited, we may see Sara and even Louise. With these emulated the three Misses Aftonstjerna—Isabella, Stella, and Aurora—who stood constantly round the chair of the Countess Solenstråle, which was placed before the great mirror at the far end of the saloon. Among those who sat expectantly, in the most beautiful repose, we shall discover our Petrea, who nevertheless, with her bandeau of pearls in her hair, and a certain bloom of innocence and goodness in her youthful countenance, looked uncommonly well.

Her heart beat with an indescribable desire to be engaged.

"Ah!" sighed she, as she saw two most elegant young men, the two brothers B——, walking round the circle of ladies, with their eye-glasses in their hands. Their eye-glasses rested for a moment on Petrea; the one whispered something in the ear of the other; both smiled and went on. Petrea felt humiliated, she knew not why.

"Now!" thought she, as Lieutenant S—— approached her quickly. But Lieutenant S—— came to engage Miss T——, and Petrea remained sitting. The music played the liveliest *anglaise*, and Petrea's feet were all in agitation to be moving.

"Ah!" thought she, "if I were but a man I would engage Petrea."

The *anglaise* streamed past Petrea's nose.

"Where is Eva?" asked Jeremias Munter, in a hasty and displeased tone, from Louise, in the pause between the *anglaise* and the waltz.

"She has remained at home with Leonore," said Louise, "she was determined upon it."

"How stupid!" exclaimed he, "why did I come here then."

"Nay, that I really cannot tell!" returned Louise, smiling.

"Not!" retorted the Assessor. "Now then I will tell you, sister Louise, I came here entirely to see Eva dance—solely and altogether on that account,

and for nothing else. What a stupid affair it was that she should stop at home! You had a great deal better, all the rest of you, have stopped at home together; you yourself, dear sister, reckoned into the bargain! Petrea, there! what has she to do here? She was always a vexation to me, but now I cannot endure her since she has not understanding enough to stay at home in Eva's place; and this little curly-pate, which must dance with grown people just as if she were a regular person; could not she find a piece of sugar to keep her at home, instead of coming here to be in a flurry! You are all wearisome together; and such entertainments as these are the most horrible things I know."

Louise floated away in the waltz with Jacobi, laughing over this sally; and the Countess Solenstråle, the sun of the ball, said as she passed her chair, "Charmant, charmant!"

Besides this couple, who distinguished themselves by their easy harmonious motion, there was another, which whirled past in wild circles, and drew all eyes upon them likewise: this was Sara and the boisterous Schwartz. Her truly beaming beauty, her dress, her haughty bearing, her flashing eyes, called forth a universal ah! of astonishment and admiration. Petrea forgot that she was sitting while she looked upon her. She thought that she had never seen anything so transporting as Sara in the whirl of the dance. But the Countess Solenstråle, as she sate in her chair, said

of this couple—nothing; nay, people even imagined that they read an expression of displeasure in her countenance. The Misses Aftonstjerna sailed round with much dignity.

"My dear girl," said Elise kindly, but seriously, to Sara after the waltz, "you must not dance thus; your chest will not allow it. How warm you are! You really burn!"

"It is my climate," answered Sara; "it agrees with me excellently."

"I beseech you sit this dance. It is positively injurious to you to heat yourself thus," said Elise.

"This dance?" returned Sara; "impossible! I am engaged for it to Colonel H——."

"Then do not dance the next," besought Elise; "if you would do me a pleasure, do not dance it with Schwartz. He dances in such a wild manner as is prejudicial to the health; besides which, it is hardly becoming."

"It gives me pleasure to dance with him," answered Sara, both with pride and insolence, as she withdrew; and the mother wounded and displeased, returned to her seat.

The Countess Solenstråle lavished compliments on Elise on account of her children. "They are positively the ornament of the room," said she;—"*charmant!* and your son a most prepossessing young man —so handsome and *comme il faut!* A charming ball!"

Isabella Aftonstjerna threw beaming glances on the handsome Henrik.

"What madness this dancing is!" said Mr. Munter, as with a strong expression of weariness and melancholy he seated himself beside Evelina. "Nay, look how they hop about and exert themselves, as if without this they could not get thin enough; then, good heavens! how difficult it seems, and how ugly it is! As if this could give them any pleasure! For some of them it seems as if it were day-labour, and as if it were a frenzy to others; and for a third, a kind of affectation; nay, I must go my ways, for I shall become mad or splenetic if I look any longer on this super-extra folly!"

"If Eva Frank were dancing too, you would not think it so," said Evelina, with a well-bred smile.

"Eva!" repeated he, whilst a light seemed to diffuse itself over his countenance, and his eyes suddenly beamed with pleasure: "Eva! no! I believe so too. To see her dance is to see living harmony. Ah! it enlivens my mind if I only see her figure, her gait, her slightest movement; and then to know that all this harmony, all this beauty, is not mere paint—not mere outside; but that it is the true expression of the soul! I find myself actually better when I am near her; and I have often a real desire to thank her for the sentiments which she instils into me. In fact she is my benefactress; and I can assure you, that it reconciles me to mankind and to myself, that I can feel thus to a fellow-creature. I cannot describe how agreeable it is, because commonly there is so much

to vex oneself about in this so-called masterpiece of the Creator!"

"But, best friend," said Evelina, "why are you so vexed! Most people have still——

"Ah, don't go and make yourself an *ange de clémence* for mankind," said he, "in order to exalt secretly yourself over me, otherwise I shall be vexed with you; and you belong to the class that I can best endure. Why do I vex myself? What a stupid question! Why are people stupid and wearisome, and yet make themselves important with their stupidity? And wherefore am I myself such a melancholy personage, worse than anybody else, and should have withal such a pair of quick eyes, as if only on purpose to see the infirmities and perversions of the world? There may, however, in my case be sufficient reason for all this. When one has had the fancy to come into the world against all order and christian usage; has seen neither father nor mother beside one's cradle; heard nothing, seen nothing, learned nothing, which is in the least either beautiful or instructive—one has not entered upon life very merrily. And then, after all, to be called Munter!* Good heavens! Munter! Had I been called Blannius, or Skarnius, or Brummerius, or Grubblerius, or Rhabarberius, there might have been some sense in the joke; but Munter! I ask you now, is it not enough to make a man splenetic and melancholy all the days of his life? And then,

* Merry, in Swedish.

to have been born into the world with a continual cold, and since then never to have been able to look up to heaven without sneezing — do you find that merry or edifying. Well, and then! after I had worked my way successfully through the schools, the dust of books, and the hall of anatomy, and had come to hate them all thoroughly, and to love that which was beautiful in nature and in art, am I to thank my stars that I must win my daily bread by studying and caring for all that is miserable and revolting in the world, and hourly to go about among jaundice, and colic, and disease of the lungs? On this account I never can be any thing but a melancholy creature! Yes, indeed, if there were not the lilies on the earth, the stars in heaven, and beyond all these some one Being who must be glorious — and were there not among mankind the human-rose Eva—the beautiful, fascinating Eva, then——"

He paused; a tear stood in his eye; but the expression of his countenance soon was changed, when he perceived no less than five young girls — they danced now the "free choice"—and among them the three enchanting Miss Aftonstjernas, who, all locked together, came dancing towards him with a roguish expression. He cast towards them the very grimmest of his glances, rose up suddenly, and hastened away.

Sara danced the second waltz with Schwartz yet wilder than the first. Elise turned her eyes away from her with inward displeasure; but Petrea's heart

beat with secret desire for a dance as wild, and she followed their whirlings with sparkling eyes.

"Oh," thought she, "if one could only fly through life in a joyful whirl like that!"

It was the sixth dance, and Petrea was sitting yet. She felt her nose red and swollen. "See now!" thought she, "farewell to all hopes of dancing! It must be that I am ugly, and nobody will look at me!" At the same moment she was aware of the eye of her mother fixed upon her with a certain expression of discomfort, and that glance was to her like a stab at the heart; but the next moment her heart raised itself in opposition to that depressing feeling which seemed about to overcome her. "It is unpleasant," thought she, "but it cannot be altered, and it is no fault of mine! And as nobody will give me any pleasure, I will even find some for myself."

Scarcely had Petrea made this determination, than she felt herself quite cheered; a spring of independence and freedom bubbled up within her; she felt as if she were able even to take down the chandelier from the ceiling, and all the more so when she saw so many life-enjoying people skipping around her.

At this moment an old gentleman rose up from a bench opposite Petrea, with a tea-cup in his hand. In a mania of officiousness she rushed forward in order to assist him in setting it aside. He drew himself back and held the cup firmly, whilst Petrea, with the most firm and unwearying "permit me, sir,"

seemed determined to take it. The strife about the cup continued amid the unending bows of the gentleman, and the equally unending curtseys of Petrea, until a passing waltzing couple gave a jostle, without the least ceremony whatever to the compliment-makers, which occasioned a shake of the tea-cup, and revealed to Petrea the last thing in the world which she had imagined, that the cup was not empty! Shocked and embarrassed, she let go her hold, and allowed the old gentleman, with what remained of his cup of tea, to go and find out for himself a securer place.

Petrea seated herself, she hardly knew how, on a bench near an elderly lady, who looked at her very good-naturedly, and who helped very kindly to wipe off the ablution of tea which she had received. Petrea felt herself quite confidential with this excellent person, and inquired from her what was her opinion of Swedenborg, beginning also to give her own thoughts on spectral visions, ghosts, etc. The lady looked at her, as if she thought she might be a little deranged, and then hastened to change her place.

A stout military gentleman sat himself down ponderously, with a deep sigh, on the seat which the old lady had left, as if he were saying to himself, "Ah, thank God! here I can sit in peace!" But, no! he had not sate there three minutes and a half, when he found himself called upon by Petrea to avow his

political faith, and invited by her to unite in the wish of speedy war with Russia. Lieutenant-Colonel Uh—— turned rather a deaf ear to the battery by which his neighbour assailed him, but for all that he probably felt it not the less heavy, because after several little sham coughs he rose up, and left our Petrea alone with her warlike thoughts.

She also rose, from the necessity she felt of looking elsewhere for more sympathy and interest.

"In heaven's name, dear Petrea, keep your seat!" whispered Louise, who encountered her on her search for adventures.

Petrea now cast her eyes on a young girl who seemed to have had no better dancing fortune than herself, but who seemed to bear it much worse, appeared weary of sitting, and could hardly refrain from tears. Petrea, in whose disposition it lay to impart to others whatever she herself possessed—sometimes overlooking the trifling fact that what she possessed was very little desired by others—and feeling herself now in possession of a considerable degree of prowess, wished to impart some of the same to her companion in misfortune, and seated herself by her for that purpose.

"I know not a soul here, and I find it so horribly wearisome," was the unasked outpouring of soul which greeted Petrea, and which went directly to her sympathising heart.

Petrea named every person she knew in the com-

pany to the young unfortunate, and then, in order to escape from the weight of the present, began to unfold great plans and undertakings for the future. She endeavoured to induce her new acquaintance to give her her *parole d'honneur* that she would sometime conduct a social theatre with her, which would assist greatly to make social life more interesting; and further than that, that they should establish together a society of Sisters of Charity in Sweden, and make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem; furthermore, that they would write novels together; and that on the following day, or more properly in the night, they would rise at half-past two o'clock, and climb to the top of a high mountain in order to see the sun rise; and finally, after all these, and sundry other propositions, Petrea suggested to her new acquaintance a thee-and-thou friendship between them! But, ah! neither Petrea's great prowess, nor her great plans; neither the social theatre, nor the pilgrimage to Jerusalem, least of all the thee-and-thou friendship, availed anything towards enlivening the churlish young girl. Petrea saw plainly that an invitation to dance would avail more than all her propositions, so, sighing deeply because she was not a man to offer so great a pleasure, she rose up, and left the object of her vain endeavours.

She looked round for a new subject, and her eye fell on the Countess Solenstråle.* Petrea was dazzled,

* Sunbeam.

and became possessed of the frenzied desire to become acquainted with her, to be noticed by her; in short, in some kind of way to approach the sun of the ball, fancying thereby that a little glory would be reflected upon herself. But how was she to manage it? If the Countess would but let fall her handkerchief, or her fan, she might dart forward and pick it up, and then deliver it to her with a compliment in verse. Petrea, hereupon, began to improvise to herself; there was something, of course, about the sun in it. Undoubtedly this would delight the Countess, and give occasion to more acquaintance, and perhaps——but, ah! she dropped neither handkerchief nor fan, and no opportunity seemed likely to occur in which she could make use of her poem with effect. In the mean time she felt drawn as by a secret influence (like the planet to the sun) ever nearer and nearer to the queen of the saloon. The Aftonstjernas were now standing, beaming around her, bending their white and pearl-ornamented necks to listen to her jesting observations, and between whiles replying with smiles to the politenesses and solicitations of elegant gentlemen. It looked magnificent and beautiful, and Petrea sighed from the ardent longing to ascend to the *haute volée*.

At this moment Jacobi, quite warm, came hastening towards her to engage her for the following quadrille.

Petrea joyfully thanked him; but suddenly red-

dening to the resemblance of a peony with her mania of participation, she added, "Might I accept your invitation for another person? Do me the great pleasure to ask that young girl that sits there in the window at our left."

"But why?" asked Jacobi, "why will not you?"

"I earnestly beseech you to do it!" said Petrea. "It would give me greater pleasure to see her dancing than if I danced myself."

Jacobi made some friendly objections, but did in the end as she requested.

It was a great pleasure to Petrea to perceive the influence of this engagement on her young friend. But Fate and the Candidate seemed determined to make Petrea dance this quadrille; and a young officer presented himself before her in splendid uniform, with dark eyes, dark hair, large dark moustaché, martial size, and very martial mien. Petrea had no occasion, and no disposition either, to return anything but a "yes" to this son of Mars. In fact she never expected to receive a more honourable invitation; and a few minutes later she found herself standing close beside the chair of the Countess Solenstråle, dancing in the same quadrille with the Aftonstjernas, and *vis-à-vis* with the Candidate. Petrea felt herself highly exalted, and would have been perfectly prosperous had it not been for her restless demon, which incessantly spurred her with the desire of coming in closer contact with the beautiful, magnificent lady to whom she stood so

near. To tread upon her foot or her dress, might, it is true, have furnished an easy occasion for many fine and reverential excuses; but, at the same time, this would be neither polite nor agreeable. To fall in some kind of way before her feet, and then, when graciously raised by the Countess, to thank her in a verse, in which the *sun* played a conspicuous part, would have been incontestably better; but now—Petrea must dance on!

Was it that our Petrea really was so addled (if people will graciously allow us such an expression) that she had no right power over her limbs, or did it happen from want of ballast, in consequence of the slender dinner she had eaten, or was it the result of her usual distraction—we know not; but this much is certain, that she in *chassée*-ing on the right hand, on which she had to pass her *vis-à-vis*, made an error, and came directly up to him. He withdrew to the other side, but Petrea was already there; and as the Candidate again withdrew to the right, there was she again; and amid all this *chassée*-ing her feet got so entangled with his, that as he made a despairing attempt to pass her, it so happened that both fell down in the middle of the quadrille!

When Petrea, with tears in her eyes, again stood upright, she saw before her the eye-glass gentlemen, the two brothers B., who were nearly dying with laughter. A hasty glance convinced Petrea that her mother saw nothing of it; and a second glance, that

she had *now* attracted the attention of the Countess Solenstråle, who was smiling behind her fan. The first observation consoled her for the last; and she fervently assured Jacobi, who was heartily distressed on her account, that she had not hurt herself; that it signified nothing; that it was her fault, etc. etc.; cast a tranquil glance on the yet laughing gentlemen, and chasséed boldly back again. But what, however, made the deepest impression on Petrea, was the conduct of her partner, and his suddenly altered behaviour. He brought the continued and unbecoming merriment of the Brothers B. to an end by one determined glance; and he who hitherto had been parsimonious of words, and who had only answered all her attempts at being entertaining by a yes or a no, now became quite conversable, polite, and agreeable, and endeavoured in every possible way to divert her attention from the unpleasant accident which had just occurred, engaging her moreover for the *anglaise* after supper.

Petrea understood his kindness; tears came into her eyes, and her heart beat for joy at the thought of hastening to her mother after the quadrille and saying, "Mamma, I am engaged for the *anglaise* after supper."

But no thought, no feeling, could remain in tranquillity with the poor little "Chaos;" so many others came rushing in, that the first were quite effaced. Her first impression of the kindness of Lieutenant Y. was, "how good he is!" the second was, "perhaps

he may endure me!" And hereupon a flood of imagined courtesy and courtship poured in, which almost turned her head. But she would not marry, heaven forbid! yet still it would be a divine thing to have a lover, and to be oneself "an object" of passion, like Sara and Louise. Perhaps the young Lieutenant Y. might be related to the Countess Solenstråle, and, O heavens! how well it would sound when it was said, "A nephew of the Countess Solenstråle is a passionate admirer of Petrea Frank!" What a coming forth that would be! A less thing than that might make one dizzy. Petrea was highly excited by these imaginings, and was suddenly changed by them into an actual coquette, who set herself at work by all possible means to enslave "her object;" in which a little, and for the moment very white, hand (for even hands have their moments), figuring about the head, played a conspicuous part. Petrea's amazing animation and talkativeness directed the eye-glass of her mother — for her mother was somewhat short-sighted—often in this direction, and called forth glances besides from Louise, which positively would have operated with a very subduing effect, had not Petrea been too much excited to remark them. The observations and smiles of her neighbours Petrea mistook for tokens of applause; but she deceived herself, for they only amused themselves with the little coquetting, but not very dangerous lady. Lieutenant Y., nevertheless, seemed to

find pleasure in her liveliness, for when the quadrille was ended, he continued a dispute which had commenced during it, and for this purpose conducted her into one of the little side rooms, which strengthened her in the idea of having made a conquest. Isabella Aftonstjerna was singing there a little French song, the refrain of which was—

"Hommage à la plus belle,
Honneur au plus vaillant!"

The world was all brightness to Petrea: the song carried her back to the beautiful days of knighthood: Lieutenant Y. appeared to her as the ideal of knightly honour, and the glass opposite shewed her own face and nose in such an advantageous light, that she, meeting herself there all beaming with joy, fancied herself almost handsome. A beautiful rose-tree was blossoming in the window, and Petrea, breaking off a flower, presented it to the Lieutenant, with the words—

"Honneur au plus vaillant."

Petrea thought that this was remarkably striking and apropos, and secretly expected that her knight would lay the myrtle-spray with which he was playing at her feet, adding very appropriately—

"Hommage à la plus belle."

"Most humble thanks!" said Lieutenant Y. taking the rose with misfortune-promising indifference. But fate delivered Petrea from the unpleasantness of

waiting in vain for a politeness which she desired, for suddenly there arose a disturbance in the ball-room, and voices were heard which said "She is fainting! Gracious heaven! Sara!"

Myrtle-spray, knight, conquest, all vanished now from Petrea's mind, and with a cry of horror she rushed from Lieutenant Y. into the ball-room at the very moment when Sara was carried out fainting. The violent dancing had produced dizziness; but taken into a cool room, and sprinkled with eau de Cologne and water, she soon recovered, and complained only of horrible headache. This was a common ailment of Sara's, but was quickly removed when a certain remedy was at hand.

"My drops!" prayed Sara in a faint voice.

"Where? where?" asked Petrea, with a feeling as if she would run to China.

"In the little box in our chamber," said Sara.

Quick as thought sped the kind Petrea across the court to the east wing. She sought through the chamber where their things were, but the box was not to be found. It must have been left in the carriage. But where was the carriage? It was locked up in the coach-house. And where was the key of the coach-house?

Great was Petrea's fatigue before she obtained this; before she reached the coach-house; and then before, with a lantern in her hand, she had found the missing box. Great also, on the other hand, was her joy, as

breathless, but triumphant, she hastened up to Sara with the little bottle of medicine in her hand, and for reward she received the not less agreeable commission of dropping out sixty drops for Sara. Scarcely, however, was the medicine swallowed, when Sara exclaimed with violence:

"You have killed me, Petrea! You have given me poison! It is unquestionably Louise's elixir!"

It was so! The wrong bottle had been brought, and great was the perplexity.

"You do every thing so left-handedly, Petrea!" exclaimed Sara, in ill-humour; "you are like the ass in the fable, that would break the head of his friend in driving away a fly!"

These were hard words for poor Petrea, who was just about to run off again in order to redeem her error. This, added to other agitation of mind, brought tears to her eyes and blood to her head. Her nose began violently to bleed. Louise, excited against Sara by her severity to Petrea, and some little also by her calling her elixir poison, threw upon her a look of great displeasure, and devoted herself to the weeping and bleeding Petrea.

Whether it was the spirit of anger that dispersed Sara's headache, or actually Louise's elixir (Louise was firmly persuaded that it was the latter) we know not; but certain it was that Sara very soon recovered and returned to the company, without saying one consoling word to Petrea.

Petrea was in no condition to appear at the supper-table, and Louise kindly remained with her. Aunt Evelina, Laura, Karin, and even the lady of the War-Councillor herself, brought them delicacies. Amid so much kindness, Petrea could not do otherwise than become again tranquil and lively. She should, she thought, after all, dance the *anglaise* after supper with "le plus vaillant," as she called the Lieutenant, who had truly captivated her evidently not steeled heart.

The *anglaise* had already begun as the sisters entered the ball-room. The Candidate hastened to meet them quite in an uneasy state of mind; he had engaged Louise for this dance, and they now stood up together in the crowd of dancers. Petrea expected, likewise, that "le plus vaillant" would rush up to her and seize her hand; but as she cast a hasty glance around, she perceived him, not rushing towards her, but dancing with Sara, who was looking more beautiful and brilliant than ever. The rose which Petrea had given him—faithless knight!—together with the myrtle sprig on which she had speculated, were both of them placed in Sara's bosom. The eyes of "le plus vaillant" were incessantly riveted upon "la plus belle," as Sara was then unanimously declared to be. The glory of the Aftonstjernas paled in the night, as they were too much heated by dancing, but Sara's star burned brighter and brighter. She was introduced to the Countess Solenstråle, who paid her charming compliments, and called her "la reine du bal," at which the Aftonstjernas looked displeased.

"Thousand devils, how handsome she is!" exclaimed the old gentleman who had striven with Petrea about the tea-cup, and who now, without being aware of it, trod upon her foot as he thrust himself before her to get a better view of "la reine du bal."

Overlooked, humiliated, silent and dejected, Petrea withdrew into another room. The scenes of the evening passed in review before her soul, and appeared now quite in an altered light. The mirror which a few hours before had flattered her with the notion that she might be called *la plus belle*, now shewed her her face red and unsightly; she thought herself the most ridiculous and unfortunate of human beings. She felt at this moment a kind of hostility against herself. She thought on something which she was preparing for Sara, and which was to be an agreeable surprise to her, and which was to be made known to her in a few days—she thought of this, and in that moment of trouble the thought of it, like a sunbeam on dark clouds, brightened the night in her soul. The thought of gratifying one, who on this evening had so deeply wounded her, gave a mild and beneficial turn to her mind.

After supper, a balcony in the saloon adjoining the ball-room was opened, in order somewhat to cool the heated atmosphere of the room.

Two persons, a lady and gentleman, stepped into the balcony; a light white shawl was thrown over the lady's shoulders; stars garlanded her dark hair; stars

flashed in her black eyes, which glanced fiercely around into free space.

There lay over the landscape the deliciously mysterious half-darkness of a May-night, a magical veil which half hides and half reveals its beauty, and which calls forth mysterious and prophetic forebodings. A mighty and entrancing revelation of the gloriousness of life seemed to sing in the wind, which passed tranquilly murmuring through space, shone in the stars, and wandered high above earth.

"Ah, life! life!" exclaimed she, and stretched forth her arms towards space, as if she would embrace it.

"Enchanting girl!" said he, while he seized her hand, "my life belongs to you!"

"Conduct me forth into free, fresh life," said she, without withdrawing her hand, and looking haughtily at him all the while, "and my hand belongs to you! But remember you this, that I will be free—free as the wind which now kisses your forehead, and lifts those topmost branches of the tree! I love freedom, power, and honour! Conduct me to these, help me to obtain these, and my gratitude will secure to you my love; will fetter me to you with stronger bonds than those of ceremony and prejudice, to which I only submit out of regard to those who otherwise would weep over me, and whom I would not willingly distress more than there is need for. It shall not bind us more than we ourselves wish. Freedom

shall be the knitting and the loosening of our bond!"

"Beautiful woman!" answered he, "raised above the hypocrisy of weakness; above the darkness of prejudice—I admire you and obey you! Only to such a woman can my will submit! My beautiful scholar is become my teacher! Well then, let the hand of the priest unite us; my hand shall conduct you up to that brilliant throne which your beauty and your talents deserve! I will only elevate you in order, as now, to fall before your feet the most devoted of your servants!"

He dropped upon one knee before her; and she, bending herself towards him, let her lips touch his forehead. He threw his arms round her, and held her for one moment bent towards him. A supercilious, scornful expression, unobserved by her, played upon his lips.

"Release me, Hermann! some one comes," said she; he did so, and as she raised her proud neck against his will, a flash of indignation burned in her eyes.

They withdrew, and another couple stepped out into the balcony.

He. Wait, let me wrap my cloak better round you; the wind is cool.

She. Ah, how beautiful to feel how it wraps us both! Do you see how we are here standing between heaven and earth, separated from all the world?

HE. I do not see it—I see my lovely world in my arms! I have you, Laura! Laura, tell me, are you happy?

SHE. Ah, no!

HE. How?

SHE. Ah, I am not happy because I am too happy! I fancy I never can have deserved this happiness. I cannot conceive how it came to my share. Ah, Arvid! to live thus with you, with my mother, my sister, all that I most love—and then to be yours ever, ever!

HE. Say eternally, my Laura! Our union belongs as much to heaven as to earth, here as there; to all eternity I am yours, and you are mine!

SHE. Hush, my Arvid! I hear my mother's voice — she calls me. Let us go to her.

They returned into the room, and presently another couple stepped on the balcony.

HE. Cousin Louise, do you like evening air? Cousin Louise, I fancy, is rather romantic. Cousin, do you like the stars? I am a great friend of the stars too; I think on what the poet sings:

> ——— silently as Egypt's priests
> They move.

Look, Cousin Louise, towards the corner, in the west there lies Oestanvik. If it would give you any pleasure to make a little tour there, I would beg that I might drive you there in my new landau. I really think, Cousin Louise, that Oestanvik would please

you: the peaches and the vines are just now in full bloom; it is a beautiful sight.

A deep sigh is heard.

SHE. Who sighs so?

A VOICE. Somebody who is poor, and who now, for the first time, envies the rich.

HE. O rich! rich! God forbid! rich I am not exactly. One has one's competency, thank God! One has wherewith to live. I can honestly maintain myself and a family. I sow two hundred bushels of wheat; and what do you think, Cousin Louise—but where is Cousin Louise?

A VOICE. It seemed to her, no doubt, as if a cold wind came over here from Oestanvik.

At the moment when the gentlemen returned to the room, a girl came into the balcony. She was alone. The misfortunes of the evening depressed her heart, and were felt to be so much more humiliating because they were of such a mean kind. Some burning tears stole quickly and silently over her cheeks. The evening wind kissed them gently away. She looked up to heaven; never had it seemed to her so high and glorious. Her soul raised itself, mounted even higher than her glance, up to the mighty friend of human hearts; and He gave to hers a presentiment that a time would come, when, in his love, she would be reconciled to and forget all adversities of earth.

The days at Axelholm wore on merrily amid ever-varying delights. Petrea wrote long letters, in prose and in verse, to her sisters at home, and imparted to them all that occurred here. Her own misfortunes, which she even exaggerated, she described in such a comic manner that those very things which were at first distressing to her, were made a spring of hearty merriment both to herself and to her family.

She received one day a letter from her father, which contained the following words:

"My good Child,

"Your letters, my dear child, give me and your sisters great pleasure; not merely on account of the lively things which they contain, but more especially on account of your way of bearing that which is anything but lively. Continue to do thus, my child, and you—my heart rejoices in the thought—will advance on the way to wisdom and happiness, and you will have joyfully to acknowledge the blessed truth which the history of great things, as well as of small, establishes, that there is nothing evil which may not be made conducive to good; and thus our own errors may be made steps on our way to improvement.

"Greet your sisters cordially from their and your tenderly devoted

Father."

Petrea kissed these lines with tears of grateful joy. She wore them for several days near her heart; she preserved them through her whole life as one of the endeared means by which she had gone happily through the chromatic scale of existence.

Louise was joked much about Cousin Thure; Cousin Thure was joked much about Louise; it pleased him very much to be joked about her, to be told that Oestanvik wanted a mistress, that he himself wanted a pretty wife, and that without doubt Louise Frank was one of the most sensible as well as one of the prettiest girls in the country; and more than this, was besides of such a respectable family! The Landed-proprietor received already felicitations on his betrothal.

What the bride-elect, however, thought on the matter was more difficult to fathom. She was certainly always polite to Cousin Thure, still this politeness seemed expressive rather of indifference than friendship; and she declined, with a decision amazing to many people, his pressing and often repeated solicitations to make an excursion to Oestanvik in his new landau, drawn by what he styled "his foxes—his four horses in one rein." Many people asserted that the agreeable and cordial Jacobi was much nearer to Louise's heart than the rich Landed-proprietor! but even towards Jacobi her conduct was so equal, so tranquil, so unconstrained, that nobody could exactly tell how it might be. Nobody knew

so well as we do, that Louise considered it consistent with the dignity of woman to shew only perfect indifference to the attentions or *doux-propos* of men, until they had been openly and fully declared. Louise despised coquetry so far as to dread anything which bordered on the very limits of it. Her young female friends joked with her upon her strict notions on this head, and fancied that she would remain unmarried.

"That may be," said Louise calmly.

They told her one day of a gentleman who said "I will not stand up before any girl who is not some little of a coquette."

"Then he may remain sitting," answered Louise, with much dignity.

Louise's views of the dignity of woman, her grave and decided principles, and her manner of expressing them, amused her young friends, whilst at the same time they inspired for her a true esteem, and gave occasion for many little contentions and discussions, in which Louise intrepidly, though not without some little warmth, maintained the rights of the cause. These contentions, however, which began in merriment, did not always terminate so.

A young and rather coquetish lady was one day wounded by the severity with which Louise spoke of the coquetry of her sex, and particularly of married ladies, and in revenge she used an expression which excited Louise's astonishment and anger. An

explanation followed between the two, the result of which was not only their perfect estrangement, but an altered state of mind in Louise which she in vain endeavoured to conceal.

During the first days of her stay at Axelholm she had been uncommonly joyous and lively; now she was quiet, thoughtful, often absent, and towards the Candidate, as it seemed, less friendly than formerly, whilst she lent a more willing ear to the Landed-proprietor, although she still resolutely withstood his proposal of a drive to Oestanvik.

On the evening of the day after this explanation, Elise was engaged in a lively conversation with Jacobi on the balcony.

"And if," said he, "I endeavour to win her heart, would her parents—would her mother see it without displeasure? Ah, speak candidly with me; the well-being of my life depends upon it."

"You have my accordance, my good wishes, Jacobi," returned Elise. "I say to you what I have already said to my husband, that I should willingly call you son."

"Oh!" exclaimed Jacobi, deeply moved and falling on one knee, whilst he pressed her hand to his lips, "oh that my whole life might evidence to you my gratitude and my love——!"

At this very moment, Louise, who had been seeking her mother, approached the balcony; she saw Jacobi's action and heard his words: she withdrew quickly as if she had been stung by a snake.

From this time a great change was more and more perceptible in her. Still, reserved, and very pale, she moved about like one in a dream, amid the lively circles of Axelholm, and agreed willingly to the proposition which her mother, who was uneasy on her account, made of their stay being shortened. Jacobi, as much astonished as distressed by the sudden unfriendliness of Louise towards him, began to think that the place must in some kind of way be bewitched, and desired more than anybody else to get away from it.

CHAPTER IX.

THE RETURN HOME.

WHAT was it that Jacobi and Henrik had so much to arrange together before their departure from Axelholm, and even whilst they were there? Petrea's curiosity was terribly excited, but she could not come at any clue by which to satisfy it. Some kind of plot which concerned the family, seemed to be in agitation.

Henrik and his friend had long intended to give a little entertainment to the family, and the opportunity to do so now seemed favourable, as well as also to combine it with an agreeable surprise; the scene of which should be a pretty and good Inn, half way between Axelholm and the city. Here, on their return, they would halt under pretence of some repair being necessary to one of the carriages, and the ladies should be persuaded to enter the house, where in the mean time all should be prepared.

The two friends had greatly delighted themselves over this scheme, and in order to obtain for Louise her favourite luxury of ices, Jacobi had drained his already reduced purse.

In going to Axelholm the family had so divided themselves that Louise with Petrea went in what is called a Medewi-carriage, the Judge's own equipage, which was driven by Jacobi, with whom Henrik sate on the driving-box, whilst the mother and the other daughters went in a covered hired carriage, driven by the Judge himself. On the return, the same arrangement was to be observed, with the difference of Jacobi driving the large carriage, and Henrik driving his sisters.

The mother, and even the young gentlemen, declared with becoming discretion that they would not confide the reins to less skilful hands, because the road was rough and hilly, and moreover bad from rain. Notwithstanding all this, however, Jacobi intrigued so that, contrary to the established arrangement, he mounted the coach-box of the young ladies, and Henrik that of his mother. But the Candidate had not much pleasure from so doing, since "the object" was no longer such as she was during the drive thither. At that time she was more cheerful than common; rejoiced so heartily over the spring air, over the song of the lark; over fields, and cows, and cottages, and over every thing that she saw, communicating all her delight to Jacobi, who sate all the way on the driving-box with his face turned towards the carriage (Henrik solemnly advised him to fix himself in this reversed position), and their blue eyes then rested on each other with a spring of pure

devotion. Now, every thing was otherwise: "the object" appeared to give attention to nothing. She leaned back in the carriage with her veil over her face, and a cathedral is far more conversable than she; for it speaks through the tongue in its tower, but Louise's tongue was perfectly dumb, and Petrea's, which never once ceased, enlivened her not. In vain Jacobi sought to catch Louise's eye. She avoided him, and he was quite cast down.

After having been many times most properly jogged and shaken, they arrived fortunately at the wayside inn; yet no! not so fortunately either, one of the carriage-wheels was discovered to be somewhat broken; it was not dangerously so, O no, heaven forbid that! but it must of necessity be mended before they could proceed farther. Henrik prayed his mother and sisters while this was doing to alight and enter the inn, the host and hostess of which now stood at the door, and with bows and curtseys besought the travellers to enter. The host came himself and opened the carriage-doors. Elise was startled, and uttered an exclamation of surprise;—the host really and truly must be her husband;* and the hostess, the very prettiest hostess in the world, was bodily her

* All this is extremely characteristic of Swedish manners. Even old people of high rank enter, with all the zeal of little children, into amusements and surprises of this kind, and become actors themselves in them. A surprise and a series of practical jokes on a far more extensive scale than this is narrated in Nina, at the castle of the Countess Nordstjerna.—M. H.

daughter Eva! The travelling daughters, too, were as much astonished, made all kinds of exclamations, and recognised in host and hostess father and sister. But neither host nor hostess were confounded, nor allowed themselves to be confused by the confusion of the travellers; they knew themselves too well who they were, and knew too how to conduct themselves in their office. They led their guests, with many apologies and politenesses up to two large and handsome rooms, and here the host, quite in despair, began to bustle about and to summon both maid and waiter. At last the waiter came in his blue apron. A new miracle! He was a living image of the Candidate! And now came the maid. A new amazement! A handsomer person, or one that more nearly resembled Henrik it would have been impossible to find! But she went about clumsily, and had nearly fallen down, stumbling first with this, and then with that. The host scolded her vehemently on account of her clumsiness, and scolded the waiter also till he made them both cry, at least so it seemed; whereupon he chased them both out with the order to return instantly with refreshments. The host, now again in brilliant, excellent, polite humour, let fly with his own hand the corks of two champagne bottles, poured out and drank with the ladies. After they had refreshed themselves with all kinds of delicious eating, amid the most lively conversation, some person, who called himself Noah's grandson, was announced, requesting

permission to exhibit to the company various strange animals and other beautiful curiosities, which had been found in the ark. The grandson of Noah was called in by a great majority of voices, and a face presented itself at the door which, with the exception of a certain grey beard, bore a great resemblance to Jeremias Munter. His menagerie, and his cabinet of art, were set out in another room, into which the company were conducted; and there many strangely-formed creatures were exhibited, and little scenes represented, to which Noah's grandson gave explanations and made speeches which were almost as humorous and witty (to be quite so was impossible) as those of Japhet, in that wonderful and exquisite book, "Noah's Ark.* Two other grandsons of Noah, who bore no resemblance to any acquaintance of the family, assisted at this exhibition, at the end of which Noah's learned grandson gave to each of the spectators a little souvenir from the contents of the ark, and that with so much tact, that every one received precisely the thing which gave him pleasure. Louise moreover received a remarkable sermon, which was preached by Father Noah himself on the first Sunday of his abode in the ark. But near the title-page of this same sermon, she found a piece of poetry which evidently bore a later date. Louise did not, however, read it then, but blushing very deeply, put it carefully by.

* A half-dramatic poem, remarkable for its wit and humour, from the pen of the Swedish poet Fahlcrantz.

The whole affair might have been as merry as it was droll, had not Louise—herself the most important person in the entertainment — been in no state of mind to enjoy it. But although she used her utmost endeavour to take part in all the diversion, and to appear cheerful, she became every moment more depressed; and when at last the ices came, and the waiter, with the utmost cordiality beaming from his eyes, urged her to take a vanilla-ice, she was only just able to taste it, upon which she set it down, rushed out of the room, and burst into a convulsive fit of weeping. This was a thing so unusual with Louise that it occasioned a general perplexity. Host, hostess, maid, waiter, Noah's grandson, all threw off their characters; and all illusion, as well as all reality of festivity, were at an end. It is true that Louise composed herself speedily, besought pardon, and assigned as the cause of her emotion sudden spasm in the chest. Elise and Eva, and more particularly Petrea, endeavoured, on account of Henrik and Jacobi, to jest back again the former merriment, but it would not come, and nothing more could succeed. Everybody, but more especially Jacobi, were out of tune, and they now began to speak of returning home.

But now all at once the heavy trampling of horses, and a bustle at the inn door was heard, and at the same moment a splendid landau, drawn by four prancing bays, drew up before it. It was the Landed-

proprietor, who, unacquainted with the hasty departure of the Franks from Axelholm, was now returning there after a short absence, and who had drawn up at this inn for a moment's breathing-time for his horses, and to order for himself a glass of the beer for which the place was renowned. The company which he here so unexpectedly encountered occasioned an alteration in his first plan. He determined to accompany the family to the city, and besought his aunt and cousins to make use of his landau. It would certainly please them so much; it went with such unexampled ease; was so comfortable that one could sleep therein with perfect convenience even on the heaviest roads, etc. etc. Elise, who really had suffered from the merciless shaking of the hired carriage, was inclined to accept the offer; and as it immediately began to rain, and as the Judge preferred the carriage to the chaise in which he had driven with Eva, the affair was quickly arranged. Elise and some of the daughters were to go in the landau, which was turned in the mean time into a coach; and the Judge and the rest of the company were to divide themselves among the other carriages. As these were ready to receive the company, Jacobi drove his Medewi-carriage close on the landau of the Landed-proprietor, who looked more than once with a dark countenance to see whether any profane or injurious contact had taken place between the great and the little carriage.

Jacobi's heart beat violently as Louise came out on the steps of the inn door. The Landed-proprietor stood on one side offering her his hand, and Jacobi on the other offering his also, to conduct her to her former seat. She appeared faint, and moved slowly. She hesitated for one moment, and then gave, with downcast eyes, her hand to the Landed-proprietor, who assisted her triumphantly into the carriage to her mother, and mounting the box himself, away the next moment dashed the landau with its four prancing bays. Jacobi laid his hand on his heart, a choking sensation seemed to deprive him of breath, and with tears in his eyes he watched the handsome departing carriage. He was roused out of his painful observations by the voice of Petrea, who jestingly announced to him that the enviable happiness awaited him of driving herself and the Assessor in the Medewi-carriage. He took his former seat in silence; his heart was full of disquiet; and intentionally he remained far behind the others, in order that he might not have the least glimpse of the landau.

Scarcely had the Medewi-carriage again made acquaintance with the ruts of the road than a violent shock brought off one of the fore wheels, and the Candidate, Petrea, and the Assessor, were tumbled one over the other into the mud. Quickly, however, they were all three once again on their feet; Petrea laughing, and the Assessor scolding and fuming. When Jacobi had discovered that all which had life

was unhurt, he looked lightly on the affair, and began to think how best it might be remedied. A short council was held in the rain, and it was concluded that Jacobi should remain with the carriage till some one came to his assistance, and that in the mean time Petrea and the Assessor should make the best of their way on foot towards the city, and send, as soon as possible, some people to his help. A labourer, who came by immediately afterwards, promised to do the same, and Petrea and Assessor Munter, who, however, was any thing but consistent with his name, began their walk through rain and mud. All this while, however, Petrea became more joyful and happy: firstly, all this was an adventure for her; secondly, she never before had been out in such weather; thirdly, she felt herself so light and unencumbered as she scarcely ever had done before; and because she looked upon her clothes as given up to fate—to a power against which none other on earth could contend, she walked on in joy of heart, splashing through the puddles, and feeling with great delight how the rain penetrated her dress, and seeing how the colour was washed away both from shawl and bonnet. She held her nose high in the air, in order to enjoy the glorious rain.

Petrea had in all this a resemblance to her brother, and flattered herself also that she might have some resemblance to Diogenes; and as her inclination lay towards extremes, she would very willingly be

Diogenes, since she could not, as she very well knew be Alexander. Now she perceived that in reality she needed very little of outward comforts to make her happy; she felt herself in her adverse circumstances so free and rich; she had become on thee-and-thou terms with the rain-drops, with the wind, with the shrubs and grass, with all nature in short; she had not here the mishaps and the humiliations to fear which annoyed her so often in company. If the magpies laughed at her, she laughed at them in return. Long life to freedom!

With all these feelings, Petrea got into such excessively high spirits, that she infected therewith her companions in misfortune; or, according to her vocabulary, good fortune. But now, however, came on a horrible tempest, with hail, whose great stones made themselves *thou* to such a degree with Petrea's nose as astonished and almost offended her. The Assessor looked out for shelter; and Petrea, quite charmed that she was nearly blown away, followed him along a narrow footpath that led into the wood, onward in the direction of a smoke, which driven towards them by the storm, seemed to announce that a hospitable hut was at hand where they might obtain shelter from the tempest. Whilst they were wandering about to discover this, Petrea's fancy, more unrestrained than the storm, busied itself with unbounded creations of robbers' castles, wise hermits, hidden treasures and other splendours, to which the

smoke was to conduct her. But ah! they were altogether built up of smoke, since it arose from no other than a charcoal-burner's kiln, and Petrea had not the smallest desire to make a nearer acquaintance with the hidden divinity of which this smoke was the evidence. The small hut of the charcoal-burner, in the form of a sugar-loaf, stood not far from the kiln, the unbolted door of which was opened by the Assessor. No hermit, nor even robber, had his abode therein; the hut was empty, but clean and compact, and it was with no little pleasure that the Assessor took possession of it, and seated himself with Petrea on the only bench which it possessed. Petrea sighed. What a miserable metamorphosis of her glorious castle in the air!

The prospect which the open door of the hut presented, and which had no interest for Petrea, appeared, on the contrary, captivating to her companion. He was there deep in the wood, in a solitude wild, but still of an elevating character. The hut stood in an open space, but round about it various species of pine trees stood boldly grouped, and bowed themselves not before the storm which howled in their tops. Several lay fallen on the ground, but evidently from age; grass and flowers grew on the earth, which these patriarchs of the wood had torn up with their powerful roots. Among others, two tall pine trees stood together: the one was decayed, and seemed about to separate itself from its root; but

the other, young, green, and strong, had so entwined it in its branches, that it stood upright, mingling its withered arms with the verdure of the other, and yielding not, although shook by the tempest. The expressive glance of the Assessor rested long on these trees; his eyes filled with tears; his peculiar, beautiful, but melancholy smile played about his lips, and kindly sentiments seemed to fill his breast. He spoke to Petrea of a people of antiquity who dwelt in deserts; he spoke of the pure condition of the Essenes, a morning dawn of Christendom, and his words ran thus:—

"A thirst after holiness d ve men and women out of the tumult of the world, out of great cities, into desert places, in order that they might dedicate themselves to a pure and perfect life. There they built for themselves huts, and formed a state, whose law was labour and devotion to God. No earthly possession was enjoyed merely on account of pleasure, but only as the means of a higher life. They strove after purity in soul and body; tranquility and seriousness characterised their demeanour. They assembled together at sunrise, and lifted up hymns and prayers to the Supreme Being. Seventeen hours of each day were devoted to labour, study and contemplation. Their wants were few, and therefore life was easy. Their discourse was elevated, and was occupied by subjects of the sublime learning which belonged to their sect. They believed on one Eternal God,

whose existence was light and purity. They sought to approach him by purity of heart and action, by renunciation of the pleasures of the world, and by humility of heart and mind to understand the works of the allwise Creator. They believed in quiet abodes on the other side of the desert pilgrimage, where clear waters ran and soft winds blew, where spring and peace had their home; there they hoped to arrive at the end of their journey through life."

There is no want of rays of light on earth; they penetrate its misty atmosphere in manifold directions, although human perception is not as much aware of them at one time as at another. The words of the Assessor made at this moment an indescribable impression on Petrea. She wept from the sweet emotion excited by the description of a condition which was so perfect, and of endeavours which were so holy. It appeared to her as if she knew her own vocation, her own path through life; one which would release her soul from all trifles, all vanities, all disquiets, and which would speed her on to light and peace. Whilst these thoughts, or rather sentiments, swelled in her breast, she looked through her tears on her companion, as he sate there with his expressive countenance and his large beautiful eyes fixed on the scene before him, and she saw in him, not Jeremias Munter, but a wise hermit, with a soul full of sublime and holy knowledge. She longed to throw herself at his feet, and beseech his blessing; to propose to him

that he should remain in this solitude, in this hut, with her; that he should teach her wisdom; and she would wait upon him as a daughter or as a servant, would rise with him and pray at sunrise, and do in all things like the Essenes. Thus would they die to the world, and live only for heaven.

Overpowered by her excited feelings, surrendered to the transports of the moment, and nearly choked with tears, Petrea sank on the breast of Jeremias, stammering forth her undefined wishes.

If a millstone had fallen round his neck, our good Assessor could not have been more confounded than he was at that moment. Deeply sunk in his own thoughts, he had quite forgotten that Petrea was there, till reminded of her presence in this unexpected manner. But he was a man, nevertheless, who could easily understand the excitement of mind in a young girl, and with a pure fervour of eye, whilst a good-humoured satire played about his mouth, he endeavoured to tranquillise her overwrought feelings. Beautiful, then, was the discourse he held with her on all that which calms and sanctifies life; on all that on which man may found his abode, whether in the desert or in the human crowd. He spoke words then which Petrea never forgot, and which often, in a future day, broke the chaotic state of her soul like beams of pure light.

In the mean time the tempest had dispersed itself, and the Assessor began to think of a return; for

Petrea thought nothing about it, but would willingly have seen herself compelled to pass the night in the gloomy wood. But now the thought of relating her adventures at home attracted her, and before she got out of the wood these adventures were increased, since fate presented her with the good fortune of assisting, with the help of her companion, an old woman, who had fallen with her bundle of sticks, upon her legs again, and of carrying the said bundle to her cottage, and of lighting her fire for her; with releasing two sparrows which a boy had made captive; and, last of all, with releasing the Assessor himself from a thorn-bush, which, as it appeared, would have held him with such force as vexed even himself. Petrea's hands bled in consequence of this operation, but that only made her the livelier.

When they came out of the wood, the rain had ceased altogether, the wind had abated, and the setting sun illumined the heavens and diffused over the landscape a peculiar and beautiful radiance. The countenance of Jeremias Munter was cheerful; he listened to the ascending song of the lark, and said, "that is beautiful!" He looked upon the raindrops which hung on the young grass, and saw how heaven reflected itself in them, and smiled and said, "that is pure indeed!" Petrea gave to little children that she met with, all her savings from the feast at Axelholm, and would willingly also have given them some of her clothes, had she not had the fear of

Louise and her mother before her eyes. She wished in her bravery for more adventures, and more particularly for a longer way than it at this time appeared to be; she thought she arrived at home too soon; but the Assessor thought not, neither did the rest of the party, who were beginning to be very uneasy on account of their long absence. In the mean time Petrea and her companion had become very good friends on the walk; Petrea was complimented for her courage, and Henrik pathetically declaimed in her praise—

> "Not every one such height as Xenophon can gain,
> As scholar and as hero, a laurel-wreath obtain;"

and they laughed.

CHAPTER X.

FIRESIDE SCENES.

"FROM home may be good, but at home is best!" said Elise from the bottom of her heart, as she was once more in her own house, and beside her own husband.

The young people said nothing in opposition to this sentiment as they returned to their comfortable every-day life, which they now enlivened with recollections and relations out of the lately-past time. They hoped that Louise would become pleasant and contented with her calm activity in the house and family as formerly, but it was not so; a gnawing pain seemed to consume her; she became perceptibly thinner; her good humour had vanished, and her eyes were often red with weeping. In vain her parents and sisters endeavoured, with the tenderest anxiety, to fathom the occasion of the change; she would confess it to no one. That the root of her grief lay at her heart she would not deny, but she appeared determined to conceal it from the eye of day. Jacobi also began to look pale and thin, since, he lamented deeply her state of feeling, and her

altered behaviour, especially towards himself, which led him to the belief that he unconsciously had wounded her, or in some other way that he was the cause of her displeasure; and never had he felt more than now what a high value he set upon her, nor how much he loved her. This tension of mind, and his anxiety to approach Louise, and bring back a friendly understanding between them, occasioned various little scenes, which we will here describe.

FIRST SCENE.

Louise sits by the window at her embroidery-frame: Jacobi seats himself opposite to her.

JACOBI (sighing). Ah, Mamselle Louise!

Louise looks at her shepherdess, and works on in silence.

JACOBI. Every thing in the world has appeared to me for some time wearisome and oppressive.

Louise works on, and is silent.

JACOBI. And you could so easily make all so different. Ah, Louise! only one kind word, one friendly glance! — Cannot you bestow one friendly glance on him who would gladly give every thing to see you happy? [*Aside.* She blushes—she seems moved—she is going to speak! Ah, what will she say to me!]

LOUISE. One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine, ten stitches to the nose—the pattern is here not very distinct.

JACOBI. You will not hear me, will not understand me; you play with my distress! Ah, Louise!

LOUISE. I want some more wool;—I have left it in my room. [She goes].

SECOND SCENE.

The family is assembled in the library; tea is just finished. Louise, at Petrea's and Gabriele's urgent request, has laid out the cards on a little table to tell them their fortunes. The Candidate seats himself near them, and appears determined to amuse himself with them, and to be lively; but "the object" assumes all the more her "cathedral air." The Landed-proprietor steps in, bows, snorts, and kisses the hand of the "gracious aunt."

LANDED-PROPRIETOR. Very cold this evening; I fancy we shall have frost.

ELISE. It is a gloomy spring. We have lately read a most affecting account of the famine in the northern provinces. It is the misfortune of these late springs.

LANDED-PROPRIETOR. O yes, the famine up there. No, we'll talk of something else—that's too gloomy. I've had my peas covered with straw. Cousin Louise, are you fond of playing Patience? I am very fond of it too; it is so composing. At my seat at Oestanvik I have little, little patience-cards. I fancy really that they would please my cousin.

The Landed-proprietor seats himself on the other side of Louise: the Candidate gives some extraordinary shrugs.

LOUISE. This is not patience, but a little witch-craft, by which I read Fate. Shall I prophesy to you, Cousin Thure?

LANDED-PROPRIETOR. O yes! prophesy something to me. Nothing disagreeable! If I hear anything disagreeable in an evening, I always have bad dreams at night. Prophesy me prettily—a little wife—a wife as lovely and as amiable as Cousin Louise.

THE CANDIDATE [with a look as if he would send the Landed-proprietor head-over-heels to Oestanvik]. I don't know whether Mamselle Louise likes flattery.

LANDED-PROPRIETOR [who seems as if he neither heard nor saw his rival]. Cousin Louise, are you fond of blue?

LOUISE. Blue? That is truly a lovely colour; but yet I prefer green.

LANDED-PROPRIETOR. Nay, that is good! that is excellent! At Oestanvik, my dressing-room furniture is blue, beautiful light blue silk damask; but in my sleeping-room I have green moreen. I fancy really, Cousin Louise, that——

The Candidate coughs, and then rushes out of the room. Louise looks after him, sighs, and then examines the cards, in which she finds so many misfortunes for Cousin Thure that he is quite terrified: the peas frosted, conflagration in the dressing-room, and last of all a rejection! The Landed-proprietor declares, notwithstanding, that he finds nothing of this unpleasant. The sisters smile, and make remarks.

THIRD SCENE.

The family assembled after supper:

The Assessor puts the question—What is the bitterest affliction?

JACOBI. Unreturned love.

PETREA. Not to know what one shall be.

EVA. To have offended some one that one loves beyond reconciliation.

THE MOTHER. I am of Eva's opinion; I think nothing can be more painful.

LOUISE. Ah! there is yet something more painful than that—something more bitter—and that is to lose one's faith in those whom one has loved; to doubt—(Louise's lip trembles, she can say no more, becomes pale, rises and goes out quickly; a general sensation ensues).

THE FATHER. What is amiss with Louise? Elise, we must know what it is! She should, she must tell us! I cannot bear any longer to see her thus; and I will go this moment and speak with her, if you will not rather do it. But you must not be satisfied till you know her very inmost feelings. The most horrible thing, I think, is mystery and vapours!

THE MOTHER. I will go directly to her. I have now an idea what it is, dearest Ernst; and if I am somewhat long with her, let the others go to bed; I shall then find you alone. [She goes out].

FOURTH SCENE.

The Mother and Daughter.

The daughter on her knees, her face buried in her hands; the mother goes softly up to her and throws her arms around her.

MOTHER. Louise, my good girl, what is amiss with you? I have never seen you thus before. You must tell me what is at your heart—you must!

LOUISE. I cannot! I ought not!

MOTHER. You can! you ought! Will you make me, will you make all of us wretched by going on in this way? Ah, Louise, do not let false shame, or false tenderness mislead you. Tell me, do you break any oath, or violate any sacred duty, by confessing what it is which depresses you?

LOUISE. No oath; no sacred duty—and yet—— yet——

MOTHER. Then speak, in heaven's name, my child! Unquestionably some unfounded suspicion is the cause of your present state. What do the words mean with which you left us this evening? You weep! Louise, I pray, I beseech of you, if you love me, conceal nothing from me! Who is it that you love, yet can no more have faith in—no longer highly esteem? Answer me—is it your mother?

LOUISE. My mother! my mother! Ah, while you look on me thus I feel a pain, and yet a confidence! Ah, my God! all may be an error—a miserable

slander, and I——Well then, it shall out—that secret which has gnawed my heart, and which I conceived it my duty to conceal! But forgive me, my mother, if I grieve you; forgive me if my words disturb your peace; forgive me, if in my weakness, if in my doubt I have done you injustice, and remove the grief which has poisoned my life! Ah, do you see, mother, it was mine, it was my sisters' happiness, to consider you so spotless—so angelically pure! It was my pride that you were so, and that you were my mother! And now——

MOTHER. And now, Louise?

LOUISE. And now it has been whispered to me—— O I cannot speak the words!

MOTHER. Speak them—I demand it! I desire it from you! We both stand before the Judgment-seat of God!

LOUISE. I have been led to believe that even my mother was not blameless—that she——

MOTHER. Go on, Louise!

LOUISE. That she and Jacobi loved one another—that evil tongues had not blamed them without cause, and that still—— I despised these words, I despised the person who spoke them! I endeavoured to chase these thoughts as criminal from my soul. On this account it happened that I went one day to find you—and I found Jacobi on his knee before you—I heard him speaking of his love. Now you know all, my mother!

MOTHER. And what is your belief in all this?

LOUISE. Ah, I know not what I ought to believe! But since that moment there has been no peace in my soul, and I have fancied that it never would return—that I should never lose the doubt which I could make known to no one.

MOTHER. Let peace return to your soul, my child! Good God! how unfortunate I should be at this moment if my conscience were not pure! But thank heaven, my child, your mother has no such fault to reproach herself with; and Jacobi deserves your utmost esteem, your utmost regard. I will entirely and freely confess to you the entire truth of that which has made you so uneasy. For one moment, when Jacobi first came to us, a warmer sentiment towards me awoke in his young, thoughtless heart, and in part it was returned by me. But you will not condemn me on account of an involuntary feeling which your father looked on with pardoning eyes. In a blessed hour we opened to each other our hearts, and it was his love, his strength and gentleness, which gave me power to overcome my weakness. Jacobi, at the same moment, woke to a consciousness of his error, struggled against it, and overcame it. We separated soon after, and it was our mutual wish not to meet again for several years. In the mean time Henrik was committed to his care, and Jacobi has been for him an exemplary friend and instructor. Three years later, when I again met him, I extended

my hand to him as a sister; and he——yes, my dear girl! and I err greatly if he did not then begin in his heart to love me as a mother. But that which then had its beginning, has since then had its completion —it was in the character of a son that you saw him kneel to me; thanking me that I would favour his love to my daughter—to my Louise, who, therefore, has so unnecessarily conjured up a spectre to terrify herself and us all.

In the latter part of this conversation the mother spoke in a quiet jesting tone, which, perhaps, did more even than her simple explanation to reassure the heart of her daughter. She pressed her hands on her heart, and looked thankfully up to heaven.

"And if," continued her mother, "you yet entertain any doubt, talk with your father, talk with Jacobi, and their words will strengthen mine. But I see you need it not—your heart, my child, is again at peace!"

"Ah, thank God! thank God!" exclaimed Louise, sinking on her knees before her mother, and covering her hands and even her dress with kisses. "Oh that I dared look up again to you, my mother! Oh can you forgive my being so weak: my being so easy of belief? Never, never shall I forgive myself!"

Louise was out of herself, her whole frame trembled violently; she had never before been in a state of such agitation. Her mother was obliged to apply remedies both for mind and body, tender words and

soothing drops—to tranquillize her excited state. She besought her therefore to go to rest, seated herself beside her bed, took her hands in hers, and then attempted to divert her mind from the past scene, endeavouring with the utmost delicacy to turn her mind on the Candidate and on the Landed-proprietor as lovers. But Louise had only one thought, one sentiment—the happy release from her doubt, and thankfulness for it. When her mother saw that she was calmer, she embraced her, "And now go to sleep, my dear girl," said she, "I must now leave you in order to hasten to one who waits impatiently for me, and that is your father. He has been extremely uneasy on your account, and I can now make him easy by candidly communicating all that has passed between us. For the rest I can assure you that you have said nothing that can make us uneasy. That I was calumniated by one person, and am so still, he knows as well as I do. He has assisted me to bear it calmly, he is truly so superior, so excellent! Ah Louise, it is a great blessing when husband and wife, parents and children, cherish an entire confidence in each other! It is so beautiful, so glorious, to be able to say every thing to each other in love!"

FIFTH SCENE.

The garden. It is morning! the larks sing, the narcissi fill the air with odour; the bird's cherry-tree waves in the morning breeze; the cherry blossoms

open themselves to the bees which hum about in their bosom. The sun shines on all its children.

Louise is walking in the middle alley, Father Noah's sermon in her hand, but with her eyes fixed on the little poem appended to it, which by no means had anything to do with Father Noah. The Candidate comes towards her from a cross walk, with a gloomy air, and with a black pansy in his hand.

The two meet, and salute each other silently.

JACOBI. Might I speak one moment with you? I will not detain you long.

Louise bows her head, is silent, and blushes.

JACOBI. In an hour's time I shall take my departure, but I must beseech of you to answer me one question before I say farewell to you!

LOUISE. You going! Where? Why?

JACOBI. Where, is indifferent to me, so that I leave this place; why, because I cannot bear the unkindness of one person who is dear to me, and who, I once thought, cherished a friendship for me! For fourteen days you have behaved in such a way to me as has embittered my life; and why? Have I been so unfortunate as to offend you, or to excite your displeasure? Why then delay explaining the cause to me? Is it right to sentence any one unheard, and that one a friend—a friend from childhood? Is it right—pardon me, Louise—is it christian, to be so severe, so immovable? In the sermons which you are so fond of reading, do you find nothing said of kindness and reconciliation!"

Jacobi spoke with a fervour, and with such an almost severe seriousness, as was quite foreign to his gentle and cheerful spirit.

"I have done wrong," replied Louise, with deep emotion, "very wrong, but I have been misled; at some future time perhaps I may tell you how. Since last evening, I know how deceived I have been, how I have deceived myself; and now God be thanked and praised, I know that nobody is to blame in this affair but myself. I have much, very much, to reproach myself with, on account of my reserve towards my own family, and towards you also. Forgive me, best Jacobi," continued she, offering her hand with almost humility; "forgive me, I have been very unkind to you; but believe me," added she, "neither have I been happy either!"

"Thanks! thanks, Louise!" exclaimed Jacobi, grasping her hand, and pressing it to his breast and to his lips; "O how happy this kindness makes me! Now I can breathe again! Now I can leave you with a cheerful heart!"

"But why will you leave us?" asked she, in a half-discontented tone.

"Because," answered Jacobi, "it would not give me pleasure to witness a betrothal which will soon be celebrated; because, from your late behaviour, I must be convinced you cannot entertain any warmer sentiment towards me."

"If that were the case," replied she, in the same

tone as before, "I should not have been depressed so long."

"How!" exclaimed Jacobi, joyfully. "Ah Louise, what words! what bold hopes may they not excite! Might I mention them to you? might I venture to say to you what I sometime have thought, and still now think?"

Louise was silent, and Jacobi continued:

"I have thought," said he, "that the humble, unprovided-for Jacobi could offer you a better fortune than your rich neighbour of Oestanvik. I have hoped that my love, the true dedication of my whole life, might make you happy; that a smaller portion of worldly wealth might satisfy you, if it were offered you by a man who knew deeply your worth, and who desired nothing better than to be ennobled by your hand. O, if this beloved hand would guide me through life, how bright, how peaceful would not life be! I should fear neither adversity nor temptation! and how should I not endeavour to be grateful to Providence for his goodness to me! Ah Louise! it is thus that I have thought, and fancied, and dreamed! O tell me, was it only a dream, or may not the dream become a reality?"

Louise did not withdraw the hand which he had taken, but looked upon the speaker with infinite kindness.

"One word," besought Jacobi, "only one word! Might I say *my* Louise? Louise—mine?"

"Speak with my parents," said Louise, deeply blushing, and turning aside her head.

"My Louise!" exclaimed Jacobi, and intoxicated with tenderness and joy, pressed her to his heart.

"Think of my parents," said Louise, gently pushing him back; "without their consent I will make no promise. Their answer shall decide me."

"We will hasten together, my Louise," said he, "and desire their blessing."

"Go alone, best Jacobi," said Louise. "I do not feel myself calm enough, nor strong enough. I will wait your return here."

With this fifth scene we conjecture that the little drama has arrived at the desired conclusion, and therefore we add no further scene to that which naturally follows.

As the Candidate hastened with lover's speed to Louise's parents he struck hard against somebody in the doorway, who was coming out. The two opponents stepped back each a few paces, and the Candidate and the Landed-proprietor stared in astonishment on each other.

"Pardon me," said the Candidate, and was advancing; but the Landed-proprietor held him back, whilst he inquired with great earnestness, and with a self-satisfied smile, "Hear you, my friend: can you tell me whether Cousin Louise is in the garden? I came this moment from her parents, and would now speak with her. Can you tell me where she is?"

"I—I don't know!" said Jacobi, releasing himself, and hastening with a secret anxiety of mind up to her parents.

In the mean time the Landed-proprietor had caught a glimpse of "Cousin Louise's" person in the garden, and hastened up to her.

It was, in fact, no surprise to Louise, when, after all the preliminary questions, "Cousin, do you like fish? do you like birds?" there came at last the principal question, "Cousin do you like me?"

To this question it is true she gave a somewhat less blunt, but nevertheless a decided negative reply, although it was gilded over with "esteem and friendship."

The Candidate, on his side, in the fulness and warmth of his heart, laid open to Louise's parents his love, his wishes, and his hopes. It is true that Jacobi was now without any office, as well as without any property; but he had many expectations, and amid these, like a sun and a support, his Excellence O——. The Judge was himself no friend to such supports, and Elise did not approve of long engagements: but then both of them loved Jacobi; both of them wished, above all things, the true happiness and well-being of their daughter; and so it happened that, after much counsel, and after Louise had been questioned by her parents, and they found that she had sincerely the same wishes as Jacobi, and that she believed she should be happy with him, and after Jacobi had com-

bated with great fervency and effect every postponement of the betrothal,—that, after all this had been brought to a fortunate issue, he received a formal yes, and he and Louise, on the afternoon of the same day, whose morning sun had seen their explanation, were betrothed.

Jacobi was beyond description happy; Louise tranquil but gentle. Henrik declared that her Majesty appeared too merciful. Perhaps all this proceeded from her thoughts being already occupied with the increasing and arranging of Jacobi's wardrobe. She began already to think about putting in hand a fine piece of linen-weaving. She actually had consented to the quick betrothal, principally, as she herself confessed to Eva, "in order to have him better under her hands."

Good reader—and if thou art a Candidate, good Candidate—pardon "our eldest" if she gave her consent somewhat in mercy. We can assure thee, that our Jacobi was no worse off on that account; so he himself seemed to think, and his joy and cordiality seemed to have great influence in banishing "the cathedral" out of Louise's demeanour.

This view of the connexion, and the hearty joy which Louise's brother and sisters expressed over this betrothal, and which proved how beloved Jacobi was by them all, smoothed the wrinkles from the brow of the Judge, and let Elise's heart feel the sweetest satisfaction. Henrik, especially, declared

loudly his delight in having his beloved friend and instructor for a brother-in-law—an actual brother.

"And now listen, brother-in-law," said he, fixing his large eyes on Louise; "assume your rights as master of the house properly, brother dear; and don't let the slippers be master of the house. If you marry a queen, you must be king, you understand that very well, and must take care of your majesty; and if she look like a cathedral, why then do you look like the last judgment, and thunder accordingly! You laugh; but you must not receive my advice so lightly, but lay it seriously to heart, and—— but, dear friend, shall we not have a little bowl this evening? shall we not, mamma dear? Yes, certainly we will! I shall have the honour of mixing it myself. Shall we not drink the health of your majesties? I shall mix a bowl—sugar and oranges!—a bowl! a bowl!"

With this exclamation Henrik rushed with outstretched arms to the door, which at that moment opened, and he embraced the worthy Mrs. Gunilla.

"He! thou—good heaven! Best-beloved!" exclaimed she, "he, he, he, he! what is up here? He never thought, did he, that he should take the old woman in his arms! he, he, he, he!"

Henrik excused himself in the most reverential and cordial manner, explained the cause of his ecstasy, and introduced to her the newly-betrothed. Mrs. Gunilla at first was astonished, and then affected to tears. She embraced Elise, and then Louise, and Jacobi also.

"God bless you!" said she, with all her beautiful, quiet cordiality, and then, somewhat pale, seated herself silently on the sofa, and seemed to be thinking sorrowfully how often anxious, dispiriting days succeed the cheerful morning of a betrothal. Whether it was from these thoughts, or that Mrs. Gunilla really felt herself unwell, we know not, but she became paler and paler. Gabriele went out to fetch her a glass of water, and as she opened the door ran against the Assessor, who was just then entering.

With a little cry of surprise she recovered from this unexpected shock. He looked at her with an astonished countenance, and the next moment was surrounded by the other young people.

"Now, see, see! what is all this?" exclaimed he; "why do you overwhelm me thus? Cannot one move any longer in peace? I am not going to dance, Monsieur Henricus! Do not split my ears, Miss Petrea! What? betrothed! What? Who? Our eldest? Body and bones! let me sit down and take a pinch of snuff. Our eldest betrothed! that is dreadful! Usch!—usch! that is quite frightful! uh, uh, uh, hu! that is actually horrible! Hu, u, u, hu!"

The Assessor took snuff, and blew his nose for a good while, during which the family, who knew his way so well, laughed heartily, with the exception of Louise, who reddened, and was almost angry at his exclamations, especially at that of horrible.

"Nay," said he, rising up and restoring the snuff-

box again to his pocket, "one must be contented with what cannot be helped. What is written is written. And, as the Scripture says, blessed are they who increase and multiply the incorrigible human race, so, in heaven's name, good luck to you! Good luck and blessing, dear human beings!" And thus saying, he heartily shook the hands of Jacobi and Louise, who returned his hand-pressure with kindness, although not quite satisfied with the form of his good wishes.

"Never in all my life," said Henrik, "did I hear a less cheerful congratulation. Mrs. Gunilla and good Uncle Munter to-day might be in melancholy humour: but now they are sitting down by each other, and we may hope that after they have had a comfortable quarrel together, they will cheer up a little."

But no; no quarrel ensued this evening between the two. The Assessor had tidings to announce to her which appeared difficult for him to communicate, and which filled her eyes with tears—Pyrrhus was dead!

"He was yesterday quite well," said the Assessor, "and licked my hand as I bade him good-night. To-day he took his morning coffee with a good appetite, and then lay down on his cushion to sleep. As I returned home, well-pleased to think of playing with my little comrade, he lay dead on his cushion!"

Mrs. Gunilla and he talked for a long time about the little favourite, and appeared in consequence to become very good friends.

Jeremias Munter was this evening in a more censorious humour than common. His eyes rested with a sad expression on the newly betrothed.

"Yes," said he, as if speaking to himself, "if one had only confidence in oneself; if one was only clear as to one's own motives,—then one might have some ground to hope that one could make another happy, and could be happy with them."

"One must know oneself thus well, so far," said Louise, not without a degree of confidence, "that one can be certain of doing so, before one would voluntarily unite one's fate with that of another."

"*Thus well!*" returned he warmly. "Yes, prosit! Who knows thus well? You do not, dear sister, that I can assure you. Ah!" continued he, with bitter melancholy, "one may be horribly deceived in oneself, and by oneself, in this life. There is no one in this world who, if he rightly understand himself, has not to deplore some infidelity to his friend—his love—his better self! The self-love, the miserable egotism of human nature, where is there a corner that it does not slide into? The wretched little *I*, how it thrusts itself forward! how thoughts of self, designs for self, blot actions which otherwise might be called good!"

"Do you then acknowledge no virtue? Is there,

then, no magnanimity, no excellence, which you can admire?" asked some one. "Does not history shew us——"

"History!" interrupted he, "don't speak of history —don't bring it forward! No, if I am to believe in virtue, it is such as history cannot meddle with or understand; it is only in that which plays no great part in the world, which never, never could have been applauded by it, and which is not acted publicly. Of this kind it is possible that something entirely beautiful, something perfectly pure and holy, might be found. I will believe in it, although I do not discover it in myself. I have examined my own soul, and can find nothing pure in it; but that it *may* be found in others, I believe. My heart swells with the thought that there may exist perfectly pure and unselfish virtue. Good heaven, how beautiful it is! And wherever such a soul may be found in the world, be it in palace or in hut, in gold or in rags, in man or in woman, which, shunning the praise of the world, fearing the flattery of its own heart, fulfils unobserved and with honest zeal its duties, however difficult they may be, and which labours and prays in secresy and stillness,—such a being I admire and love, and set high above all the Cæsars and Ciceros of the world!"

During this speech the Judge, who had silently risen from his seat, approached his wife, laid his hand gently on her shoulder, and looked round upon his children with glistening eyes.

"Our time," continued the Assessor, with what was an extraordinary enthusiasm for him, "understands but very little this greatness. It praises itself loudly, and on that account it is the less worthy of praise. Everybody will be remarkable, or at least will appear so. Everybody steps forward and shouts, I! I! Women even do not any longer understand the nobility of their incognito; they also come forth into notoriety, and shout out their *I!* Scarcely anybody will say, from the feeling of their own hearts, *Thou!*—and yet it is this same *Thou* which occasions man to forget that selfish *I*, and in which lies his purest part; his best happiness! To be sure it may seem grand, it may be quite ecstatic, even if it be only for a moment, to fill the world with one's name; but as, in long-past times, millions and millions of men united themselves to build a temple to the Supreme, and then themselves sank silently, namelessly, to the dust, having only inscribed His name and His glory; certainly that was greater, that was far worthier!"

"You talk like King Solomon himself, Uncle Munter!" exclaimed Petrea, quite enraptured: "Ah, you must be an author: you must write a book of——"

"Write!" interrupted he, "On what account should I write? Only to increase the miserable vanity of men? Write!—Bah!"

"Every age has its wise men to build up temples," said Henrik, with a beautiful expression of countenance.

"No!" continued the Assessor, with evident abhorrence, "I will not write! but I will live! I have dreamed sometimes that I could live——"

He ceased; a singular emotion was expressed in his countenance; he arose, and took up a book, into which he looked without reading, and soon after stepped quietly out of the house.

The entertainment in the family this evening was, spite of all that had gone before, very lively; and the result, which was expressed in jesting earnestness, was, that every one, in the spirit which the Assessor had praised, should secretly labour at the temple-building, every one with his own work-tool, and according to his own strength.

The Judge walked up and down in the room, and took only occasional part in the entertainment, although he listened to all and smiled applaudingly. It seemed as if the Assessor's words had excited a melancholy feeling in him, and he spoke warmly in praise of his friend.

"There does not exist a purer human soul than his," said he, "and he has thereby operated very beneficially on me. Many men desire as much good, and do it also; but few have to the same extent as he the pure mind, the perfectly noble motive."

"Ah! if one could only make him happier, only make him more satisfied with life!" said Eva.

"Will you undertake the commission?" whispered Petrea, waggishly.

Rather too audible a kiss suddenly turned all eyes on the Candidate and Louise; the latter of whom was punishing her lover for his daring by a highly ungracious and indignant glance, which Henrik declared quite pulverized him. As they, however, all separated for the night, the Candidate besought and was permitted, in mercy, a little kiss, as a token of reconciliation and forgiveness of his offence regarding the great one.

"My dear girl," said the mother to Louise as the two met, impelled by a mutual desire to converse together that same night, in her boudoir, "how came Jacobi's wooing about so suddenly? I could not have believed that it would have been so quickly decided. I am perfectly astonished even yet that you should be betrothed."

"So am I," replied Louise, "I can hardly conceive how it has happened. We met one another this morning in the garden; Jacobi was gloomy, and out of spirits, and had made up his mind to leave us because he fancied I was about to be betrothed to Cousin Thure. I then besought him to forgive my late unkindness, and gave him some little idea of my friendliness towards him; whereupon he spoke to me of his own feelings and wishes so beautifully, so warmly, and then—then I hardly know how it was myself, he called me *his* Louise, and I—told him to go and speak with my parents."

"And in the mean time," said the mother, "your

parents sent another wooer to their daughter, in order for him to receive from her a yes or no. Poor Cousin Thure! He seemed to have such certain hope. But I trust he may soon console himself! But do you know, Louise, of late I have fancied that Oestanvik and all its splendour might be a little captivating to you! And now do you really feel that you have had no loss in rejecting so rich a worldly settlement?"

"Loss!" repeated Louise, "no, not now, certainly; and yet I should say wrong if I denied that it has had temptations for me; and for that reason I never would go to Oestanvik, because I knew how improper it would be if I allowed it to influence me, whilst I never could endure such a person as Cousin Thure; and, besides that, I liked Jacobi so much, and had done so for many years! Once, however, the temptation was very powerful, and that was on our return from Axelholm. As I rode along in Cousin Thure's easy landau, it seemed to me that it must be very agreeable to travel through life so comfortably and pleasantly. But at that time I was very unhappy in myself; life had lost its best worth for me; my faith in all that I loved most was poisoned! Ah! there arose in me then such a fearful doubt in all that was good in the world, and I believed for one moment that it would be best to sleep out life, and therefore the easy rocking of the landau seemed so excellent. But now, now is this heavy dream vanished! now life is again bright, and I clearly see

my own way through it. Now I trouble myself no more about a landau than I do about a wheelbarrow; nay, I would much rather now that my whole life should be a working-day, for which I could thank God! It is a delight to work for those whom one highly esteems and loves; and I desire nothing higher than to be able to live and work for my own family, and for him who is to-day become my promised husband before God!"

"God will bless you, my good girl!" said the mother, embracing her, and sweet affectionate tears were shed in the still evening.

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